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# A SYMPHONY IN COAL

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ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"DID you order the coal for the furnace yesterday?" "No, by George! I forgot it." Mr. Laurence half paused, his tall figure arrested in the act of putting on his overcoat in the front hall, to which his wife had followed him napkin in hand from the breakfast table.

"Oh, *Will!* and I told you the day before so that you'd have plenty of time." Mrs. Laurence's brows expressed tragic disappointment; her tone, if affectionate, was despairing. "I never saw any one like you, you never remember a thing I ask you to, any more. You don't seem to have a mind for anything but that old law business. You'll *have* to order the coal this morning."

"But, Nan — " Mr. Laurence, with his overcoat on and hat in hand, bent his fine, thin face over his watch. "I don't see how I can, possibly; I've an appointment in town, and I must go around by Herkimer Street on my way to the station to see if Lalor's got the papers he promised me."

"I thought you were going there tonight." Mrs. Laurence held the door knob fast.

"I am, but I want the papers first. Couldn't you send one of the maids to order the coal?"

"Yes, I could, but I won't," said his wife. Her dark eyes flashed, her tone had the conscious defiance of the loved woman, who can trade on her charm enough to be belligerent if she feels like it. "It's got to the place where I see to every single article we eat or wear or use in this house *but* the coal! And I just won't order that. I told you about it three days ago and we *must* have it this morning, with all this snow on the ground, whether it makes you late for your appointment or not."

"Then let me go now," said Mr. Laurence tersely, putting aside the arms with which she sought to encircle him as he swooped hastily over to kiss her on his way out. The open door let in a rush of cold air, almost as visibly keen and sparkling as a scimitar, that clove the lungs for a moment before it was closed behind him, and his wife went back to the breakfast table where her ten-year-old son awaited her to glean the information about his history lesson which he should have looked up for himself the day before. It was, perhaps, the trouble with Mrs. Laurence that her brightness and her intelligence served to help only by taking the whole burden of a thing upon herself; it might be indeed the reason why Mr. Laurence's official duties in the household had dwindled down to the ordering of coal, and the minor courtesy of getting a glass of water for her himself before she went to bed; it might be because she had never been able to see him do anything without doing it too.

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In the days when he had ostensibly locked up for the night she always followed around after him to see that the windows and doors were really bolted, so that gradually he left it all to her; if he poked the fire she snatched up the poker from where he had laid it to do the work over again. If he were sitting down she carried her own chair near the lamp rather than draw his attention to her need. Yet, sometimes, she had begun to have a little hurt feeling that he let her do so much. As to this matter of the coal — she could have sent Teresa to Harner's, of course — it was before that reveling era of house-to-house telephoning on the Ridge — yet even at the thought she stiffened a little. There are certain unnoticed beams and girders that hold up an edifice; if one of these is out of plumb the whole building sags.

If Will really refused to order the coal he couldn't be quite her Will any more.

Mr. Laurence, leaving the house, had debated momentarily in which of two opposite directions he should proceed, then he turned up Herkimer Street; to get the papers from Lalor was part of that "business" which, to a man, comes first. The air did not mellow after that initial plunge into it, it became almost unbearably keen, not only in the blue shadows that lay along the freezing snow but even where the sunshine set it glittering. Half of the walks were shoveled to make a narrow, icy pathway, but where there were unoccupied lots the drifts lay white and high, broken only by the deep leg-prints of commuters. As he strode swiftly on men shot from several houses; a very fat man, a tall one, a short one, their black figures sprinting madly in line across the white expanse towards the sound of a train slowing into the station.

Mr. Laurence's brows contracted unconsciously — he ought to be on that train himself. If it were not for getting that paper from Lalor — the case was an important one, a good deal of Mr. Laurence's future depended on it. He had taken it up rather against the advice of his closest friends; they thought it would be impossible to win it, but he had that little inner conviction, that intangible sense of mastery that often spells success. It gave him a nervous power that on occasion seemed to have no end, but just because it was a matter of highly strung nerves a tiny obstruction jarred them out of use; the tension was gone beyond immediate recall — it might take hours or days even to get the instrument back to that pitch — it might never get there. It was sometimes almost in the nature of self-preservation when he shut himself off from the minor pressure, the minor affairs. In this present instance, as he strode along his mind was bent on Lalor, whose former subordinate connection with the incriminated corporation seemed to have been forgotten by everyone else, and from whom some central facts might be wrested if he were rightly managed.

"Why, Mrs. Lalor!"

Laurence stopped short as he nearly collided with a very slight woman, blown at him at the turn of the corner by a sweeping gale that devastated the sunshine. "Here, turn around for a moment until that blast is over."

He steadied her where she stood panting and breathless, looking down at the top of her light-blue *chiffon* hat, which had rather a pale and chilly early-morning effect in connection with a tight-fitting tan jacket. In lieu of furs she wore a white, pink-flowered silk scarf tied around her throat, the long fringed ends depending below her waist. Her figure was that of a young girl, but when she raised her small, long-chinned face you saw that she was considerably older; there were innumerable fine wrinkles around her pretty eyes — which had a soft haze over them, as if she had cried a great deal — and her abundant fair hair seemed a shade or two lighter than any nature could have intended it. She had an indescribable effect of artificiality counteracted rather appealingly by something bright and courageous in her gaze. Opinion halted about Mrs. Lalor, who, as a Southern woman was not only alien in habit to the Northern community to which she had lately come, but was also looked upon debatingly by the small society of Southerners in the place, usually hospitably ready to welcome any one from home.

It was unquestionable that she came of a good family, which counted for very much, but no one knew anything of Mr. Lalor except that he was unpleasingly dissipated and always in difficulties; it seemed to discredit his wife in some way that she lived with him. She had, besides, a little flirting, attractive manner to men, a sort of an echo of past belleship, which might have been all right if she had had a nice husband, but was felt to be a little stepping over the line when she hadn't. A few women averred that there was something in her that they liked, of whom

"IF HE POKED THE FIRE SHE SNATCHED UP THE POKER FROM WHERE HE HAD LAID IT TO DO THE WORK OVER AGAIN"

Mrs. Laurence was one; the latter was by nature both generous and romantic, with an unselfish insight into lives that were different from her own.

There was a trustfulness in Mrs. Lalor's attitude now which appealed to Laurence. He let go his hold of her as the wind subsided, to say:

"What are you out so early for this bitter morning? I'm just on my way to your house. Is Lalor in?"

"If you were going for those papers — " Mrs. Lalor began tugging at the breast of her jacket for a visible package — "My husband meant to bring them around last night, but he's in bed — with a cold." Every one knew what Mr. Lalor's "colds" implied. "I thought you might need them to-day; I was so afraid I wouldn't catch you in time." She drew a sharp breath that showed how she had been hurrying.

"It was awfully good of you," said Mr. Laurence warmly, as they turned down another street together. "Lalor will be well enough to be seen this evening, I hope?"

"Yes, I'm sure he will," said Mrs. Lalor, in a tone that guaranteed it. "But I want to ask you, Mr. Laurence — " her face became suddenly fixed and expressionless — "in seeing that you get the evidence you want, my husband will not be — *prominent* in any way?"

"His name need not appear at all," said Laurence promptly. His arm hovered spasmodically near her as she went slipping and lurching alternately beside him — "*Take* care! You'd better not walk any farther."

"Oh, I have to go as far as Harner's to order a ton of furnace coal."

"I'll stop and order it for you, if that's all," said Mr. Laurence. His eyes, lightly comprehensive, took note of the clock in the church tower. "I've got a good five minutes before my train. You go straight home, Mrs. Lalor."

He looked down protectingly to meet her upward gaze, which was relieved and coquettish and yet, somehow, a little sad, as she answered:

"Well, if you will — ! I never do anything for myself if there's a gentleman to do it for me."

*"His arm hovered spasmodically near her as she went slipping and lurching alternately beside him"*

*" I know you want to tie my shoe for me, Mr. Stone — no, Mr. Spicer, I didn't say you '"*

He raised his hat before starting on, and when he looked back she waved her hand to him.

The large advancing figure of Mrs. Stone — on her way home from wresting the early chop from the butcher — amply furred and heavily goloshed, her beaver hat as well as her face swathed in a thick, brown veil, threw into high relief the tawdry lightness of Mrs. Lalor's attire.

He recollected that if he ever objected to a thin jacket on his wife she invariably professed to be "warm underneath." Mrs. Lalor might also be warm underneath, but he had a masculine preference for having people *look* warm in winter time.

Poor little woman ! He shook his head as he thought of Lalor, with a quick compression of his lips. Then a long whistle from up the track sent him tearing ahead in the teeth

"'WILL, *please* LISTEN! I CAN'T BEAR IT WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME AS IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE ME'"

of the wind, to thrust his head at last inside of Harner's office and call out:

"Send a ton of furnace coal to Mrs. Lalor, 36 Herkimer Street, and be quick about it," before settling down into that swift run back that carried him swinging up by the guard rail onto the slippery steps of the last car, and out into that region where women and household matters are not.

The first thing Mrs. Laurence said when she came in at lunch time, after a morning spent abroad, was:

"How freezing cold this house is! Hasn't the coal come yet, Teresa?"

"No, ma'am."

"How provoking!" Mrs. Laurence stopped short in disgust. "I never saw such a place; it's as much as your life's worth to get anything delivered when you want it. Is that Timothy I hear in the cellar now?" Timothy was the furnace man of the Ridge. "Tell him not to let the fire go entirely out; we'll have to manage it some way. If he comes back between two and three the coal will certainly be here then."

But two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock passed, and no coal wagon backed up to the sidewalk in front of the Laurences, though a succession of them passed funereally through the white street, en route for more fortunate householders. At a quarter after four she gave a joyful exclamation — one had stopped, at last, opposite her door; but the joy was short-lived — the wagon honked further along, tentatively, until it stopped at Mrs. Spicer's half-way down the block.

In a minute more Mrs. Laurence could see the dark legs of alternate men outlined against the drifts, as they carried buckets of the precious fuel to the opening in the cellar at the side of the Spicer villa. Something seemed to shatter through her — an iconoclastic blast, that she had been striving to shut out. Could Will have possibly forgotten between the house and the station? But no, that could not be!

She dressed hastily, in the later stages of her toilet vibrating between the silver-decked dressing-table and the window, from behind the curtains of which she took recurrent peeps. At her last look she ran hastily down the stairs and opened the front door for Mrs. Stone, who was temporarily garbed in a polo cap and her husband's spring overcoat, into the pockets of which she had thrust her hands.

"I saw you coming along! It's too cold to be kept waiting on anybody's doorstep. Walk right in, tea will be ready in a moment."

"I thought I'd be sure to find you in now," said Mrs. Stone comfortably, shedding her masculine apparel in the hall on her way to the drawing-room where she established herself with the ease of custom in a Turkish chair by the gas logs. The Ridge was apt to assemble informally at Mrs. Laurence's for five o'clock tea; it was known that she really had it whether there was any one there or not; there was always something pleasantly cosy about the little function.

Mrs. Stone watched her hostess lazily as she drew the low, china-laden table nearer the fire, and lighted the lamp under the brass kettle just brought in, her dark, graceful head bent over to watch it, and her hands showing very white against the dull red of her gown.

"It's such a relief to get in here," said the visitor, breaking the silence as she took the steaming cup of fragrant tea offered her and helped herself to a tiny hot buttered scone from a blue Canton dish. "They were getting in coal at the Budds' this morning, and now they're at it at the Spicer's — the noise nearly sets me crazy, the houses are so near together. Oh, Mrs. Spicer, is that you?"

Mrs. Stone looked up with a start as another visitor walked, unannounced, into the room, a little woman in a long fur wrap with a lace scarf thrown over her head. "I was just saying — perhaps you heard me — what a noise your coal makes when it's being put in."

"Oh, don't speak of it!" said Mrs. Spicer. She seemed to greet her hostess, shed her outer garments, perch herself on a little, straight-backed sofa, and take her cup of tea at the same moment, with a swiftness of movement accelerated in her further speech, which tumbled forth like a small cataract. "Don't speak of it, no one knows what I went through last summer, when you were at the seashore and *your* coal was laid in. I couldn't sit on the piazza *at all*, and the thermometer was in the nineties. At the end of the third day I nearly had nervous prostration; Ernest Spicer was really worried about me. *I* never find it any economy to lay in a stock of coal; you use it up so much faster; it seems as if you were paying out for enough to last you until you died, and then, just at the time you didn't count

on taking the money for it you have to buy more. If we laid in a *mine* full in July we'd have to order coal in February."

"Well, I wish I were laying it in now," interposed Mrs. Laurence deftly, with a sigh. "Mr. Laurence ordered some this morning, and it hasn't come yet. I would have sent a message to Harner's, but I have been expecting the coal wagon every moment."

"I saw your husband speaking to Mrs. Lalor as I came back from the butcher's," said Mrs. Stone. She paused significantly. "Isn't she the most noticeable thing you ever saw! She never seems to have any morning clothes."

"I don't believe she has any money for new ones," suggested Mrs. Laurence gently.

"No, I don't suppose she *has*, but even then — Of course, I'm sorry for her, we all are; every one knows what Mr. Lalor is, but do you know, the other day when I attempted to allude to all that she must have to bear up under — I felt so sympathetic toward her, after what the Bents told us — she stiffened up at once; she acted as if she hadn't the slightest idea of what I was driving at. Now *that's* absurd. To hear Mrs. Lalor talk about 'Bennie' you'd think he was the king-pin, as Mr. Stone expresses it"

"Oh, but I think that's really fine of her," said Mrs. Laurence, with proselyting zeal. "There's a courage, a devotion about her that always appeals to me; you can't help seeing that she's had such a hard time. I'm sure if you knew her better you'd like her."

"She may be devoted to her husband," said Mrs. Spicer very fast, "but if you'd see her going in on the train — Ernest Spicer says he always avoids her when he *can;* he does hate to be made conspicuous. I don't care whether she comes of a good family or not; *I* think she's common."

Mrs. Laurence shook her head wisely. "I'm sure that you're mistaken, not that I 'm so well acquainted with her myself, but still —— "

She took occasion later on to detain Mrs. Stone whisperingly a moment by the front door as both visitors were making their exit.

"I thought I wouldn't say it before *her* — but why don't you and Mr. Stone make a call at the Lalors to night? Will has a little business with Mr. Lalor, and I'll go with him. *Do* come."

"Well, I'll see," temporized Mrs. Stone with a softening inflection.

She was, as her hostess well knew, the kind of a person who, after disapproving publicly of a neighbor, privately sends her sweetmeats. She hastened down the steps now to join her friend, her large, mannish figure in the overcoat and cap wobbling ludicrously on the narrow, slippery length of drift-bordered sidewalks under the gas-lamp that was already lighted.

The wind had gone down, but so had the mercury; the air was "bitter chill." As Mrs. Laurence turned back into her hall the atmosphere there seemed only a few degrees warmer. Gas logs made but slight impression on the general temperature of a house in this weather; the hand that she held over the register received but the faintest, scarce-warm breath upon it. Mrs. Laurence still looked for a belated rattling coal wagon, but the hour seemed long until her husband's return; her heart bounded romantically at the sound of his footsteps now, just as it had done when she was a girl. His face was ruefully smiling as he said after the kiss of greeting:

"You don't know what you've missed — all my fault, too! I bought you a two-dollar bunch of violets — *Now wait* till I get through — and left them in the train."

"Oh, *Will!*" His wife's brows drooped tragically. "That's so like you! You're getting too absent-minded to live. My lovely violets!" she mourned tenderly.

"Isn't the house very cold to-night?"

"Well, I should *think* it might be! It's freezing." Mrs. Laurence's accumulated wrath poured forth. "There hasn't been a sign of the coal you ordered this morning, and I've been waiting for it all day. It's a perfect outrage, and I want you to tell Harner so, Will. You *did* order it, didn't you?"

"Why, ye — " An extraordinary expression stole over Mr. Laurence's thin face, it was as if his consciousness had been suddenly arrested in mid-air. Well as his wife knew his expressions and what they covered, this surprisingly baffled her. He drummed with his finger-tips on the edge of the dressing-table before relaxing enough to say guardedly, after a moment:

"By George! I don't believe I did. I knew there was *something!* — I'm awfully sorry, Anna, indeed I am."

"*You didn't order it!* — Will, please don't drum on things that way, you know it drives me wild. Well, if you can't remember one

thing I ask you to do — if you can't keep a single promise that you make me — It isn't the *coal* I care about — though my feet have been like stones all day — but it's the fact that I can't depend on you for anything. *Please* don't whistle. You can attend to business matters well enough, but when it comes to the comfort of your wife and child — " an unforeseen sob broke across the words. "Of course, it's been warm enough in your steam-heated office to-day. I'm glad it has been, I wouldn't have had you cold *for* anything." In spite of her tears she was following after him as he searched in his chiffonnier drawer for a clean collar. "You've done it all so many times! You carried that important letter to Hetty in your pocket for six weeks before you told me."

"Yes, and if you're going on like this every time I tell you anything, I'll stop it," said Mr. Laurence doggedly. "You don't give me any credit for owning up, Nan. You wouldn't know half the time when I make mistakes, if I didn't tell you."

"I don't see what else you could have said when I asked you if you had ordered the coal."

"I could have lied about it, I suppose," said Mr. Laurence impartially.

"O, Will!" she gasped with horror. Her white chin went up, her dark eyes looked at him full of agitation. She put her hands on his shoulders and shook him ineffectively. "You wouldn't — you *couldn't* do that! You always tell me the truth, don't you — all of it?"

"Usually," assented her husband. He had finished settling his tie and now put his arms around her. "But if it's going to make you any happier if I *don't* —— "

"No, no no! You know I never could mean that — never! I could forgive you anything as long as you told me the truth."

She clung to him as they went down to dinner together, and she forbore to allude to the state of the atmosphere, except by shivering once or twice — the gas logs sent forth a chill, blue flare. She had a strange feeling that all the accustomed values of life would need readjusting when she got time to think about it, but the conversation went on easily in spite of this, though there was an odd return to that arrested, baffling expression on Mr. Laurence's face, when his wife announced her intention of going around to the Lalors's with him afterwards."

"Don't you think it is too cold for you to go out to-night?" he asked, and she answered with a playful gleam of the sarcasm she couldn't keep from using. "No, I think it's too cold for me to stay in."

It was a matter for ejaculating surprise on arriving at the Lalor's to find the unexpected Spicers instead of the Stones, who, however, appeared in a few minutes, Mr. Spicer having slender, correct elegance of aspect, while Mr. Stone was large, grayish, and rather portly, Besides the Spicers, a Mrs. Frere and her son, a dumb, immature youth, were already in possession of the field. Mrs. Frere's position as a church worker carried her into connection with people whom she might not otherwise have met; the chief effect that she produced on every one now was an ardent desire that she should go. She sat in utter silence with folded hands, but her dumbness differed from that of her son in a patently avid appreciation of everything that was said or done.

Mrs. Lalor, in a low-throated, faded light green gown covered with beautiful old lace, was loud in expression of her surprise and delight at this haphazard gathering. Mr. Lalor, tall, handsome, and with wandering dissipated eyes, and the same droop alike to his reddish moustache and to his figure, came forward also with hospitable welcome, while his wife volubly ordered not only him but the other men in behalf of her guests:

"Bennie, get that arm-chair out of the corner for Mrs. Laurence; be careful the top doesn't fall off of it — we break all our things moving so often! Mr. Stone, won't you put that footstool under Mrs. Spicer's feet, I'm sure she's not comfortable. Mr. Spicer, if you'll kindly move the table near me to make more room — Bennie, run upstairs and get the little feather hand-screen — I know that lamp's shining in your eyes, Mrs. Stone." She pronounced it "Shinin' in yo' eyes," with a caressing, indolent inflection of her soft voice. "It's not the least trouble for him, Bennie always waits on me."

There was a seductive air of luxury about Mrs. Lalor in spite of the fact that the cheap, shabby, upholstered chairs and sofa were profusely covered with cheaper "drapings" on such portions as were most subject to wear, and that the mantelpiece, also draped, was simply decorated with a single pink-mouthed grinning conch shell — yet the latter was indeed under an old, old painting

of a low-browed woman whose white throat and rounded cheek gleamed out from rich brown shadows — a woman who, even thus dimly seen, seemed to match the lace on Mrs. Lalor's gown.

"I only came because I thought you'd like me to," whispered Mrs. Spicer to Mrs. Laurence in a pause of the later conversation. "Mrs. Stone said she was coming." Mrs. Spicer gave an affectionate little squeeze to her neighbor's hand. "I thought Ernest would object, but he seemed quite willing. I wish *that* Mrs. Frere wasn't here, you have to be so careful what you say before her."

"We won't stay very long," murmured Mrs. Laurence assentingly. Mr. Lalor and her husband had apologetically disappeared behind closed doors to transact their business together, the latter with that last look at her over the heads of the others that meant their own special farewell. He never forgot that even if, as time went on, he forgot the violets. Mrs. Lalor had insisted on supplying every one with hot lemonade, on account of the coldness of the weather, calling the three men back and forth in her services and afterwards holding a little court with them as she sat reclined in a rocking chair.

"I reckon Mr. Eddy was right bored with only me to talk to before you all came in," she announced with a smile directed at young Mr. Frere. "You don't know how glad I am to see you gentlemen *here*. I enjoy gentlemen's society so much. Of course, I've always had it till I came up No'th. Seems like nobody has any up here. I wish you could have seen our po'ch at home in the old times on a Sunday evenin', with my sister Mollie's friends, and Emma Lily's, and mine, all lined up waiting for us to come down."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Stone.

"I told Bennie when I married him I never could settle down to just one." Mrs. Lalor paused lightly. "I was engaged to six before that. But he always said —'George' my name is George — 'I want you should enjoy gentleman's society just the same as you always did.' I was engaged first when I was fourteen."

"Oh, *Southern* engagements!" said Mrs. Laurence indulgently, with a gesture that disclaimed their seriousness of intent to Mrs. Stone's startled gaze. There seemed to be an unforeseen electrical quality in the air; she had felt it even when she first came in, but every lightest speech was oddly charged with it, you couldn't tell what was coming. Now, indeed, instead of vindicating her confidence in Mrs. Lalor, the latter seemed bent on a self-destruction that might drag any one else down with her. She went on now happily.

"Of course, though, I always cared most for Bennie — he was such a beautiful waltzer. Sometimes even now, after breakfast, if I'm a little blue, he says, 'Come, George, let's have a waltz,' and he just spins me around the room while he whistles the tune. I don't think there's anything like dancing for keeping up the spirits. I don't know what I'd do without Bennie up No'th here, he's so thoughtful of me!"

"How extraordinary!" breathed little Mrs. Spicer to Mrs. Stone, athwart the rapt gaze of the silent Mrs. Frere. Though it was evident that neither Mr. Stone nor Mr. Spicer felt appalled, both men seemed to be impalpably walked off from the jurisdiction of their wives, as they sat smiling with admiring indulgence at the hostess, with young Mr. Frere, open-mouthed, behind them. In spite of the semi-artificiality of her aspect, Mrs. Lalor had an undoubted charm; her face looked younger and less drawn by lamplight, and her pretty, tear-soft eyes had their coquettish gleam in them; her careless attitude was full of lazy grace, further emphasized as she thrust out a slippered foot with its hanging length of ribbon, and gave an alluring glance at the man nearest her.

"I know you want to tie my shoe for me, Mr. Stone — no, Mr. Spicer, I didn't say you."

She laughed gleefully as they both jumped for position. Mr. Stone's large bulk going down heavily on one knee with exaggerated gallantry.

"Let me fan you while he's doing it," cried Mr. Spicer eagerly, seizing the required implement from the table.

"You'd better fan Mrs. Stone, she looks so warm," suggested Mrs. Lalor. "The house is so heated, it makes one's face burn after the cold air. Wouldn't you like a little powder to cool it?" She jumped up hospitably, leaving Mr. Stone still upon the floor. "It isn't the slightest trouble to get it, I always keep it in this little cupboard, with a puff and a handglass — and some rouge," she explained in a confidential tone.

"Not that I care for rouge myself, Bennie doesn't like it, but some people always use it for the evenin'."

Mrs. Stone gasped. "Thank you, I need nothing of the kind," she said hastily. She, the mother of four, a member of the Guild and the Vittoria Colonna Club to be spoken to in connection with *rouge!* Even Mrs. Laurence's white chin went up — this did seem "common."

"And I really think we'll have to be going," added Mrs. Stone with decision, rising as she spoke, a signal imitated by Mrs. Spicer, though Mrs. Frere sat fast.

"Oh, do wait for us," pleaded Mrs. Laurence eagerly. "Here is my husband now. You're ready to go now, aren't you, Will?"

"Yes, as soon as I wrap up those documents," he assented, with an unconscious exhilaration of tone that caught her ear. He disappeared into the opposite room once more. Mr. Lalor had just walked out of it, and down the length of the bare hall, with echoing steps.

"Oh, you *must* stay and have some more hot lemonade," Mrs. Lalor begged warmly, and then stopped suddenly short. A faint color came into her cheek; it was as if she listened, not to the chorus, "No, not tonight — " "Thank you just the same" — "We really must go — " but to something impalpable, unguessed.

"Excuse me for just one moment," she said and vanished swiftly into the narrow passage, leaving behind her a surprised, disapproving silence — even Mrs. Frere stood up; there was a queer, unexpected sensation that something was happening. Mrs. Laurence went out nervously to get her cloak. In that oblique glimpse down the hall to the dining-room she saw — or didn't she really see anything? — a man's arm stretched wildly out as if to reach something — a woman's hand grasping it — the wavering shadow as of a struggle — and the faintest sound as of a key turning as it might be in a sideboard lock. Something *must* be happening — ! though only, indeed, one unimportant scene of a tragedy such as these happy, protected women had no knowledge of; that long, exquisitely heart-racking, unmentionable strain of living that accompanies the degradation of one who is loved.

"Did your coal come to-day, Mrs. Laurence?" asked Mrs. Stone in a chill, unnatural voice. They were all getting on their wraps now.

"No, it didn't," answered Mrs. Laurence. Justice compelled her to add, with an effort: "It wasn't Harner's fault after all. Will forgot to order it on his way to the station; he felt so badly about it — didn't you, Will? — but he's had so much business on his mind lately that I really think I mustn't ask him to do anything more."

"You're more lenient than my wife would have been," said Mr. Stone jovially. "I'd have gotten it in the neck."

"You'd have deserved it," agreed Mr. Spicer.

"I feel dreadfully because you're all going so soon," said Mrs. Lalor appearing once more, clinging with both little hands to the arm of her husband who, sullen and dejected, towered above her. She looked wan and thin, as if some aging mist had settled over her, but the wrinkles that had deepened around her pretty eyes did not keep them from being indomitably flirtatious as she glanced over to the man who had preceded them in.

"Mr. Laurence and I haven't had a chance to tell any secrets *at all!* —What did you say, Mrs. Spicer? Yes, the house *is* warm, thanks to Mr. Laurence," she assented gayly. "He insisted on orderin' my coal for me this mornin'."

There was a dead silence. To her dying day Mrs. Laurence could see that whole scene definitely before her — the embarrassed attitudes of the men; the arrested, guilty expression on her husband's face that all might read; Mrs. Frere's greedy joy; the compassionate gaze of Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Spicer after their swift flash of comprehension — Yet after that one paralyzing moment she rose staunchly superior to the petty, yet excruciating entanglement of the situation. She stepped forward and kissed Mrs. Lalor good-by, in the face of her little world, with a hand-clasp that emphasized the words:

"I'm so glad Mr. Laurence could be of service to you," she said, before she made her exit with him. Yet there were those who felt that they were not deceived; the eyes of Mr. Stone and his confrère, Mr. Spicer, met as the door closed behind the husband and wife — and it was a glance that confided a sinister and mutual thankfulness of escape.

The two in question walked swiftly away in silence on the starlit, drift-bordered path;

the wind had gone down but it was infinitely cold. They went, part of the time, in single file, but she ignored his tentative pressure on her arm; there seemed to be an icy chasm between them. The distance to the house was short, and it was not until they were inside it that she broke forth hotly, as if they had been talking together all the way, her crimson cheeks and blazing eyes facing his tall, reluctant figure as she threw off her wraps.

"It wasn't as if I could *ever* say anything to those people to explain! Oh, it's so perfectly horrid, so *maddening*, so utterly ridiculous on the face of it! — They'll think I'm jealous of her — they'll be sorry for me. *Sorry!* As if I could possibly be jealous of *her*. They'll think you keep everything from me, and that they know more about you than I do. How could you have put me in such a position when just a word — " She made a little sound that was half a moan. "Why you didn't have the decency to tell me before we went there I *can't* see." Her voice rose higher. "Yes I can — you were afraid; afraid of your wife! It does seem pretty bad to have you remember to do things for other people, when you can't remember them for me, but that isn't the point I mind most, it's not the real thing — what I *can't* stand is you not having the courage to own up, to tell me the truth. Why don't you say something?"

"Because you're saying it all."

"O, Will!" She gazed at him hopelessly as he stood in front of her, her hand laid detainingly on his arm. He looked very high-bred, very much a gentleman, with that air of aloof *hauteur;* there were circles under his dark eyes, and his lips had a compression that she well knew. If there was anything that Mr. Laurence hated temperamentally it was a shrewish woman; the ice of the winter's night couldn't freeze harder than he when she stormed, even though he allowed that she had righteous reason for her wrath. He spoke now, in answer to her appeal, with stiff, prideful humility:

"You know very well that I'm extremely sorry about the whole matter. As for ordering that coal for Mrs. Lalor, I meant to have told you about it when we got back, you know I never can keep anything from you; I don't *want* to. I forgot it when I first came home — and then you took me by surprise, someway — And now don't you think we've perhaps had enough of this? *I'm* tired."

"No, no; don't go yet!" Mrs. Laurence's hand still pinioned him fast. She had known all along that she would forgive him when she had spoken her mind — what else can one do but forgive when one loves? Oh, that was but a little part of it — the forgiveness! The real need all the time was that he should be reinstated on the pedestal from which his own act had driven him. He must be, not the Will whom she forgave, but the Will whom she adored. Her certainty dropped from her; she began reasonably, to grow more and more tremulously beseeching.

"Will, *please* listen! I can't bear it when you look at me as if you didn't like me. Of course, I knew all the time that you were sorry — I knew you meant to tell me the truth! *Of course*, you can't always think of it at the moment when I take you by surprise and fly at you and scold you — nobody could! I don't wonder that you hate to tell me things, when I make it so hard for you. I ought to be a hundred times nicer than I am. When I saw *her* husband standing there tonight you looked so fine and beautiful and good — and *truthful*" — a sob, not tears, but just a sob broke athwart the words — "I thank God every day on my *knees* that I'm married to you!"

Her arms dropped from their hold, but his were around her now, pressing her closer, and still closer; the eyes he bent upon the upturned face were smiling, yet a little moist, too — his tender voice had in it every admission that she longed for as he whispered:

"Oh, Nan — foolish, foolish Nan! Such a *sweet* woman —— !"

# REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

## BY

## CARL SCHURZ

### VI

### RESCUING KINKEL FROM SPANDAU JAIL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER AND WITH PORTRAITS

*FROM Strassburg Mr. Schurz went to Zurich in Switzerland, where he devoted himself to his favorite historical studies of the Reformation period and of several branches of military science. He also gives interesting sketches of refugee life, among others of meeting a fellow refugee in the person of Richard Wagner. Meanwhile Professor Kinkel was tried by court-martial and sentenced to life imprisonment in a fortress. The King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, expressed his dissatisfaction with this sentence, which, by an edict in which he said that Kinkel ought to have been condemned to death, he transformed into life imprisonment at hard labor in a penitentiary — an unheard of proceeding. Kinkel was then transferred to a penal institution at Naugard in Pommerania. But he was still to be tried for his participation in the attempt upon the armory at Siegburg. Mrs. Kinkel wrote to Carl Schurz at Zurich, lamenting the hard fate of her husband and the apparent impossibility of finding anybody to undertake the work of rescue. Schurz then offered his services and left Switzerland in secret; returned to Germany in spite of his being prosecuted for participation in revolutionary movements; and met Mrs. Kinkel in Bonn and Cologne to concert a plan of action. Kinkel was tried for the Siegburg affair in Cologne and acquitted, and a dramatic account of the trial is given. Kinkel was then transferred to the penitentiary at Spandau near Berlin, and after various adventurous journeys Schurz went to Berlin to undertake personally the task of liberating his unfortunate friend. He met there some of his University friends whose secret guest he was. With them he visited some performances of the great French actress Rachel, of whose wonderful histrionic powers he gives an enthusiastic description. At one of those performances he narrowly escaped detection by a spy. He then proceeded in his work with great caution. At this point the narrative is taken up.* — THE EDITOR.

IMMEDIATELY after my arrival in Berlin I put myself in communication with several persons, who had been designated to me as trustworthy by Madame Kinkel and by my democratic friends. I spent some time in studying them carefully, as I could not confide the purpose of my presence in Berlin to any one of whom I could not convince myself that he would be useful in its accomplishment. After this review I communicated my secret to one of them only, Dr. Falkenthal, a physician who practised and lived the life of an old bachelor in the suburb of Moabit. Falkenthal had already been in correspondence with Madame Kinkel. He had an extended acquaintance in Spandau and took me there to an innkeeper by the name of Krüger, for whom he vouched as a thoroughly reliable and energetic man. Mr. Krüger occupied in Spandau a highly respected position. He had for several years served his town as a member of the common council; he conducted the best hotel, and he was a man of some property, generally liked on account of his honorable character and his amiable disposition. Although much older than myself, we gradually became true friends. I found in him not only qualities of heart and soul thoroughly sympathetic to me, but also clear judgment, great discretion, unflinching courage, and a noble self-sacrificing devotion. He offered

*Copyright, 1906, by Carl Schurz

to me his hotel as headquarters for my enterprise.

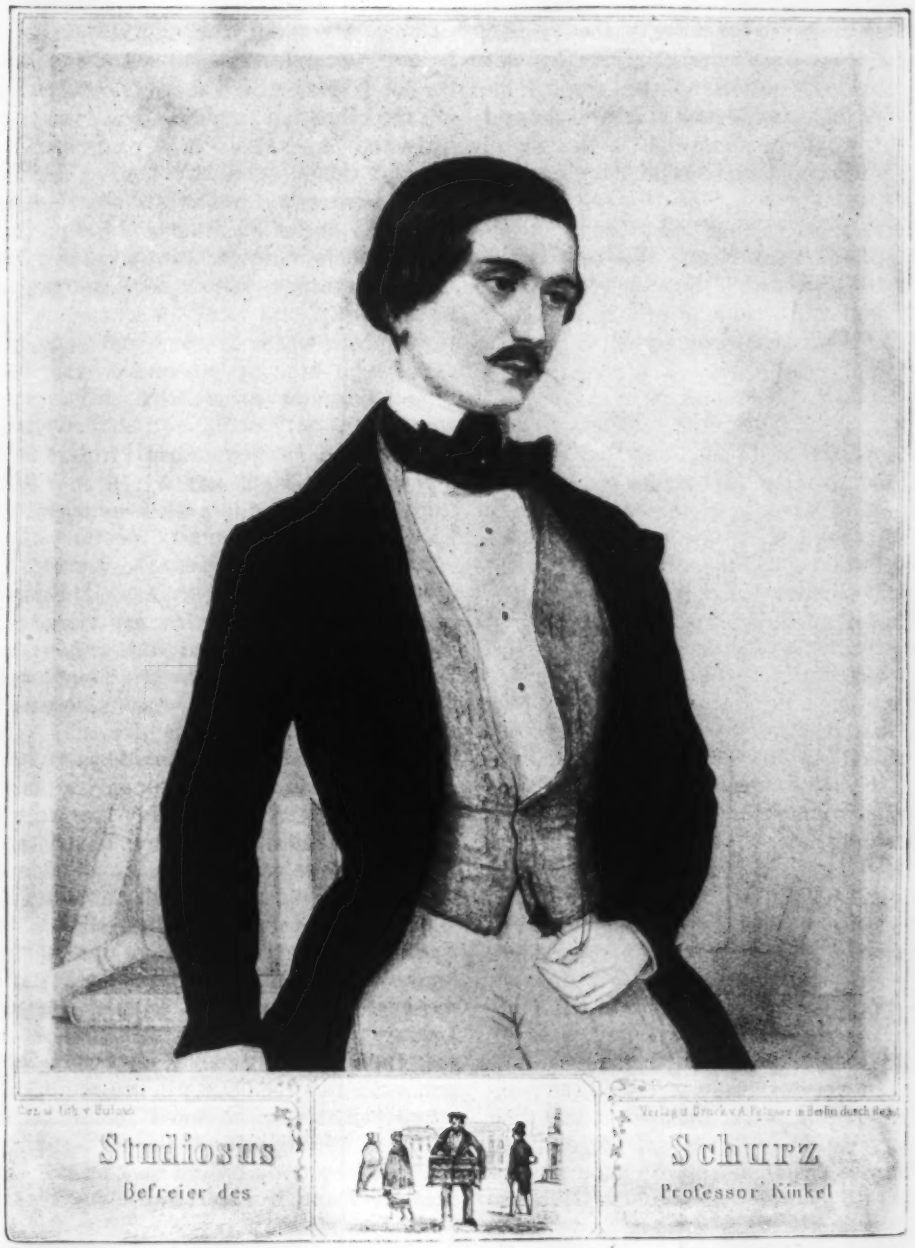
I preferred, however, not to live in Spandau, as the presence of a stranger in so small a town could not well remain a secret. To dwell in the great city of Berlin appeared to me much less dangerous, at least during the long time of preparation which my undertaking would probably require. From Berlin to Spandau and from Spandau back to Berlin I did not avail myself of the railroad, because at the Berlin station the police examined the passcard of every traveler, even on the way-trains; and if my passport, with the name of Heribert Jussen issued in Cologne, appeared too frequently, it might have excited suspicion. I therefore always hired a street cab, a "droschke," and each time a different one, on going and coming to and from Spandau, usually making the short journey during the night.

Krüger was well informed about what was going on in the Spandau penitentiary through his acquaintance with the officials of that institution. The first point to be considered was whether it would be feasible to liberate Kinkel by force. I soon convinced myself that there was no such possibility. The armed guard of the penitentiary itself consisted only of a handful of soldiers and the turnkeys on duty. It would, therefore, have been possible for a number of resolute men to storm the building. But it was situated in the center of a fortified town filled with soldiers, and the first signal of alarm would have attracted an overpowering force. Such a venture would, therefore, have been hopeless. On the other hand, we knew of cases in which prisoners, even more closely watched than Kinkel was, had escaped by breaking through barred windows or tunneling walls, and then being helped to a safe place by their friends. But this, too, seemed hardly possible in our case for several reasons, among which Kinkel's lack of skill in the use of his hands was not the least serious. In any event it seemed prudent to try first whether or not one or the other of the officers of the penitentiary could be persuaded to help us.

Krüger selected two young men well known to him, who were in friendly intercourse with some of the prison officers, to be taken into our confidence. Their names were Poritz and Leddihn, vigorous, strong, and true men who confessed themselves willing to render any aid required of them in so good a work as the liberation of such a prisoner as Kinkel. They agreed to bring to me the one of the penitentiary guards who they believed would be the most easily persuaded. Thus they introduced to me in a little beer-house, in which I could get a room to myself, a turnkey who had been, like most of his colleagues, a non-commissioned officer in the army, and was now supporting a large family on a very small salary. Poritz and Leddihn had vouched to him for my good faith, and he listened quietly to what I had to say. This sort of business was very distasteful to me. But what would I not do to rescue my friend from so cruel a fate, and to save to the cause of liberty so valiant a champion? I presented myself as a traveler for a business house, who was closely related to the Kinkel family. I described to the jailer the misery of the wife and the children, and how anxious they were, lest with the poor convict fare he would gradually waste away in body and mind. Would it not be possible to smuggle into Kinkel's cell from time to time a bit of meat or a glass of wine to keep up, in a measure, his strength until the King's grace would take pity on him?

My turnkey thought Kinkel's lot indeed very deplorable. It would be a good work to alleviate it a little — perhaps not impossible but perilous. He would consider what might be done. At the close of our conversation I slipped a ten-thaler note into his hand, with the request that he buy with it some nourishing food for Kinkel if he could transmit it to him without danger. I intimated that business affairs required me to leave Spandau, but that I would return in a few days, to hear what report he could give about the condition of the prisoner. He could be certain of my gratitude.

Thus we parted. Three days later I went again to Spandau and met the turnkey in the same way as before. He told me he had succeeded in handing to Kinkel a sausage and a little loaf of bread, and that he had found the prisoner in comparatively good condition. He was also willing to do still more in a similar way. Of course, I did not wish him to do so at his own expense, and therefore gave him a second ten-thaler note, which I accompanied with the request that he deliver into Kinkel 's hand a few written words, and bring back to me from Kinkel a word in reply. This, too, he promised to do. I wrote on a slip of paper without a signature




*Fancy picture pretending to represent Carl Schurz, published shortly after the rescue of Kinkel. There was for a long time a legend to the effect that Schurz came to the jail where Kinkel was imprisoned, in the disguise of an organ grinder*

something like the following : "Your friends are true to you. Keep up your courage." It was less important to me to inform Kinkel of my presence, than to satisfy myself that the turnkey had really carried out my instructions, and whether I could proceed further with him.

Again I left, to return in a few days. In the same manner as before my man turned up and brought me my slip of paper which bore a word of thanks in Kinkel's hand. The turnkey had evidently kept his promise, and had thereby taken a step which compromised him greatly. Now it appeared to me time to come to the point. Thus I told him that the thought had crossed my brain that it would be a meritorious act to deliver Kinkel entirely from his dreadful situation, and that

before returning to my home on the Rhine, I thought it my duty to ask him whether this thing could not be accomplished through his aid. The man started, and at once exclaimed that this would be impossible; with such an attempt he could and would have nothing to do.

The mere suggestion had evidently terrified him, and I saw clearly that he was not the man I needed. Now I had to get rid of him and assure myself at the same time of his silence. I expressed to him my regret at his unwillingness, and added that if he, who had been represented to me as a compassionate and at the same time courageous man, thought such an attempt hopeless, I had to accept his opinion and abandon the idea. I would therefore without delay depart for my home and not return. Then I hinted to him something about a secret and mysterious power which, if it could not liberate Kinkel might become very dangerous to those who betrayed him. I succeeded indeed in intimidating him to such a degree that he begged me most earnestly not to bear any ill-will against him. I assured him that if he would bury in silence all that had happened, he might expect me to remain his friend. He might count even upon my further gratitude, if, also after my departure, he would continue to furnish Kinkel from time to time with some nourishment. This he promised to do with demonstrative earnestness. Then I handed him another ten-thaler note and took leave of him forever.

So my first attempt had failed. I remained quiet for some days until Krüger, Leddihn, and Poritz, who in the meantime had been very carefully watching the penitentiary people, communicated to me their conviction, that my man had not divulged anything. Thereupon my Spandau friends brought to me another turnkey. I began with him in the same manner as with the first, and everything seemed to progress favorably until I put the decisive question whether or not he was willing to lend his hand in an attempt to set Kinkel free. The second man showed no more courage than the first, whereupon I dismissed him. A third man was brought, but he seemed so frightened by the first word that I did not put the decisive question to him at all.

Now it appeared to me prudent to let the affair rest for a while, at least until we could be perfectly assured that the three disquieted souls in the penitentiary had kept silence. My sojourn in Berlin, too, began to become uncomfortable to me. The number of friends who knew of my presence in the Prussian capital had grown a little too large, and I was confronted too often by the question why I was there and what were my intentions. I therefore requested one of my friends to bid good-by to the others in my behalf. I had departed not to return. Where I went nobody knew. In fact I went for a week or two to Hamburg where I met my friend Strodtmann who brought me into contact with some congenial people. But the most agreeable society could not hold me long. By the end of September I returned to my work, but I did not return to Berlin, thinking it safer to live with my friend Dr. Falkenthal in the suburb of Moabit.

At Spandau I received the report that everything had remained quiet. My secret had been well kept. To my friends in Berlin I had disappeared into regions unknown. Only one of them, a law student by the name of Dreyer, once accidentally ran against me in Moabit. He may have had a suspicion as to what my business was, but I could firmly count upon his discretion. At a later period many persons who were entire strangers to me have stated that they were at that time in confidential relations with me about this matter, but such statements were unfounded. Even Dr. Falkenthal and Krüger did not at that time know my true name. To them I was, as my passport indicated, Heribert Jüssen, and among Dr. Falkenthal's neighbors, who sometimes saw me, I passed for a young physician assisting the Doctor in his studies. To strengthen this impression I always carried a little kit of surgical instruments with me as they are frequently seen in the hands of physicians. From Moabit I made my nightly excursions as before.

After my return from Hamburg I did not at once succeed in finding among the penitentiary officials the man I wanted. A fourth was introduced to me, but he too would undertake nothing more than to smuggle into Kinkel's cell some eatables and perhaps a written communication. I began to entertain serious doubts as to whether the plan so far pursued could be successfully carried out, for the list of the turnkeys was nearly exhausted. Then suddenly and unexpectedly I found the helper whom I had so long looked for in vain. My Spandau

friends made me acquainted with Officer Brune.

At the first moment of our meeting I received from him an impression very different from that which his colleagues had made upon me. He too had been a corporal or sergeant in the army; he too had a wife and children and a miserable salary like the others. But in his bearing there was nothing of the servile humility so frequently found among subalterns. When I talked to him of Kinkel and of my desire to alleviate his misery at least a little by conveying to him additional fare, Brune's face expressed none of the pitiable embarrassment of the man who is vacillating between his sense of duty and a ten-thaler note. Brune stood firmly upright like a man who is not ashamed of what he is willing to do. He talked with astonishing frankness without waiting for the gradual advance of my suggestions.

"Certainly," he said, "I will help as much as I can. It is a shame and a disgrace that so learned and worthy a gentleman should sit here among common rogues in this penitentiary. I would gladly help him out myself, if I had not to take care of my wife and children."

His indignation at the treatment Kinkel had received, appeared so honest, and the whole manner of the man expressed so much courage and self-respect that I thought I might come to the point with him without circumlocution. And thus I told him point-blank that if the support of his family was his greatest trouble, I would be able to overcome that difficulty. Assured of this, would he then, I asked, be willing to lend a hand to Kinkel's escape?

"If it can be done," he answered, "but you know it is a difficult and dangerous thing. I will consider, whether and how it may be done. Give me three days' time to think it over."

"Good," I replied, "do think it over. To judge from your accent you are a Westphalian?"

"Yes, born near Soest."

"Then we are neighbors, I am a Rhinelander. In three days then."

Those were three long days which I passed in Dr. Falkenthal's quarters. I sought to soothe my impatience by reading Dumas's "Three Musketeers," and a large part of Lamartine's "History of the Girondists." But the book would fall again and again into my lap, and my thoughts would roam abroad.

On the evening of the third day, I went again to Spandau and a heavy burden fell from my heart at Brune's first word.

"I have thought it over," he said. "I think we can do it."

I could hardly restrain my joy. Brune explained how some night in the near future, when the watch in the upper story of the penitentiary would be his, and a certain other officer would be in the lower story, he might possess himself of the necessary keys and conduct Kinkel to the gate of the building. The plan, as he laid it before me, the details of which I shall return to later, appeared feasible.

MR. HENSEL

*The farmer in whose carriage Kinkel and Schurz were taken from Spandau into Mecklenburg*

"But," Brune added, "it will take a little time until everything is in right order. Not until the night of the fifth to the sixth of November will the night watches be as I would have them."

This suited me, for I, too, wanted some time for necessary preparations.

Then I informed Brune what provision I was able to make for his family. A sum of

money was at my disposal which was contributed partly by German democrats, partly by personal admirers of Kinkel, among them the Russian Baroness Bruening of whom I shall have more to say. This enabled me to offer to Brune a decent compensation. Brune was content. The question whether it would be best to ship him and his family to America he rejected at once. Perhaps he hoped to remain undiscovered as a participant in our enterprise or he may have preferred, in case of discovery, to suffer his punishment and to keep his family in the Fatherland.

MR. LEDDIHN

*who aided Schurz in Spandau*

Thus we were agreed. Now the important preparations were taken in hand. Frau Kinkel had instructed me to call personally for the sum of money to be at my disposal at the residence of a lady in Berlin, a friend of hers, who was a relative of the celebrated Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdi. It was in the dusk of evening that I arrived at this lady's house. I was received by a somewhat solemn footman to whom I gave my name, Heribert Jüssen. He showed me into a drawing-room, in which everything — furniture, pictures, books, musical instruments — breathed comfort and elegance. I had to wait a little while, and the contrast between my own wild business and these peaceable and refined surroundings became very sensible to me. At last a lady clad in black entered, whose features I could just discern in the twilight. She was no longer young nor altogether beautiful. But her presence radiated a rare charm. In her hand she carried a large pocket-book.

"You bring me greetings from a Rhineland friend?" she said with one of those mellow voices that touch the soul like a benefaction.

"Yes, cordial greetings," I replied; "a friend who asked me to beg you for a package of valuable papers which she had put into your hands for safe keeping."

"I knew that you would come at about this time," the lady replied. "In this pocket-book you will find all. I do not know your plans, but they must be good. You have my warmest wishes. God protect and bless you." Then she reached out to me her slender hand with a warm pressure and I felt, after having left her, that her blessing had already become a reality.

That money was a heavy care to me. Never had I borne any responsibility of this kind for the property of others.

In order not to expose this precious treasure to any accident, I carried it constantly with me tightly sewed in the inside pocket of my waistcoat.

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The difficult task which I had still to perform before the decisive hour consisted in arranging for means of transportation to a safe place of refuge. Where should we turn after the escape of the prisoner from the penitentiary? The frontiers of Switzerland, Belgium, and France were too far away. We could not venture upon so long a journey through a hostile country. Nothing remained therefore but to try to reach the seacoast somewhere in order to cross over to England. After due consideration I concluded that the government would certainly take all precautions to watch every outgoing vessel in the harbors of Bremen and Hamburg. It appeared therefore prudent to choose another seaport, and so I turned to Mecklenburg. We had an influential

and true friend in Rostock, in the eminent jurist and president of the house of delegates, Moritz Wiggers, with whom I had become personally acquainted at the democratic congress in Braunschweig. I might also hope to reach Rostock in less time than any other port — for we could not trust ourselves to the railroads — and the journey to Rostock offered the advantage, that if we left Spandau about midnight, we might hope to cross the Mecklenburg frontier and thus to be beyond the immediate pursuit by the Prussian police about daybreak. I had also on my list of reliable persons a very considerable number of Mecklenburgers to whom I could apply for assistance.

MR. KRUGER

*in whose hotel in Spandau Schurz had his shelter and headquarters*

I now set out to travel along the road which I had resolved to take, in order to make the necessary arrangements as to relays of horses and carriages for the decisive night and the day following. Of course, we could use only private carriages with, if possible, the owners on the box. Until then I had succeeded in keeping my secret within a very narrow circle of participants. But now it was necessary to draw a larger number of persons into confidence, and thus the danger grew in proportion. What I feared most was not malicious treachery, but excessive and indiscreet zeal. Everywhere I was met with hearty cordiality, and this cordiality was not confined to persons of the same political belief.

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After a journey of several days my relays were arranged and I could hope that a drive of less than thirty hours would take us from Spandau to Rostock. There we might confide ourselves to our good friends until a vessel should be ready to take us across the sea. To carry us from Spandau to the first relay, Krüger applied to a well-to-do farmer in the neighborhood by the name of Hensel, who had a pair of fast horses, and would be glad to put them, and his carriage and himself as driver at our disposal.

On the 4th of November I took leave of Dr. Falkenthal. He was acquainted with my plans in general, but I had not thought it necessary to initiate him into all the details. So he did not know the exact night in which the attempt was to be made, and he was also discreet enough not to ask me about it. But in bidding me farewell, he gave me a brace of pistols, that might serve me in close quarters.

I slept that night in Spandau, and passed the larger part of the following day with Krüger, Leddihn, and Poritz in going over the chances of our enterprise, in order to make provision for all not yet foreseen accidents. At last the evening came. I put the money for Brune into a cigar-box and went to his dwelling. I found him alone in his scantily furnished but neat living-room, and handed the cigar-box to him with: "Here it is, count it."

"There, you do not know me," he answered. "If between us a mere word were not sufficient, we should not have begun together. What comes from you I don't count."

"Is there anything to change in our plan?"

"Nothing."

"To-night, then."

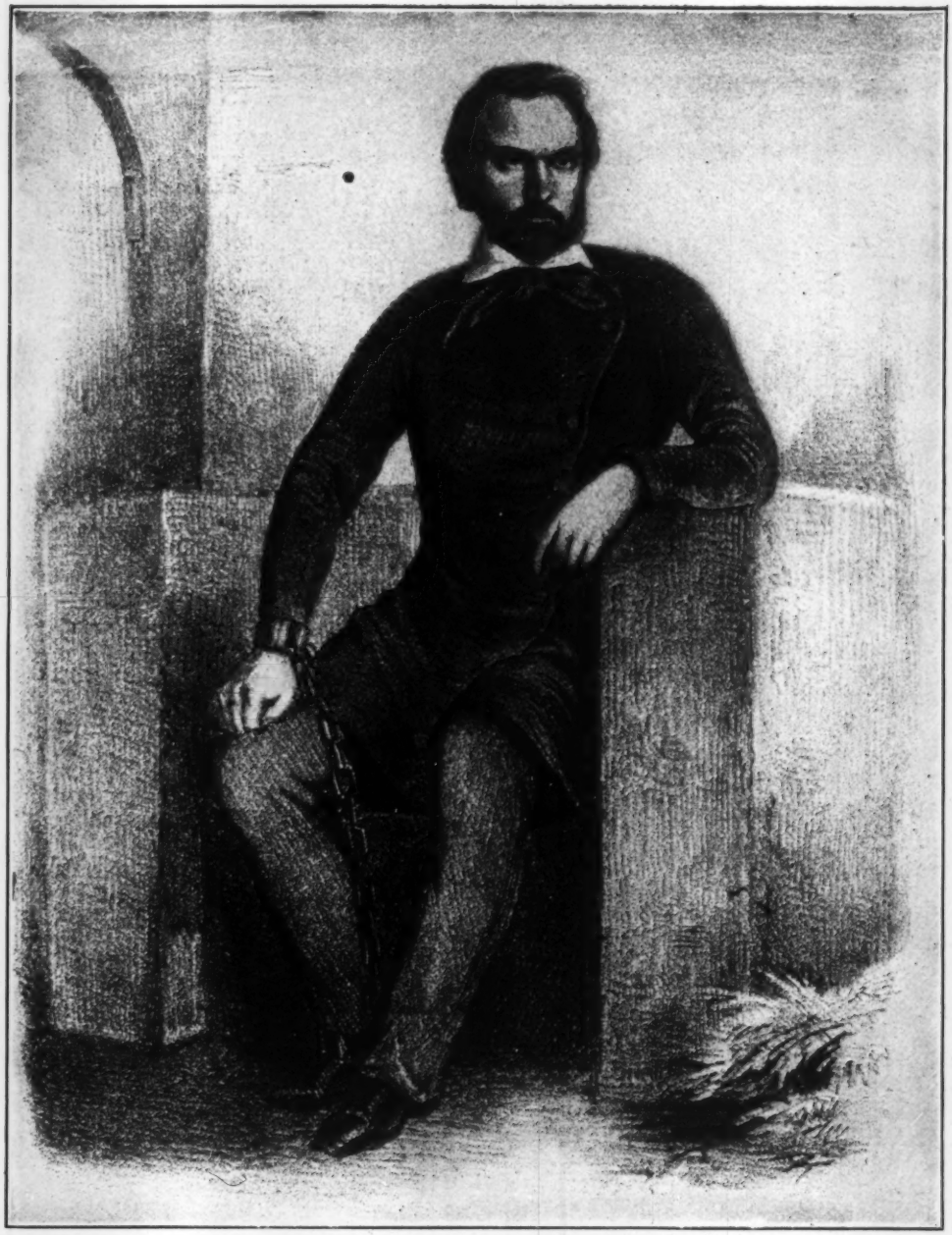
"To-night, and good luck!"

Indeed, we had good reason to be confident of the success of our plan, barring incalculable accidents. The penitentiary building was situated in the center of the town, a large, barrack-like edifice, the bare walls of which were pierced by one large gate and a multitude of narrow slits of windows. On all four sides it was surrounded by streets. The entrance was on the main street. It led into a large gateway. Inside of that gateway there was on the right a door, opening into the official dwelling of the director of the institution, and on the left a door leading into the guardroom of the soldiers on duty in the prison. At the end of the passage a third door opened upon an inner court. A stone staircase leading up from the hallway united the lower with the upper stories. High up on the second story was Kinkel's cell. It had a window towards the rear of the edifice. This window was guarded by a screen, which opened upwards so that a little daylight fell in from above, and only a small bit of sky could be seen, but nothing of the surroundings below. The window was also guarded by strong iron bars, wire lattice, and a wooden shutter which was closed at night — in short, by all the contrivances that are usually employed to shut off a prisoner from all communication with the outside world. Moreover, the cell was divided into two compartments by a strong wooden railing which reached from the floor to the ceiling. One of the compartments contained Kinkel's bed; in the other, during the day, he did his work. The two compartments were united by a door in the wooden railing, which every evening was securely fastened. The entrance to the cell from the corridor was guarded by two heavy doors, with several locks. On the street under Kinkel's cell, stood day and night a sentinel. Another sentinel watched during the daytime the gate of the building on the main street, but he was transferred to the inner court during the night — a regulation which proved very important to us. Had it not been for this stupid arrangement, we would never have attempted what we did. The cell, the doors, the locks on the railings were all examined several times every twenty-four hours by the jailers on duty.

The keys to Kinkel's cell, as well as those to the door in the inside wooden railing, were, during the night after Kinkel had been locked up in his compartment, kept in a locker of the room of the inspector, the so-called Revier room. As Brune had no access to the Revier room during the night and the key had been confided to another superior officer, he had availed himself of some opportunity to procure a wax impression of that key from which a duplicate key was made, enabling him to enter the Revier room during the night. The key to the locker containing the keys to Kinkel's cell was, as Brune knew, in the evening put on top of that locker, so that without difficulty he could possess himself of the keys to the cell. Thus Brune believed himself fully able to enter the cell during the night and to take the prisoner out. Now it was agreed that Brune, who had the watch in the night of the 5th to the 6th of November on Kinkel's corridor, should bring Kinkel down the stairs into the gateway. He was sure he could take him without danger past the turnkey watching the lower floor. Whether he intended to interest that man in our affair or to divert his attention in some manner, Brune did not tell me. He only assured me I might depend upon there being no difficulty about this. As soon as Kinkel had been conducted into the gateway below, I was to be there to receive him. In one of the wings of the great door that opened upon the main street there was a little postern-gate to facilitate the daily passage in and out. Of the key of this postern-gate we had also procured a wax impression, and from it a duplicate key. Now it was to be my task, shortly after midnight, after the town night-watchman — for in Spandau there were at that time still night-watchmen with spear and rattle — had passed by the building on the street, to open the postern-gate, to step into the interior of the gateway, there to await Brune and Kinkel; to wrap Kinkel up in a cloak, to take him through the postern-gate into the street, and to hurry with him to Krüger's hotel, where he was to put on a suit of ordinary clothes and then step with me into Hensel's carriage and away.

I had asked Brune to provide Kinkel with a plentiful supply of food so that he might be in good physical condition. But to avoid long excitement Kinkel was to be informed only on the evening of November 5th, the night of the attempt, that something was being done for him, and that he should go to bed at the accustomed hour, rise immediately before midnight, dress himself, and be ready for the venture.

KINKEL'S ESCAPE FROM SPANDAU JAIL



PROFESSOR GOTTFRIED KINKEL IN CHAINS

*From an imaginative lithograph published at the time. Kinkel, as a matter of fact, was in convict's garb in his cell, never in citizen's clothes and chains*

On the same day Leddihn and Poritz had entrusted two good able-bodied friends with the charge of guarding the street corners nearest to the penitentiary building during the night and of coming to our aid if necessary. About midnight all my people were at their posts and after the night-watchman had passed down the street, I approached the door of the penitentiary. I had covered my feet with rubber shoes, so as to make my step inaudible. A second pair of rubber shoes I had with me for Kinkel. In my belt I carried the pistols given to me by Dr. Falkenthal; in one pocket a well-sharpened dirk, and in another a slung-shot with which to arm Kinkel in case of stress. I had thrown across my shoulders a large cloak with sleeves which should serve Kinkel as a first wrap. So

equipped, I softly opened the postern-gate to step into the gateway of the prison. I left that little gate ajar and the key sticking in the lock. The gateway was dimly lighted by a lantern hanging from the ceiling. My first task was to prevent the opening from the inside of the directors' door on the right and of the guardroom door on the left, and I did so by tying the door-handles to the iron fastening of the bell-ropes with stout strings. This was the most delicate piece of work I had to do. Nothing moved. My gaze was riveted on the passage opposite where Brune was to appear with Kinkel.

So I waited. One minute elapsed after another, but all remained still. I waited a full quarter of an hour, but nothing stirred. What did this mean? According to all calculations they ought to have joined me sometime ago. My situation began to appear very precarious. Was Brune after all faithless? I took one of my pistols out of my belt and held it in my left hand ready to fire, and my dirk in the right. But I resolved to remain at my post until I could say to myself that the last chance of success was gone. Half an hour had passed, and still everything was quiet as the grave. I suddenly heard a faint rustle, and at the other end of the gateway I saw a dark figure appear like a specter as if it had stepped out of the wall. My hands closed more tightly on my weapons. The next moment I recognized in the dim light the form of Brune. There he was at last, but alone. He put his finger upon his lips and approached me. I awaited him ready for the worst.

"I am unfortunate," he whispered with his mouth close to my ear, "I have tried everything. I have failed. The keys were not in the locker. Come to me to-morrow and get your money back."

I said nothing in reply, but quickly untied the strings from the door-handles right and left, and then stepped out through the postern-gate, locked it, and put the key into my pocket. I was hardly on the street when Leddihn and Poritz hastened to join me. With a few words I told them what had happened. "We were afraid you had been trapped," said Leddihn. "You stayed so long inside that we were on the point of coming after you to fetch you out."

Soon we reached Krüger's hotel, where Hensel stood ready with his carriage to take Kinkel and me away. The disappointment that followed my report was terrible.

"But there is something more to do this night," said I, "for my relays stand on the roads far into Mecklenburg. We must order them off."

I stepped into the carriage, an open vehicle with a top over the back seat. Hensel took the reins and so we drove away. It was a melancholy journey. We were on the road something over three hours when we observed sparks of fire sputtering from a black object that came toward us. We quickly recognized it to be a carriage. I had steel and flint at hand and also struck sparks. This was the signal of recognition that I had agreed upon with my Mecklenburg friends. The carriage coming toward us stopped and so did we.

"Is this the right one?" asked a voice. This was the concerted question.

"It is the right one," I replied, "but our enterprise has failed. Pray turn back and advise the next relay and request our friends there to pass on the word in this way."

"But confound it! How did the failure happen?"

"Another time. Good-night."

The two carriages turned. We drove back in the direction of Spandau, but very slowly, almost as if part of a funeral procession, both sitting silent. I tormented myself with the gravest reproaches. Could not the unfortunate accident that had crossed our plans easily have been prevented? Could we not have duplicated the keys to the cell as well as those to the postern-gate and the Revier room? Certainly. But why had this not been done? Why had Brune not thought of it? But as Brune had not done so, was it not my duty to see to it? I had neglected that duty. Mine, mine was the fault of this terrible miscarriage. Mine the responsibility that Kinkel was not now a free man hurrying to the seacoast behind fleet horses. The fruit of long and dangerous labor had recklessly been jeopardized by my negligence. Would I ever be able again to reknit the torn threads of the scheme? And if so, was it not probable that through the improvidence of some one of the participants rumors of what had happened would get abroad, and Kinkel would be surrounded with the strictest measures of precaution and even carried into another and more secure dungeon? But if nothing of this did happen — where was the money entrusted to me? No longer in my possession. It was in the hands of another man who might keep it if he would, and I was utterly powerless to recover it. And so

Kinkel's horrible lot might be sealed forever through my guilt. Thus my conscience put itself to the rack in that terrible night.

At last Hensel broke the silence. "How would it do," he said, "if we stopped for a few hours in Oranienburg? We could there feed our horses, sleep a little, and then comfortably drive on."

I was content. I began to feel very much exhausted; and then, if of last night's happenings anything had leaked out in Spandau and thereby any danger threatened, the prudent and watchful Krüger, I felt sure, would send somebody to find us on the road and to give warning.

It was still dark when we arrived at a hotel in Oranienburg. After I had permitted my thoughts to torment me a little longer, I fell asleep at last. When I awoke light shone through the windows of my room, and with me awoke also the consciousness of the whole weight of our failure with even greater clearness than during the past night. Such awakenings belong to the unhappiest moments of human life. We breakfasted late, and it was on this occasion that for the first time I saw my companion, Mr. Hensel, in clear daylight. I had met him at Krüger's and on our night drive only in the dark. The stalwart broad-shouldered figure and the long dark beard had then struck my attention; but I could only now see the clear, shrewd, and at the same time bold sparkle of his eyes, and the expression of his face which betokened a strong will as well as sincerity and kindness of heart.

In returning to Spandau we were in no hurry. We even thought that it would be more prudent to arrive there in the dark, and therefore started only after noon at a slow trot. Arrived in Spandau I learned from Krüger that all had remained quiet. I forthwith went to Brune's rooms. I found him there evidently expecting me. The little cigar-box stood on the table.

"That was cursed ill luck last night," he said, "but it was not my fault. Everything was in the best of order, but as I opened the locker in the Revier room I could not find the keys to the cell. I searched and searched for them, but they were not there. This morning I learned that Inspector Semmler had accidently, instead of placing them in the locker, put them into his pocket and carried them with him to his home."

For a moment he was silent. "There is the money," he continued, pointing at the cigar-box, "take it, count it first, no thaler is missing."

"What comes from you," I answered, repeating his words of yesterday, "will not be counted.

"But what now? I do not give up. Must we wait until you have the night watch again?"

"We might wait," he replied, "and in the meantime duplicate all the keys that we need, so that this difficulty may not arise again, but," he added, "I have thought over the matter to-day. It is a disgrace that that man should sit in the convict's cell a day longer. I will try to help him this very night if he has courage enough for a break-neck feat."

"What, this night?"

"Yes, this night. Now listen!" Then Brune told me that the officer who, during the coming night, should have the watch on the upper stories had fallen ill and he, Brune, had offered to take his place. Thereupon he had thought he might without much difficulty take Kinkel into the loft under the roof, and let him down with a rope from out of one of the dormer windows on the street. To this end he would, of course, again require the keys of the cell, but after the accident of last night when the inspector took them home with him through mere thoughtlessness, they would certainly be again in their accustomed place. I should only see to it that the street below was kept free while Kinkel was let down from the roof, and that he then be promptly received and carried off. "It is a somewhat perilous undertaking," Brune added, "from the dormer window down to the street it may be sixty feet, but if the Herr Professor has courage I think we may succeed."

"I vouch for Kinkel's courage," I said; "what does not a prisoner dare for liberty?"

The details were rapidly considered and determined upon. I undertook to procure the necessary rope for Brune. He was to wind it about his body under the overcoat, and take it into the penitentiary building thus hidden. About midnight I was to be in the dark recess of the door of the house opposite the gate of the penitentiary, from which I could observe the dormer windows of the building. When in one of them I should see the light of a lantern move up and down perpendicularly three times, that would be a sign that everything was in order for the descent. If, standing in my sheltered place

I then struck sparks with my steel and flint, Brune would understand from this signal that everything was in safe order on the street.

With a hearty handshake I took leave of Brune and hurried to Krüger's hotel. Poritz and Leddihn, whom I had quickly sent for, procured at once a rope of the necessary length and strength and carried it to Brune's dwelling. But, after freeing Kinkel, how would we get him away from Spandau? I had no relays of horses and carriages on the road; the preceding night everything had fitted so excellently, but now? Fortunately Hensel was still in Krüger's house. When I told him what was to happen in the next few hours, he broke out in loud jubilation ——

"I will take you with my own horses as far as they can travel," he exclaimed.

"But our nearest friend is in Neu Strelitz," I replied. "That is a good many miles from here. Will your horses hold out that distance?"

"The devil take them if they don't," said Hensel. We resolved thus to risk it, and to confide ourselves to benignant fate. A short conversation with Poritz and Leddihn followed about the measures necessary to keep the streets clear of unwelcome intruders while Kinkel was swinging down on his rope. Those measures were simple. My friends were to occupy the street corners with their stalwart fellows whom they had employed the night before, and if some belated reveler should show himself, they were to use all sorts of means to divert the unwelcome intruder from our path. Poritz and Leddihn vouched for everything.

"Happy coincidence," chuckled Krüger. "This evening some of the officers of the penitentiary are to celebrate a birthday in my hotel. There will be a bowl of punch, and I will make that punch especially irresistible."

"And you will detain those officers long enough?"

"You may be sure of that. Not one of them shall cross your way." This prospect put us into the gayest of humor, and we had a cozy little supper together. Our thoughts were, however, constantly directed to the accidents that might again play mischief with us, and fortunately, an important possibility occurred to us.

At the time of Kinkel's descent from the window, hanging on his rope, the rubbing of the rope against the edge of the brick wall might easily loosen tiles and brick which then would fall down and produce a loud clatter. We therefore asked Hensel to take his carriage immediately after midnight slowly along the street so that the rattle of the vehicle on the rough cobblestone pavement might drown all other noises.

Shortly before midnight I stood equipped as I had been the night before, well hidden in the dark recess of the house-door opposite the penitentiary. The street corners right and left were according to agreement properly watched, but our friends kept themselves as much as possible concealed. A few minutes later the night-watchman shuffled down the street, and immediately in front of me swung his rattle and called the hour of twelve. Then he slouched quietly on and disappeared. What would I have given for a roaring storm and a splashing rain — but the night was perfectly still. My eye was riveted to the roof of the penitentiary building, the dormer windows of which I could scarcely distinguish. The street lights flared dimly. Suddenly there appeared a light above which moved three times up and down; that was the signal hoped for. With an eager glance I examined the street right and left. Nothing stirred. Then on my part I gave the signal agreed upon, striking sparks. A second later the light above disappeared and I perceived a dark object which slowly moved across the edge of the wall. My heart beat violently, and drops of perspiration stood upon my forehead. Then the thing I had apprehended actually happened — tiles and brick loosened by the rubbing rope rained down upon the pavement with a loud clatter. Now, good Heaven help us! At the same moment Hensel's carriage came rumbling over the cobble stones. The noise of the falling tiles and brick was no longer audible; but would they not strike Kinkel's head and benumb him? Now the dark object had almost reached the ground. I leaped forward and touched it; it was indeed my friend, and there he stood alive and on his feet. "That is a bold deed," were the first words he said to me. "Thank God," I answered. "Now off with the rope and away." I labored in vain to untie the rope that was wound around his body.

"I cannot help you," Kinkel whispered, "for the rope has fearfully lacerated both my hands." I pulled out my dirk and with

great effort I succeeded in cutting the rope, the long end of which as soon as it was free was quickly pulled up. While I threw a cloak around Kinkel's shoulders and helped him to get into the rubber shoes, he looked anxiously around. Hensel's carriage had turned and was coming slowly back.

"What carriage is that?" Kinkel asked.

"Our carriage."

Dark figures showed themselves at the street corners and approached us. "For Heaven's sake, what people are those?"

"Our friends?"

At a little distance we heard male voices sing, "Here we sit gaily together." "What is that?" asked Kinkel, while we hurried through a side street towards Krüger's Hotel.

"Your jailers around a bowl of punch."

"Capital!" said Kinkel. We entered the hotel through a back door, and soon found ourselves in a room in which Kinkel was to put on the clothes that we had procured for him — a black cloth suit, a big bearskin overcoat, and a cap like those worn by Prussian forest officers. From a room near by sounded the voices of the revelers. Krüger who had stood a few minutes looking on while Kinkel was exchanging his convict's garb for an honest man's dress, suddenly went out with a peculiarly sly smile. When he returned carrying a few filled glasses, "Herr Professor," he said, "in a room near by some of your jailers are sitting around a bowl of punch. I have just asked them whether they would not permit me to take some for a few friends of mine who had just arrived. They had no objection. Now, Herr Professor, let us drink your health first out of the bowl of your jailers." We found it difficult not to break out in loud laughter. Kinkel was now in his citizen's clothes and his lacerated hands were washed and bandaged with handkerchiefs. He thanked his faithful friends with a few words which brought tears to their eyes. Then we jumped into Hensel's vehicle. The penitentiary officers were still singing and laughing around their punch bowl.

We had agreed, that our carriage should leave Spandau through the Potsdam gate which opens upon the road to Hamburg, and then turn in a different direction in order to mislead the pursuit that was sure to follow. We rattled at a fast trot through the gate, and this ruse succeeded so well that as we learned later, we were really the next day in accordance with the report of the guard at the gate, pursued in the direction of Hamburg. Before we reached the little town of Nauen we turned to the right on a field road, and reached the Berlin-Strelitz turnpike near the Sandkrüg.

Only when the chill night air touched his face Kinkel seemed to come to a clear consciousness of what had happened. "I would like to hold your hand," he said, "but I cannot, my hands are too much torn."

He then put his arm around me and pressed me once and again. I would not let him utter his gratitude in words, but told him how the night before everything had been so well arranged, and how our plan had been crossed by an unfortunate accident, and what a mournful ride I had had in the same carriage only twenty-four hours ago.

"That was the most terrible night of my life," said Kinkel. "After Brune had instructed me to hold myself ready, I waited for the appointed hour with the most confident expectation. Before midnight I was ready. I listened as only an ear practised in long solitary imprisonment can listen. Now and then I heard a distinct noise of steps in the corridors, but they would not approach. I heard the clocks outside strike the hours. When midnight was past the thought first rose in me: 'Is it possible that this should fail?' Minute after minute went by and all remained quiet. Then I was seized by an anguish which I cannot describe. The perspiration dropped from my forehead. Until one o'clock I had still a little hope, but when even then Brune did not come I gave up everything for lost. The most gruesome pictures rose in my imagination. The whole design had surely been discovered. You were in the hands of the police and also imprisoned for many years. I saw myself a miserable wreck in convict's garb. My wife and children perished in misery. I shook the rails in my cell like a madman. Then I dropped exhausted upon my straw bed. I believe I was nearly insane."

"Well, and this night?"

"Oh, this night," Kinkel exclaimed, "I could hardly trust my eyes and ears when Brune with a lantern in his hand came into my cell and whispered to me, 'Get up quickly, now you shall get out.' That was an electric shock. In a moment I was on my feet, but you know that to-night again everything was on the point of going wrong?"

I listened eagerly, and again and again a cold shiver ran down my back as Kinkel

proceeded with his story. Half an hour before midnight Brune was in Kinkel's cell. This time he had found the keys in the locker, and had opened with two of them the cell doors. After having called Kinkel up, he attempted to open with a third key the door in the wooden railing. He tried and tried, but in vain. The key did not fit. Afterwards it appeared that the key with which Brune tried to open the cell door belonged to the window shutters, but that one of the keys for the doors of the cell also opened the door of the wooden railing. Thus Brune had the true key in his hand without knowing it or without thinking of it in the excitement. So Kinkel stood on one and Brune on the other side of the wooden railing baffled and for a moment utterly bewildered. Then Kinkel grasped with the strength of despair one of the wooden rails trying to break it by throwing the whole weight of his body against it; but in vain. Brune worked hard with his sword to the same end; alas, in vain. Then he said, "Herr Professor, you shall get out to-night even if it costs me my life." He left the cell, and in a minute returned with an ax in his hand. With a few vigorous blows two of the rails were cut loose. Using the ax as a lever, he effected an opening which just permitted Kinkel's broad-shouldered body to pass through. But had not the blows of Brune's ax alarmed the whole house? The two listened with suspended breath. All remained quiet. In fact, Brune had been no less prudent than daring. Before he swung his ax, he had carefully closed the two thick doors of the cell. The sound of the blows which filled the interior of the cell was, as to the outside, very much deadened by the thick walls and by the heavy doors. They not only had not awakened any of the sleepers but had not reached those that were awake, or if they did make any impression, it was as if the noise had come from the outside.

Now Brune left the cell with Kinkel, the doors of which he again locked. Then they had to walk through corridors, up and down various stairways, and even to pass a night-watchman. By Brune's clever management they succeeded in doing all this. At last they reached the loft under the roof and the dormer window through which the dangerous ride through the air had to be undertaken. Kinkel confessed to me that he was seized with a dizzy horror when he looked down upon the street below and then upon the thin rope which was to bear him. But when he saw my sparkling signal, the meaning of which Brune explained to him in a whisper, he regained his composure and boldly swung out over the precipice. At once the tiles and bricks began to rain about his head, but none of them struck him; only the hands which at first had taken too high a hold on the rope and through which it had to glide, suffered grievously. That was, however, a slight wound for so hard a struggle and so great a victory.

When Kinkel finished his narrative, Hensel took out of the hamper one of the bottles of precious Rhine wine that he and Krüger had provided for our journey, and we drank to the health of the brave Brune, without whose resoluteness and fidelity, all our plans and labors would have come to nothing. It was a happy enthusiastic moment which made us almost forget that so long as we were on German soil, the danger was not over and our success not yet complete.

At a sharp trot we sped on through the night. I still hear Hensel's commanding call, "Boom up! Boom up!" as often as on the turnpike we reached a toll-gate. Through Oranienburg, Teschendorf, Loewenberg, we flew without stop. But when we approached the little town of Gransee, nearly thirty-five miles from Spandau, it became clear that our two brave bays would soon break down unless we gave them rest and refreshment; so we stopped at a wayside tavern and fed them — then forward again.

As daylight appeared I could for the first time look at Kinkel with leisure. How he was changed! He whom a little more than a year ago I had known as a youthful man, the very picture of health and vigor! His closely-clipped hair was now tinged with gray, the color of the face a deadly yellow, the skin like parchment, the cheeks thin and flabby, the nose sharp and the face deeply furrowed. If I had met him on the street I should scarcely have recognized him. "They have dealt cruelly with you," I said.

"Yes, it was the highest time for me to breathe free air again. A year or two more of that kind of life and I should have been burned to ashes, devastated body and soul. Nobody who has not himself suffered it knows what solitary confinement means, and the debasement of being treated like a common criminal. But now," he added gaily, "now human life begins once more."

# IDENTIFYING ANNE

BY

JEANNETTE COOPER

AUTHOR OF "A WASTED REHEARSAL," "A RETRIBUTIVE TRIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

ANNE made another hasty search through her traveling-bag, spilling out a hand-glass, a clean collar, and two or three other things in the process. The two women in the opposite section looked with cold curiosity at this impetuous young person. Anne did not notice them. She scrambled the things together, crammed them into the bag, and snapped it shut. Then she leaned back with a baffled expression.

A well-dressed young man at the further end of the car looked up from his book and watched her also, idly, but with vague disapprobation. A girl traveling alone ought to preserve a sedate and reserved demeanor. This girl, with her repeated and frantic overhauling of her traveling-bag was attracting the attention of the people in the car. The traveling salesman in the next section was keeping an eager eye upon her.

Anne did not notice the traveling salesman. Neither had she observed the well-dressed young man at the further end. She was engaged in wrathful cogitations.

"Mary's husband will never be able to find me now," she thought. "Why did I say a navy-blue dress and a red necktie? All the world is traveling in navy-blue, and I've lost my red necktie. I'm sure I put it into the bag." She made a tentative reach for the bag, but thought better of it. "Somebody took it out, of course. I wish the whole family wouldn't insist upon doing my packing for me when I travel. It was perfectly silly of Mary anyway to marry a man nobody had ever seen. Porter!" A small white hand and a large black one approached and the porter for the second time that afternoon bent himself prostrate and gazed lingeringly under the seats, while Miss Anne

Edgerly stood in the aisle and cheered him to renewed endeavors whenever he essayed to rise.

"'Tain't thah, miss," he declared finally, getting to his feet apologetically but determinedly. "It suttenly ain't."

Again Anne leaned back in her seat and reviewed the situation. She did not know New York. Mary's husband was coming in from their country-place to meet her and take her out.

"And how I should feel going out there alone, even if I could find the way — which I am sure I couldn't — after putting Mr. Robinson to all that trouble — " thus ran her unhappy thoughts. "And, of course, he is very conventional and dignified. It would be just like Mary to marry that kind of a man." At this further lack of consideration on Mary's part her feelings grew lower. Still her eyes, vaguely hopeful that something might turn up, wandered about the car. They flitted lightly by the traveling man who wore a pleasing smile to greet them, they brightened momentarily at a scarlet ribbon on a baby's bonnet, they scanned expectantly the family of children that dodged in and out of the state-room; and coming back discouraged by way of the old lady and her daughter in somber black, they came suddenly to an amazed and joyful stop. The young man next wore a red necktie!

Not a line of flashing scarlet like the ribbon she had lost. His was a dull and unobtrusive red, but it was red. Fascinated, she continued to stare, until lifting her eyes a little higher, it was apparent even to her absorbed mind, that the owner of the necktie was disapprovingly conscious of her gaze. Then she dropped her eyes, but her thoughts refused to leave the necktie. He had another — she remembered now noticing him when he got into the car at Chicago. If only — she glanced furtively at him from under her lashes. His face was turned away, but the profile looked severe. Once more she reached for her traveling-bag. This time she took out a red-silk dressing-sacque and eyed it speculatively. And the two women opposite and the traveling gentleman and the young man, whose eyes had by this time returned to her, wondered what this absorbed and erratic young woman was going to do next.

"Have you any scissors?" said Anne. She was addressing the two women.

"We have not," they answered as one person, with the glibness of those who thankfully escape responsibility.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Anne. "But then if I had scissors I shouldn't have any needle and thread. I remember mother told me to take needle and thread. Maybe

*"Miss Anne Edgerly stood in the aisle and cheered him to renewed endeavors"*

she put them in." She opened the bag. "But what use would needle and thread be," she continued. "I haven't any scissors." New York was barely an hour away. She put the bag back with a firm hand and called the porter. He listened, supernaturally grave, and departed. But she could see the gleam of his white teeth as he bent

confidentially over the young man. Her ears sharpened by anxiety and embarrassment, could all but hear the words:

"The lady wants to know, sah, if you'll please and sell youh necktie?"

One glimpse of the shocked astonishment on the features of the listening young man — then she turned her unhappy gaze out of the window. Uncounted ages passed. Then ——

"He says, miss," the porter's hushed voice sounded in her ear. "He says, miss, as how he don't caah to sell none of his property."

"Do you mean — " she sat up very straight — "that he refused?"

"Yas'm, he said as how —— "

"You will please return," said Miss Edgerly, "and tell him that I wish to speak to him."

Promptly, and without a smile, the porter retraced his steps. The young man shrugged his shoulders. Then, somewhat to his own surprise, he arose and followed the solemn negro to the end of the car. The young woman motioned him to the seat across from her. After another instant of hesitation he sat down. She was undoubtedly demented. But how exceedingly pretty she was, seen close at hand. It was, of course, annoying to have to explain to a lunatic, however beautiful, that he would not give up his necktie, but ——

"I am an entire stranger in New York," began the young woman in a low, sweet, icy voice, and with the proud air of one who tells her tale, indifferent to the listener's attitude. "I am to be met at the station by a man whom I have never seen and who has never seen me."

"His misfortune!" the young man would have murmured but dared not.

"The arrangement was," she continued, "that I should wear a blue dress and a red necktie."

A glimmer appeared in the young man's eyes.

"And I have lost the tie," ended Miss Edgerly, as one might speak with calm of a fallen city or a vanished estate. She lifted her eyes to his. And then, had she told him she was going to China and needed his head for the Dowager Empress, it would have been at her service. The thought that it was not his mission in life to supply traveling young women with red neckties was forever fled. In its place rankled the reflection that he had all but thrown away a heaven-sent opportunity to do something, however slight, for a girl like this. Her face — a water-color face, with charcoal effects in hair and eyes; her voice, low, sweet, with the cold music of a mountain brook, convicted him of intolerable rudeness. His offense loomed big before him and he wondered at this thing that he had done.

"I do not deserve," he began, "to be allowed to give you this necktie — I never saw such dark-blue eyes," he thought.

*"Have you any scissors?" said Anne"*

"I wish to buy the tie," she corrected, still very cold and gentle.

He fairly stammered in his haste to amend his speech. "I mean, I do not deserve to be allowed to sell you this dark-blue necktie — at least I would say this —— "

Miss Edgerly's eyes darkened with stern inquiry. "They are black," he thought.

"I do not wish a blue necktie," said Anne.

"No, black, I mean — Jove! they are blue after all," his thoughts ran. "I am very anxious to sell you anything — anything — oh, fool! what are you saying?"

"But —— "

"That is simply to refuse," she interrupted "We will let it go."

"Indeed, no!" he cried, shocked at the awful thought.

"Then?" she suggested, coldly patient.

"I do not remember what it cost," he temporized.

"It cost seventy-five cents," said Anne. "I have one like it."

"But you bought yours at a department store, and they charged you more. I am quite sure it was a quarter I paid for this.

*"'The lady wants to know, sah, if you'll please and sell youh necktie'"*

Her expression was growing icier. Mr. John Harrington Wells pulled himself together.

"I assure you I am anxious to make all amends," he said. "I realize what unpardonable annoyance I have caused you —— "

Miss Edgerly, from the lofty position of the one in the right, looked down upon the penitent.

"Then you will sell me the necktie," she said.

Mr. John Harrington Wells proceeded to get into more trouble. "Won't you let me give it to you?" he begged.

"Certainly not," said Anne.

Besides," as she prepared to speak, "it is second-hand and you never get more than half value for second-hand things."

"I shall pay you seventy-five cents for it," said Anne.

"Really I could not take that," he protested. "Imagine my feelings after a robbery like that. I tell you," with another courageous impulse, "I will rent it to you."

"How absurd!"

"Not at all. You do not want the tie — you want only the use of it."

"Very well, I will rent it for seventy-five cents."

"Then you will feel no obligation about returning it, and I want it back. I was always fond of this necktie," he hastened to add, warned by her expression. "It was given to me."

Miss Edgerly raised her straight brows the merest fraction: "If you will let the porter bring it to me," she said, "I will give him the money." She did not pick up the book that lay beside her; she did not even turn her eyes away to signify that the last word had been spoken: but the young man found himself rising from the seat opposite her and taking leave with a bow of grave respect.

*"she turned her unhappy gaze out of the window"*

Presently the porter delivered a little package to Anne and returned with the silver. The transaction was ended. Miss Edgerly had the tie, Mr. Harrington Wells had seventy-five cents, and the porter had a dollar. He was content; so was Miss Edgerly; Mr. Wells was not.

Anne, secure in the certainty that Mary's husband could not fail to find her, leaned back in her seat and allowed all annoying thoughts to slip away, soothed by the knowledge that it was now Mr. Wells whose eyes roamed the car in the hope that something might turn up; but nothing should turn up, on that point her mind was firm. She would not drop her handkerchief nor leave her umbrella, both of which acts were customary with her; there would be no possible chance for any one to hasten after her with offers of assistance. It was right that he should be unhappy, as she knew he was without looking at him. She would mail the tie to the address on his card. Then she would forget him entirely.

And Mr. John Harrington Wells was wondering what god of idiots prompted him to enclose his card in the package, thus cutting off his one excuse for approaching her. There, the porter was brushing her hat and coat and umbrella and bag. Now, she was standing in the aisle, slight and graceful, turning slowly about while every speck of dust was being removed from her blue dress. Her slow revolution brought her face toward him, but her gaze was over his head. Now she was putting on her hat, bending forward in her seat to look into the little mirror; now she was calmly straightening the red tie; and now she was leaning back in her seat, buttoning her gloves ready to leave the train.

"In five minutes, sah," said the porter.

Mr. Wells submitted absent-mindedly to the porter's brush, his mind busy evolving and rejecting schemes. He did not take his seat again. He walked deliberately down to the end seat and addressed himself to the statue-like young woman who sat there.

"Will you not allow me to stay with you until you are sure your friend finds you?" he said.

It was not what he had meant to say. He had forgotten what that was.

"It is quite unnecessary," her tone was frigid. Only the consciousness of the red tie she wore kept her from summarily dismissing him. Just because she did not want to, she put up a nervous hand to it. Then she lifted an involuntary glance to his face. His expression bespoke his anxious assurance that he was not aware of her having on a red tie.

"I shall not need any assistance," said Anne with growing hauteur. What if Mary's husband should find her talking to a strange man? A hearty voice broke in upon her meditation. She started and turned. So did Mr. John Harrington Wells. A stout, amiable-looking gentleman stood before them and held out his hand, The train had come to a standstill.

"You are Miss Edgerly, I know. I saw the name on your bag the first thing. Lucky," continued Mr. Robinson with a smile that included Mr. Wells, "as I'd forgotten all about how Mary said you would be dressed, All I remembered was that she said you were uncommonly pretty," he laughed joyously, and glanced inquiringly at Anne's companion.

"Mr. Wells, Mr. Robinson," murmured Anne. It was all she could do, but she did not turn her eyes again in Mr. John Harrington Wells's direction. Not so Mr. Robinson. He greeted the young man with the greatest cordiality.

"Live in New York, Mr. Wells?" he inquired. "Then you must run out and see us while Miss Edgerly is with us." He entered into details of the easiest way to get there, while Anne stood in stony silence, and Mr. Wells, after vainly endeavoring to catch her eye, thanked him with graceful ease and said he would be delighted.

Anne sat under a tree in Mary's English garden and read aloud to her hostess. Two weeks had passed since her arrival, two weeks undisturbed by any intruding stranger. As she read "Geraint and Enid" in her clear, low voice, her mind wandered from the poem to the fact.

Mr. Robinson, bearing cold drinks on a tray, appeared from the house.

"Come, girls," he said briskly, "you've had enough of that stuff. Now a little ginger ale — Halloo! who's this?" A young man was being directed across the lawn with the absence of ceremony characteristic of the Robinson household. Mr. Robinson gave an exclamation of pleasure. "Why, it's Mr. Wells!" he set the tray down hastily on his wife's embroidery, and went forward with outstretched hand. "It has taken you a long time to look us up. Mary, my dear, Mr. Harrington Wells, Anne's friend. Have a glass of ginger ale, Wells?"

Anne's friend shook hands with Mrs. Robinson, and then turned to Anne. She gave him a chilly little hand which he took in a generous grasp, the while he looked deprecatingly into her indignant eyes.

"I'm going to get some more of this ale," said Mr. Robinson. "I'll be back immediately."

As he trotted away, a maid looked out of the door: "Mrs. Robinson, nurse says —" Mrs. Robinson dropped her embroidery and rose.

"You will excuse me a moment," she said sweetly, but abstractedly; when the baby was in question the rest of the world counted not. She also vanished.

"I stayed away two weeks," said Mr. John Harrington Wells. "Do I deserve nothing for that?"

Miss Edgerly looked over the young man's head at the climbing roses on the garden wall. "I sent you the tie," she said.

"I got it, thank you. I did not come after the tie."

"You had no right to come at all."

"Ah, but you could not expect me to make no effort to see you."

"You took advantage."

*"Her slow revolution brought her face toward him, but her gaze was over his head"*

"A man would be a fool not to take advantage of a chance to know you."

She did not reply to this.

"I have been very busy for the past two weeks," he continued slowly.

"Is that an apology for not calling sooner?"

He smiled. "No," he said, "I was busy getting an excuse for calling at all." He got up from the low seat and went across to lay a letter in her lap. "It is from Mrs. Blaisdell."

Mrs. Blaisdell's was a name to conjure with in Chicago society. Moreover, she was a dear friend of Anne's mother. Unwillingly she opened the letter. A long and very informal letter of introduction it was, and it endowed the bearer, Mr. John Harrington Wells, with all desirable qualities. "You will find him useful, Anne, as well as enjoyable," it ended. "He is delightfully obliging."

This sentence threatened Anne's gravity. Moreover, she did not know what to say, so she went back to the beginning and read it over. "Mrs. Blaisdell's writing seems to trouble you," he suggested. "Can I be of any help? She let me read it."

"I think you dictated it," said Anne.

He laughed out. "Really, I didn't," he assured her, "but I went back to Chicago to get it lest she might have forgotten some of my good qualities." He watched with enjoyment the curve in Miss Edgerly's red lips. "The whole incident would have been so without point if we had never met again," he said.

"No one was planning to make a story of it," returned Anne. "And, anyway, that would have been a much more original ending. Even now, if we never saw each other again——"

"I am not willing to go to any such lengths as that just for the sake of originality," he interposed.

"Besides, I should feel that we were tamely copying Henry James."

"If I were going to write the story," said Anne reflectively, "I should have the obliging young man turn out to be Mary's husband."

"No, thank you," he said hastily.

"That would be very hackneyed."

"Well, if I were going to write the story," repeated Miss Edgerly, rising to her feet and dropping the letter and the "Idylls of the King," and her handkerchief, "I should end it one of those two ways."

He bent one knee to pick up her scattered property.

"And if I write the story," he said, and paused a moment looking up at her from where he knelt, "if I write the story it shall have a very different ending."

*"A hearty voice broke in upon her meditation"*

# THE STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPH OF ISIDRO DE LOS MAESTROS

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "THE JUDGMENT OF MAN," "THE COMING OF THE MAESTRA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.

## *I—Face to Face with the Foe*

RETURNING to his own town after a morning spent in "working up" the attendance of one of his far and recalcitrant barrio-schools, the Maestro of Balangilang was swaying with relaxed muscle and half-closed eyes to the allegrett trot of his little native pony, when he pulled up with a start, wide awake and all his senses on the alert. Through his somnolence, at first in a low hum, but fast rising in a fiendish crescendo, there had come a buzzing sound, much like that of one of the saw-mills of his California forests, and now, as he sat in the saddle, erect and tense, the thing ripped the air in ragged tear, shrieked vibrating into his ear, and finished its course along his spine in delicious irritation.

"Oh, where am I?" murmured the Maestro, blinking; but between blinks he caught the flashing green of the palay fields and knew that he was far from the saw-mills of the Golden State. So he raised his nose to heaven, and there, afloat above him in the serene blue, was the explanation. It was a kite, a great locust-shaped kite, darting and swooping in the hot monsoon, and from it, dropping plumb, came the abominable clamor.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Maestro, pointing accusingly at the thin line vaguely visible against the sky-line in a diagonal running from the kite above him ahead to a point in the road. "Ah! there's something at the end of that; there's Attendance at the end of that!"

With which significant remark he leaned forward in the saddle, bringing his switch down with a whizz behind him. The pony gave three rabbit leaps and then settled down to his drumming little trot. As they advanced the line overhead dropped gradually. Finally the Maestro had to swerve the horse aside to save his helmet. He pulled up to a walk, and, a few yards further, came to the spot where string met earth in the expected Attendance.

The Attendance was sitting on the ground, his legs spread before him in an angle of forty-five degrees, each foot arched in a secure grip of a bunch of cogon grass. These legs were bare as far up as they went, and, in fact, no trace of clothing was reached until the eye met the lower fringe of an indescribable undershirt modestly veiling the upper half of a rotund little paunch; an indescribable undershirt, truly, for observation could not reach the thing itself, but only the dirt incrusting it so that it hung together, rigid as a knight's iron corselet, in spite of monstrous tears and rents. Between the teeth of the Attendance was a long, thick cheroot, wound about with hemp fiber, at which he pulled with rounded mouth. Hitched around his right wrist was the kite string, and between his legs a stick spindled with an extra hundred yards. At intervals he hauled hand-over-hand upon the taut line, and then the landscape vibrated to the buzz-saw song which had so compellingly recalled the Maestro to his eternal pursuit.

As the shadow of the horse fell upon him, the Attendance brought his eyes down from their heavenly contemplation, and fixed them upon the rider. A tremor of dismay, mastered as soon as born, flitted over him; then, silently, with careful suppression of all signs of haste, he reached for a big stone with his little yellow paw, then for a stick lying farther off. Using the stone as a hammer, he drove

the stick into the ground with deliberate stroke, wound the string around it with tender solicitude, and then, everything being secure, just as the Maestro was beginning his usual embarassing question :

"Why are you not at school, eh?"

He drew up his feet beneath him, straightened up like a Jack-in-the-box, took a hop-skip-jump, and with a flourish of golden heels flopped head-first into the roadside ditch's rank luxuriance.

"The little devil!" exclaimed the disconcerted Maestro. He dismounted and, leading his horse, walked up to the side of the ditch. It was full of the water of the last baguio. From the edge of the cane-field on the other side there cascaded down the bank a mad vegetation; it carpeted the sides, arched itself above in a vault, and inside this recess the water was rotting, green-scummed; and a powerful fermentation filled the nostrils with hot, fever-smells. In the center of the ditch the broad, flat head of a caribao emerged slightly above the water; the floating lilies made an incongruous wreath about the great horns and the beatifically-shut eyes, and the thick, humid nose exhaled ecstasy in shuddering ripplets over the calm surface.

Filled with a vague sense of the ridiculous, the Maestro peered into the darkness. "The little devil!" he murmured. "He 's somewhere in here; but how am I to get him, I 'd like to know. Do you see him, eh, Mathusalem?" he asked of the stolid beast soaking there in bliss.

Whether in answer to this challenge or to some other irritant, the animal slowly opened one eye and ponderously let it fall shut again in what, to the heated imagination of the Maestro, seemed a patronizing wink. Its head slid quietly along the water; puffs of ooze rose from below and spread on the surface. Then, in the silence there rose a significant sound — a soft, repeated snapping of the tongue :

"Cluck, cluck."

"Aha!" shouted the Maestro triumphantly to his invisible audience. "I know where you are, you scamp; right behind the caribao; come out of there, *pronto, dale-dale!*"

But his enthusiasm was of short duration. To the commanding tongue-click the caribao had stopped dead-still and a silence heavy with defiance met the too-soon exultant cries. An insect in the foliage began a creaking call, and then all the creatures of humidity hidden there among this fermenting vegetation joined in mocking chorus.

The Maestro felt a vague blush welling up from the innermost recesses of his being.

"I'm going to get that kid," he muttered darkly, "if I have to wait till — the coming of Common Sense to the Manila office! By gum, he's the Struggle for Attendance personified!"

He sat down on the bank and waited. This did not prove interesting. The animals of the ditch creaked on; the caribao bubbled up the water with his deep content; above, the abandoned kite went through strange acrobatics and wailed as if in pain. The Maestro dipped his hand into the water; it was lukewarm. "No hope of a freeze-out," he murmured pensively.

Behind, the pony began to pull at the reins.

"Yes, little horse, I'm tired, too. Well," he said apologetically, "I hate to get energetic, but there are circumstances which —— "

The end of his sentence was lost, for he had whisked out the big Colt's dissuader of ladrones, that hung on his belt, and was firing. The six shots went off like a bunch of firecrackers, but far from at random, for a regular circle boiled up around the dozing caribao. The disturbed animal snorted, and again a discreet "cluck-cluck" rose in the sudden, astounded silence.

"This," said the Maestro, as he calmly introduced fresh cartridges into the chambers of his smoking weapon, "is what might be called an application of western solutions to eastern difficulties."

Again he brought his revolver down, but he raised it without shooting and replaced it in its holster. From beneath the caribao's rotund belly, below the surface, an indistinct form shot out; cleaving the water like a polliwog it glided for the bank, and then a black, round head emerged at the feet of the Maestro.

"All right, bub; we'll go to school now," said the latter, nodding to the dripping figure as it rose before him.

He lifted the sullen brownie and straddled him forward of the saddle, then proceeded to mount himself, when the Capture began to display marked agitation. He squirmed and twisted, turned his head back and up, and finally a grunt escaped him.

"El velador."

"The kite, to be sure; we mustn't forget the kite," acquiesced the Maestro graciously.

He pulled up the anchoring stick and laboriously, beneath the hostilely critical eye of the Capture, he hauled in the line till the screeching, resisting flying-machine was brought to earth. Then he vaulted into the saddle.

The double weight was a little too much for the pony; so it was at a dignified walk that the Maestro, his naked, dripping, muddy, and still defiant prisoner a-straddle in front of him, the captured kite passed over his left arm like a knightly shield, made his triumphant entry into the pueblo.

### *II — Heroism and Reverses*

When Maestro Pablo rode down Rizal-y-Washington Street to the schoolhouse with his oozing, dripping prize between his arms, the kite, like a knightly escutcheon against his left side, he found that in spite of his efforts at preserving a modest, self-deprecatory bearing, his spine would stiffen and his nose point upward in the unconscious manifestations of an internal feeling that there was in his attitude something picturesquely heroic. Not since walking down the California campus one morning after the big game won three minutes before blowing of the final whistle, by his fifty-yard run-in of a punt, had he been in that posture — at once pleasant and difficult — in which one's vital concern is to wear an humility sufficiently convincing to obtain from friends forgiveness for the crime of being great.

A series of incidents immediately following, however, made the thing quite easy.

Upon bringing the new recruit into the schoolhouse, to the perfidiously expressed delight of the already incorporated, the Maestro called his native assistant to obtain the information necessary to a full matriculation. At the first question the inquisition came to a dead-lock. The boy did not know his name.

"In Spanish times," the Assistant suggested modestly, "we called them "de los Reyes" when the father was of the army, and "de la Cruz" when the father was of the church; but now, we can never know *what* it is."

The Maestro dashed to a solution. "All right," he said cheerily. "I caught him; guess I can give him a name. Call him — Isidro de los Maestros."

And thus it was that the urchin went down on the school records, and on the records of life afterward.

Now, well pleased with himself, the Maestro, as is the wont of men in such state, sought for further enjoyment.

"Ask him," he said teasingly, pointing with his chin at the newly-baptized but still unregenerate little savage, "why he came out of the ditch."

"He says he was afraid that you would steal the kite answered the Assistant, after some linguistic sparring.

"Eh?" ejaculated the surprised Maestro.

And in his mind there framed a picture of himself riding along the road with a string between his fingers; and, following in the upper layers of air, a buzzing kite; and, down in the dust of the highway, an urchin trudging wistfully after the kite, drawn on irresistibly, in spite of his better judgment, on and on, horrified but fascinated, up to the yawning school-door.

It would have been the better way. "I ought to go and soak my head," murmured the Maestro pensively.

This was check number one, but others came in quick succession.

For the morning after this incident the Maestro did not find Isidro among the weird, wild crowd gathered into the annex (a transformed sugar storehouse) by the last raid of the Municipal Police.

Neither was Isidro there the next day, nor the next. And it was not till a week had passed that the Maestro discovered, with an inward blush of shame, that his much-longed-for pupil was living in the little hut behind his own house. There would have been nothing shameful in the overlooking — there were seventeen other persons sharing the same abode — were it not that the nipa front of this human hive had been blown away by the last baguio, leaving an unobstructed view of the interior, if it might be called such. As it was, the Municipal Police was mobilized at the urgent behest of the Maestro. Its "cabo," flanked by two privates armed with old German needle-guns, besieged the home and, after an interesting game of hide-and-go-seek, Isidro was finally caught by one arm and one ear, and ceremoniously marched to school. And there the Maestro asked him why he had not been attending.

"No hay pantalones" — there are no pants — Isidro answered, dropping his eyes modestly to the ground.

This was check number two, and unmistakably so, for was it not a fact that a civil commission, overzealous in its civilizing

ardor, had passed a law commanding that every one should wear, when in public, "at least one garment, preferably trousers?"

Following this, and an unsuccessful plea upon the town tailor who was on a three weeks' vacation on account of the death of a fourth cousin, the Maestro shut himself up a whole day with Isidro in his little nipa house; and behind the closely-shut shutters engaged in some mysterious toil. When they emerged again the next morning, Isidro wended his way to the school at the end of the Maestro's arm, trousered!

The trousers, it must be said, had a certain cachet of distinction. They were made of calico-print, with a design of little black skulls sprinkled over a yellow background. Some parts hung flat and limp as if upon a scarecrow; others pulsed, like a fire-hose in action, with the pressure of flesh compressed beneath, while at other points they bulged pneumatically in little foot-balls. The right leg dropped to the ankle; the left stopped, discouraged, a few inches below the knee. The seams looked like the putty mountain chains of the geography class. As the Maestro strode along he threw rapid glances at his handiwork, and it was plain that the emotions that moved him were somewhat mixed in character. His face showed traces of a puzzled diffidence, as that of a man who has come in sack-coat to a full-dress function; but after all it was satisfaction that predominated, for after this heroic effort he had decided that Victory had at last perched upon his banners.

And it really looked so for a time. Isidro stayed at school at least during that first day of his trousered life. For when the Maestro, later in the forenoon paid a visit to the annex, he found the Assistant in charge standing disconcerted before the urchin who, with eyes indignant and hair perpendicular upon the top of his head, was evidently holding to his side of the argument with his customary energy.

Isidro was trouserless. Sitting rigid upon his bench, holding on with both hands as if in fear of being removed, he dangled naked legs to the sight of who might look.

"Que barbaridad!" murmured the Assistant in limp dejection.

But Isidro threw at him a look of black hatred. This became a tense, silent plea for justice as it moved up for a moment to the Maestro's face, and then it settled back upon its first object in frigid accusation.

"Where are your trousers, Isidro?" asked the Maestro.

Isidro relaxed his convulsive grasp of the bench with one hand, canted himself slightly to one side just long enough to give an instantaneous view of the trousers, neatly folded and spread between what he was sitting with and what he was sitting on, then swung back with the suddenness of a kodak-shutter, seized his seat with new determination, and looked eloquent justification at the Maestro.

"Why will you not wear them?" asked the latter.

"He says he will not get them dirty," said the Assistant, interpreting the answer.

"Tell him when they are dirty he can go down to the river and wash them," said the Maestro.

Isidro pondered over the suggestion for two silent minutes. The prospect of a day spent splashing in the lukewarm waters of the llog he finally put down as not at all detestable and, getting up to his feet:

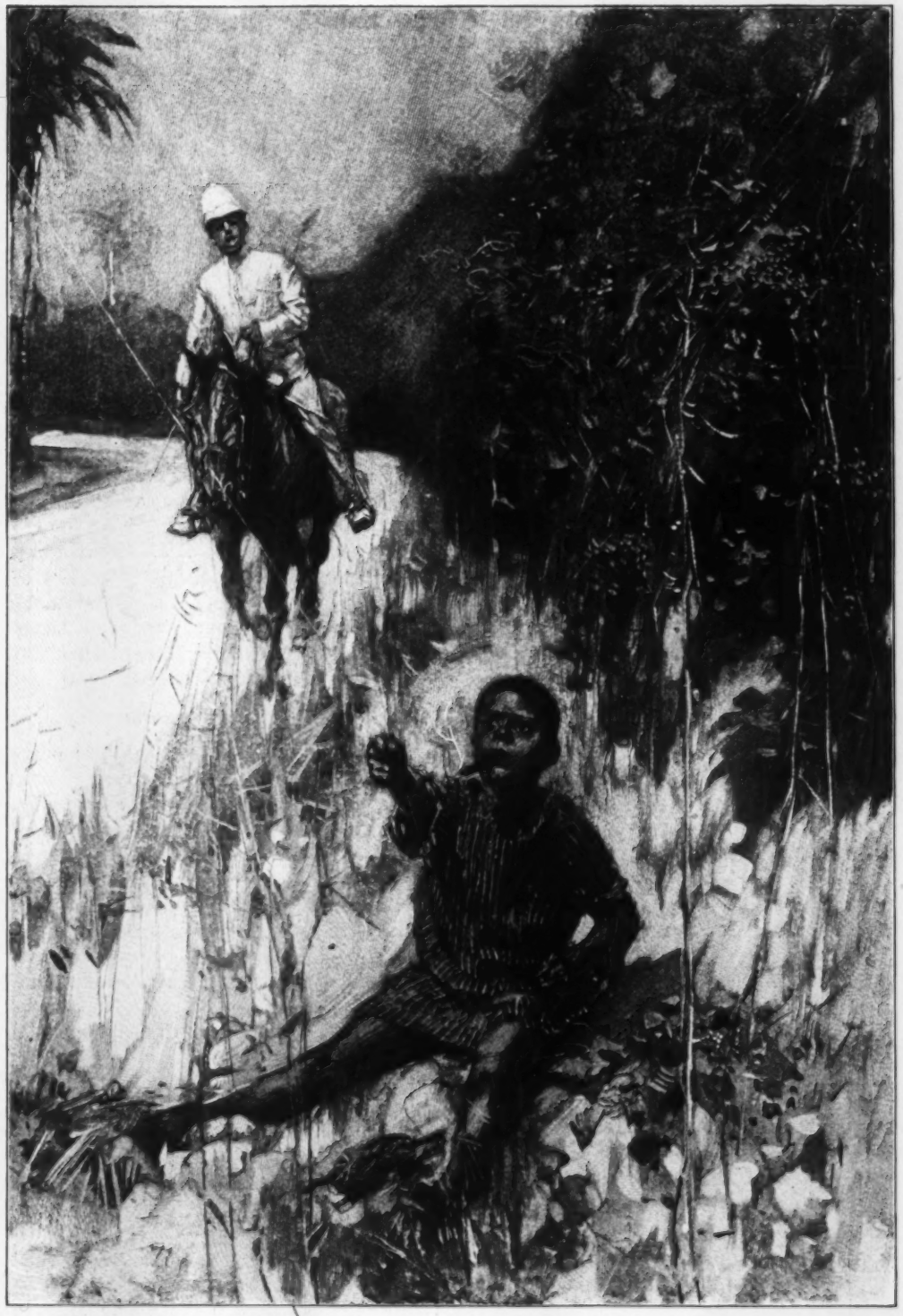
"I will put them on," he said gravely.

Which he did on the moment, with an absence of hesitation as to which was front and which was back, very flattering to the Maestro.

That Isidro persevered during the next week, the Maestro also came to know. For now regularly every evening as he smoked and lounged upon his long, cane chair, trying to persuade his tired body against all laws of physics to give up a little of its heat to a circumambient atmosphere of temperature equally enthusiastic; as he watched among the rafters of the roof the snakes swallowing the rats, the rats devouring the lizards, the lizards snapping up the spiders, the spiders snaring the flies in eloquent representation of the life struggle, his studied passiveness would be broken by strange sounds from the dilapidated hut at the back of his house. A voice, imitative of that of the Third Assistant who taught the annex, hurled forth questions which were immediately answered by another voice, curiously like that of Isidro.

Fiercely: "Du yu ssee dde hhett?"
Breathlessly: "Yiss I ssee dde hhett."
Ferociously: "Show me dde hhett."
Eagerly: "Here are dde hhett."
Thunderously: "Gif me dde hhett."
Exultantly: "I gif yu dde hhett."

Then the Maestro would step to the window and look into the hut from which came



"AT INTERVALS HE HAULED HAND-OVER-HAND UPON THE TAUT LINE"

this Socratic dialogue. And on this wall-less platform which looked much like a primitive stage, a singular action was unrolling itself in the smoky glimmer of a two-cent lamp. The Third Assistant was not there at all; but Isidro was the Third Assistant. And the pupil was not Isidro, but the witless old man who was one of the many sharers of the abode. In the voice of the Third Assistant, Isidro was hurling out the tremendous questions; and, as the old gentleman, who represented Isidro, opened his mouth only to drule betel-juice, it was Isidro who, in Isidro's voice, answered the questions. In his role as Third Assistant he stood with legs akimbo before the pupil, a bamboo twig in his hand; as Isidro the pupil, he plumped down quickly upon the bench before responding. The sole function of the senile old man seemed that of representing the pupil while the question was being asked and receiving, in that capacity, a sharp cut across the nose from Isidro-the-Third-Assistant's switch, at which he chuckled to himself in silent glee and druled ad libitum.

For several nights this performance went on with gradual increase of vocabulary in teacher and pupil. But when it had reached the "Do you see the apple-tree?" stage, it ceased to advance, marked time for a while, and then slowly but steadily began sliding back into primitive beginnings. This engendered in the Maestro a suspicion which became certainty when Isidro entered the schoolhouse one morning just before recess, between two policemen at port arms. A rapid scrutiny of the roll-book showed that he had been absent a whole week.

"I was at the river cleaning my trousers," answered Isidro when put face to face with this curious fact.

The Maestro suggested that the precious pantaloons which, by the way, had been mysteriously embellished by a red stripe down the right leg and a green stripe down the left leg, could be cleaned in less than a week, and that Saturday and Sunday were days specially set aside in the Catechismo of the Americanos for such little family duties.

Isidro understood, and the nightly rehearsals soon reached the stage of:

"How menny hhetts hev yu?"

"I hev *ten* hhetts."

Then came another arrest of development, and another decline, at the end of which Isidro, again making his appearance flanked by two German needle-guns, caused a blush of remorse to suffuse the Maestro by explaining with frigid gravity that his mother had given birth to a little pickaninny-brother and that, of course, he had had to help.

But significant events in the family did not stop there. After birth, death stepped in for its due. Isidro's relatives began to drop off in rapid sequence — each demise demanding three days of meditation in retirement — till at last the Maestro, who had had the excellent idea of keeping upon paper a record of these unfortunate occurrences, was looking with stupor upon a list showing that Isidro had lost, within three weeks, two aunts, three grandfathers, and five grandmothers — which, considering that an actual count proved the house of bereavement still able to boast of seventeen occupants, was plainly an exaggeration.

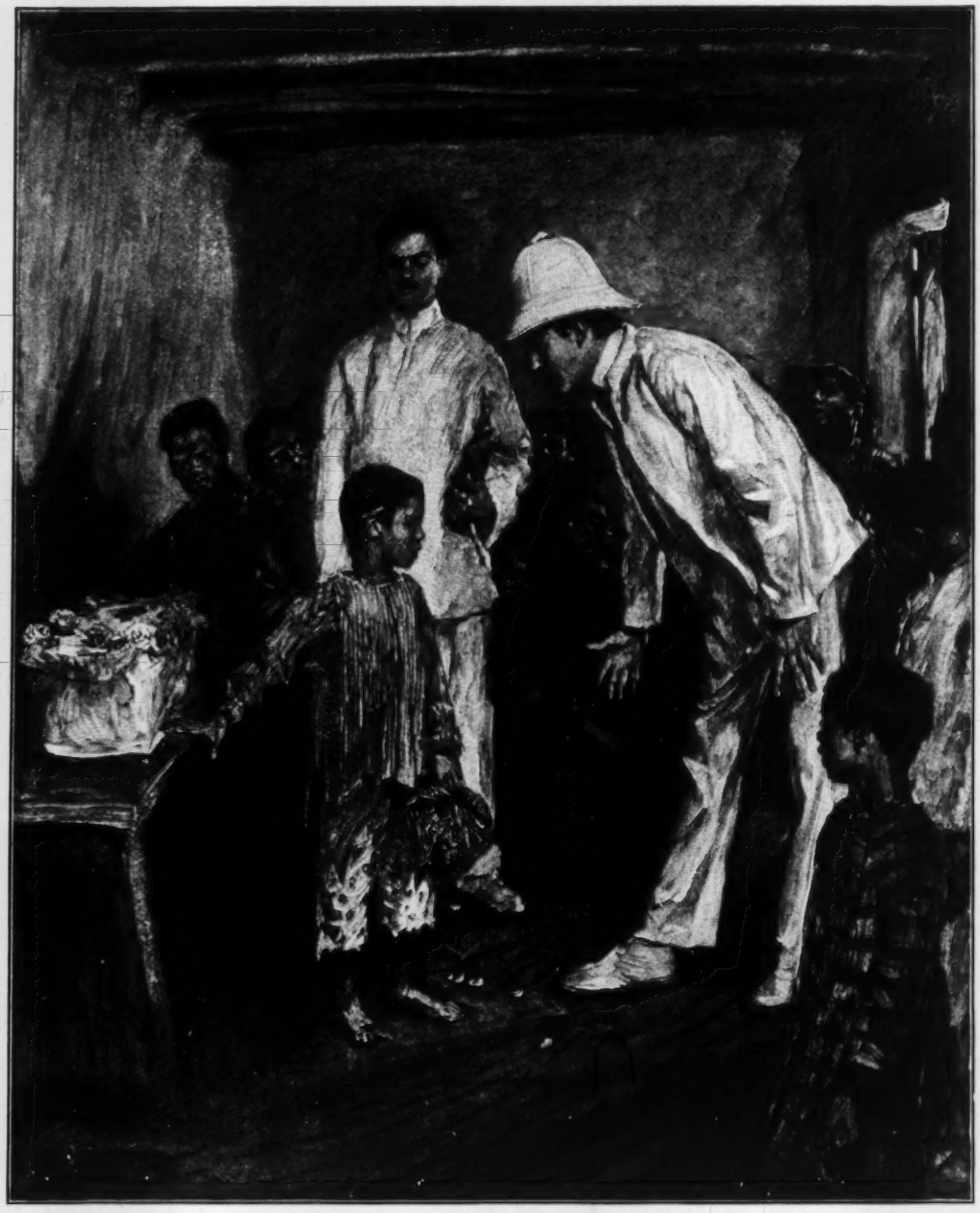
Following a long sermon from the Maestro in which he sought to explain to Isidro that he must always tell the truth for sundry philosophical reasons — a statement which the First Assistant tactfully smoothed to something within range of credulity by translating it that one must not lie to *Americanos*, because *Americanos* do not like it — there came a period of serenity.

### *III — The Triumph*

There came to the Maestro days of peace and joy. Isidro was coming to school; Isidro was learning English. Isidro was steady, Isidro was docile, Isidro was positively so angelic that there was something uncanny about the situation. And with Isidro, other little savages were being pruned into the school-going stage of civilization. Helped by the police, they were pouring in from barrio and hacienda; the attendance was going up by leaps and bounds, till at last a circulative report showed that Balangilang had passed the odious Cabancalan with its less strenuous school-man, and left it in the ruck by a full hundred. The Maestro was triumphant; his chest had gained two inches in expansion. When he met Isidro at recess, playing cibay, he murmured softly: "You little devil; you were Attendance personified, and I've got you now." At which Isidro, pausing in the act of throwing a shell with the top of his head at another shell on the ground, looked up beneath long lashes in a smile absolutely seraphic.

In the evening, the Maestro, his heart sweet with content, stood at the window. These were moonlight nights; in the grassy lanes

"FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE HUTS CAME THE TINKLE-TINKLE OF SERENADING GUITARS"



*"'It is my little pickaninny-brother, went on Isidro, becoming alive to the fact that he was a center of interest 'and he died last night of the great sickness'"*

the young girls played graceful Spanish games, winding like garlands to a gentle song; from the shadows of the huts came the tinkle-tinkle of serenading guitars and yearning notes of violins wailing despairing love. And Isidro, seated on the bamboo ladder of his house, went through an independent performance. He sang "Good-night, Ladies," the last song given to the school, sang it in soft falsetto, with languorous drawls, and never-ending organ points, over and over again, till it changed character gradually, dropped into a wailing minor, an endless croon full of the obscure melancholy of a race that dies.

"Goo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies; goo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies; goo-oo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies-ies," he

repeated and repeated, over and over again, till the Maestro's soul tumbled down and down abysses of maudlin tenderness, and Isidro's chin fell upon his chest in a last drawling, sleepy note. At which he shook himself together and began the next exercise, a recitation, all of one piece from first to last syllable, in one high, monotonous note, like a mechanical doll saying "papa-mama."

' Oh-look-et-de-moon-she-ees-shinin-up theyre-oh-mudder-she-look-like-a-lom-in de-ayre-lost-night-she-was-smalleyre-on joos-like-a-bow-boot-now-she-ees-big-gerr-on-rrraon-like-an-O."

Then a big gulp of air and again :

"Oh-look-et-de-moon-she-ees-shinin-up-theyre, —— " etc.

An hour of this, and he skipped from the lyric to the patriotic, and then it was :

"I-loof-dde-name-off-Wash-ing-ton,
I-loof-my-coontrrree-tow,
I-loof-dde-fleg-dde-dear-owl-fleg,
Off-rrid-on-whit-on-bloo-oo-oo!"

By this time the Maestro was ready to go to bed, and long in the torpor of the tropic night there came to him, above the hum of the mosquitoes fighting at the net, the soft, wailing croon of Isidro, back at his "Goo-oo-oo nigh-igh-igh loidies-ies-ies."

These were days of ease and beauty to the Maestro, and he enjoyed them the more when a new problem came to give action to his resourceful brain.

The thing was this : For three days there had not been one funeral in Balangilang.

In other climes, in other towns, this might have been a source of congratulation, perhaps, but not in Balangilang. There were rumors of cholera in the towns to the north, and the Maestro, as president of the Board of Health, was on the watch for it. Five deaths a day, experience had taught him, was the healthy average for the town ; and this sudden cessation of public burials — he could not believe that dying had stopped — was something to make him suspicious.

It was over this puzzling situation that he was pondering at the morning recess, when his attention was taken from it by a singular scene.

The "batas" of the school were flocking and pushing and jolting at the door of the basement which served as stable for the municipal caribao. Elbowing his way to the spot, the Maestro found Isidro at the entrance, gravely taking up an admission of five shells from those who would enter. Business seemed to be brisk ; Isidro had already a big bandana handkerchief bulging with the receipts which were now overflowing into a great tao hat, obligingly loaned him by one of his admirers, as one by one, those lucky enough to have the price filed in, feverish curiosity upon their faces.

The Maestro thought that it might be well to go in also, which he did without paying admission. The disappointed gate-keeper followed him. The Maestro found himself before a little pink-and-blue tissue-paper box, frilled with paper rosettes.

"What have you in there?" asked the Maestro.

"My brother," answered Isidro sweetly.

He cast his eyes to the ground and watched his big toe drawing vague figures in the earth, then, appealing to the First Assistant who was present by this time, he added in the tone of virtue which *will* be modest :

"Maestro Pablo does not like it when I do not come to school on account of a funeral, so I brought him (pointing to the little box) with me."

"Well, I'll be — " was the only comment the Maestro found adequate at the moment.

"It is my little pickaninny-brother," went on Isidro, becoming alive to the fact that he was a center of interest, "and he died last night of the great sickness."

"The great what?" ejaculated the Maestro who had caught a few words.

"The great sickness," explained the Assistant. "That is the name by which these ignorant people call the cholera."

For the next two hours the Maestro was very busy.

Firstly he gathered the "batas" who had been rich enough to attend Isidro's little show and locked them up — with the impresario himself — in the little town-jail close by. Then, after a vivid exhortation upon the beauties of boiling water and reporting disease, he dismissed the school for an indefinite period. After which, impressing the two town prisoners, now temporarily out of home, he shouldered Isidro's pretty box, tramped to the cemetery and directed the digging of a grave six feet deep. When the earth had been scraped back upon the lonely little object, he returned to town and transferred the awe-stricken playgoers to his own

house, where a strenuous performance took place.

Tolio, his boy, built a most tremendous fire outside and set upon it all the pots and pans and caldrons and cans of his kitchen arsenal, filled with water. When these began to gurgle and steam, the Maestr set himself to stripping the horrified bunch in his room; one by one he threw the garments out of the window to Tolio who, catching them, stuffed them into the receptacles, poking down their bulging protest with a big stick. Then the Maestro mixed an awful brew in an old oil-can and, taking the brush which was commonly used to sleek up his little pony, he dipped it generously into the pungent stuff and began an energetic scrubbing of his now absolutely panic-stricken wards. When he had done this to his satisfaction and thoroughly to their discontent, he let them put on their still steaming garments and they slid out of the house, aseptic as hospitals.

Isidro he kept longer. He lingered over him with loving and strenuous care, and after he had him externally clean, proceeded to dose him internally from a little red bottle. Isidro took everything — the terrific scrubbing, the exaggerated dosing, the ruinous treatment of his pantaloons — with wonder-eyed serenity.

When all this was finished the Maestro took the urchin into the dining-room and, seating him on his best bamboo chair, he courteously offered him a fine, dark perfecto.

The next instant he was suffused with the light of a new revelation. For, stretching out his hard little claw to receive the gift, the little man had shot at him a glance so mild, so wistful, so brown-eyed, filled with such mixed admiration, trust, and appeal, that a queer softness had risen in the Maestro from somewhere down in the regions of his heel, up and up, quietly, like the mercury in the thermometer, till it had flowed through his whole body and stood still, its high-water mark a little lump in his throat.

"Why, Lord bless us-ones, Isidro," said the Maestro quietly. "We're only a child after all, mere baby, my man. And don't we like to go to school?"

"Señor Pablo," asked the boy, looking up softly into the Maestro's still perspiring visage, "Señor Pablo, is it true that there will be no school because of the great sickness?"

"Yes, it is true," answered the Maestro. "No school for a long, long time."

Then Isidro's mouth began to twitch queerly, and suddenly throwing himself full-length upon the floor, he hurled out from somewhere within him a long, tremulous wail.

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# GIVE COURAGE, LORD!

BY

L. B. BRIDGMAN

I TOO had courage to contend with wrong
Through the wild night.
I have defied decrees of Fate and, strong
Against the plays of Chance, have waged the fight.

And when, in morning glow, Life, Love, and Joy
Danced beckoning by,
I turned me from the hope, I chose the strife —
'Twas short, 'twas sharp! — and did renounce, deny.

I trod, though thorned with pain, beset with fears,
Steep, stony ways:
But give me courage, Lord, to live the years,
The long, long years of uneventful days!

# SOME DIET DELUSIONS

BY

WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

HOW can a delusion exist in regard to such a matter-of-fact and every-day subject as diet? One would certainly have thought it the easiest of things to put to test and prove or disprove promptly

Every imaginable experiment upon what would and what would not support life must have been tried thousands of years ago, and yet our most striking proofs of how highly men value their "precious right of private haziness," as George Eliot shrewdly terms it, are to be found in the realm of dietetics. The "light that never was on sea, or land" still survives for the most matter-of-fact of us in the memory of "the pies that mother used to make," and nowhere else do we find preferences so widely accepted as evidence, and prejudices as matters of fact, as in this arena. In fact if we were merely to listen to what is said, and still more to read what is printed, we would come to the conclusion that the human race had established absolutely nothing beyond possibility of dispute in this realm. Every would-be diet-reformer, and we doctors are almost as bad as any of them, is absolutely certain that what nine-tenths of humanity find to be their food is a deadly poison. One philosopher is sure that animal food of every description, especially the kind that involves the shedding of blood, is not only absolutely unfit for human food, but is the cause of half the suffering and wickedness in the world. Another gravely declares that the only thing which above all things is injurious is salt. Another takes up his parable against pork. Still another is convinced that half the misery of the world is due to the use of spices; and one dietetic Rousseau, proclaims a return to very first principles by the abolition of cooking. Another attacks the harmless and blushing tomato, and lays at its door the modern increase of cancer, insanity, and a hundred kindred evils; while Mrs. Rohrer has gently but firmly to be restrained whenever the mild-eyed potato is mentioned in her presence.

There is almost an equally astonishing Babel when one comes to listen to the various opinions as to the amount of food required. Eighteen grave and reverend doctors assure us that overeating is the prevalent dietetic sin of the century, while the remainder of the two dozen are equally positive that the vast majority of their patients are underfed. One man preaches the gospel of dignified simplicity on one meal a day and one clean collar a week, while the lean and learned Fletcher declares that if we only keep on masticating our one mouthful of food long enough, we shall delude the stomach into magnifying it into ten, and can dine sumptuously on a menu card and a wafer biscuit.

### *Instinct Far Superior to Reason*

Fortunately, when it comes to practice, philosophers, reformers, and doctors alike have about as much influence here as they have over conduct in other realms — and that is next to none at all. The man in the street follows his God-given instincts and plods peacefully along to his three square meals a day, consisting of anything he can find in the market, and just as much of it as he can afford, with special preference for rich meats, fats, and sugars. Here, as everywhere, instinct is far superior to reason, and a breakfast diet of sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup and strong coffee has carried the white man half round the world; while one of salads and cereals, washed down with a post-prandial subterfuge, would leave him stranded, gasping, in the first ditch he came to.

All the basal problems of dietetics were, by the mercy of Heaven, settled long ago, in

the farmhouse kitchen, in the commissary department of the army in the field, in the cook's galley amidships, and in the laboratory.

There is little more room for difference of opinion upon them than there is about the coaling of engines. Simply a matter of size of boiler and fire-box, the difference in heating power and ash between Welsh and Australian, and the amount of work to be got out of the machine, multiplied by the time in which it is to be accomplished.

It is true that Professor Chittenden has recently published the results of experiments upon a "starvation squad" of soldiers which lead him to the conclusion that weight, health, and vigor can be maintained upon about half the amount of food laid down in standard diet-tables. But this highly improbable conclusion, upon so slender a basis of fact can carry but little weight until it has been confirmed by tests upon a far wider scale by other observers. From the reports of colleagues who saw the soldiers at the close of their fast, anemic, nervous, so eager to get back to regular rations that they would say *anything* about their feelings which would tend to bring the experiment to a close, it strikes me simply as a test of human endurance like Dr. Tanner's famous fast. We are merely automobiles in human form, literally "steam-engines in breeches," of only moderate range of power, but exceedingly economical in the matter of fuel, and of remarkable adaptability. Given our age, sex, size, horse-power, and the work to be done, the suitable fuel is only a question of cost and accessibility. Every particle of the energy which sparkles in our eyes, which moves our muscles, which warms our imaginations, is sunlight cunningly woven into our food by the living cell, whether vegetable or animal. Every movement, every word, every thought, every aspiration, represents the expenditure of precisely so much energy derived from food. Cut off our supply of second-hand sunlight and our human lamps go out like an arc-light when the current is broken. We are literally what we have eaten.

### *Strange and Primitive Notions about Food*

Some diet delusions are of most modern date, like the "fush" fad which is now devastating our breakfast tables, while others are of most respectable antiquity. Among the latter is that very ancient survival, the notion that particular foods are "good" for particular things or effects. This is an almost direct descendent of the notion held with greater or less unanimity by nearly all savage and barbarous tribes, that the flesh or viscera of birds and animals possessing particular qualities will be likely to produce the same qualities in those who eat them. Thus Nero used to banquet on nightingale's tongues in the hope of improving his voice, and the Ojibwa cut out and devoured the heart of the bear, the liver of the buffalo, etc., believing that the strength and courage of these animals would thereby be transferred to himself. It is probable that the most gruesome of ancestral rites — cannibalism — was largely due to the same belief, although, of course, in Neanderthal days primitive man would have no more hesitancy about eating his enemy after he had killed him than he would in devouring a bear or a deer. In fact, the early converts of the missionaries in the South Sea Islands referred to their favorite dish as "long pig." Every known race has at some time been cannibal.

There certainly was a childlike logicality and naïveté about the conception of the Maori warrior who rounded and completed his conquest of his enemy by eating him afterwards and thus acquiring all the vigor and energy which had been wont to oppose him. The story told of the old Maori chief who, in his last hour, when urged by the missionary and his favorite wife to a deathbed repentance, and told that he must begin by forgiving his enemies, proudly lifted his head and exclaimed, "I have no enemies; I have eaten them all," appeals to a slumbering chord in us even yet. While certain most intelligent people to-day would indignantly resent the accusation of reverting to such days and ideas, they will vigorously denounce the eating of pork as an unholy thing, on the ground that "he who eats pork thinks pork," and the more orthodox of them will even declare that while Scripture records that the devils entered into swine, we have no assurance that they ever came out of them.

The prohibition by Moses of this second most useful and valuable meat-food that we possess and its echo by Mohammed were on purely ceremonial and irrational grounds, and had nothing whatever to do with dietetics, or hygiene. Most of these primitive

prejudices against the use of the flesh of a particular animal are traceable to the belief that the animal is the totem, or guardian spirit, or primitive ancestor of the tribe. It is obvious that the table of unclean meats in Deuteronomy was purely an invention constructed with the purpose of excluding pork; though whether upon grounds of totemism or pure taboo it is, of course, impossible to say.

Another amusing modern survival of the same idea is to be found on almost every hand in the popular impression, gravely repeated in works upon voice culture within the last twenty years, that dates and figs are peculiarly good for the voice, while nuts are injurious to it. The only basis whatever for this impression being a sort of crude analogy between the sweetness of the fruits mentioned and that of the tones of the voice, and between the roughness of the shells and skins of the nuts and the coarser and more strident tones.

It will also be recalled that the classical wolf in "Red Riding Hood" softened his voice by eating chalk; and a score of other similar fairy tales could be quoted.

Nor need we delve into folk-lore antiquity for instances of belief. It was only a few months ago that the writer, during a political campaign, heard one of the speakers, who had an unusually melodious and penetrating voice, approached by a very intelligent gentleman, a lawyer of eminence in the community, with the remark: "That's a very remarkable voice of yours, Major. Do you take anything for it?"

### *Curious Origin of the Fish-Phosphorus Delusion*

An equally imposing specter which still occasionally stalks through the pages of the popular magazines is the notion that in some way fish diet is peculiarly good for brain development. This, though of quite respectable antiquity, like many another ancient fiction has been false-buttressed by "scientific" arguments of late years, namely: that as the principal constituents of brain tissue, neurin and lecithin, are usually rich in phosphorus, and as fish contains a large amount of phosphorus, therefore fish makes brains.

It has also received a historical bolstering up by the citation of the Church's use of fish on fast-days and of the fact that Christ selected His apostles from among fishermen.

An even better citation would have been the extraordinary vigor which is imparted to the imagination of those who catch fish, merely by the contact of landing them, or even that of half pulling them out of the water.

This lovely scientific fairy tale about the phosphorus has, like the Irishman's corpse, no less than three fatal wounds in it. The first is that while the brain tissue is, it is true, rich in phosphorus, it is no more so than the nuclei of all the cells scattered throughout the body. The ordinary white blood cell, or leucocyte, contains as much phosphorus as does the nerve cell of the same size, and unless the nerve cell could be imagined to have a bigger appetite or a superior intelligence it would get no more of the phosphorus contained in the food than would its healthful inferiors. In the second place the notion that any particular kind of food or any element in the food goes to any particular tissue is utterly without foundation, and is as logical as the belief of little Mary in Holland's "Bay Path," who, adoring the beautiful wavy hair of her young mistress, every morning at breakfast took special pains to push each mouthful of bread and milk up against the roof of her mouth before swallowing it, in the hopes that it would soak upwards and make her hair grow.

Every bit of food going into the body is broken down into its simplest molecules and then absorbed by each particular cell and built into its structure. In other words the cells do their own eating, and are not mere bits of blotting paper to soak up what happens to be brought to them. The third mortal wound is widest and most gaping of all; and this is that fish contains no more phosphorus than meat, eggs, or any other proteid food. How, then, did it get the reputation of containing it? Simply from the fact that dead fish allowed to decay upon the decks of fishing smacks, or upon the sea beach, display very frequently a greenish phosphorescence in the process of decomposition. This phosphorescent light, however, is due not to the fish at all, but to a group of bacteria which is feasting upon its remains. So the whole fish-phosphorus-brain theory is literally an *ignis fatuus*, or will-o'-the-wisp.

Equally whimsical and interesting as a study in credulity are the numerous impressions abroad, especially in "intense" and intellectual circles, that particular kinds of food are "bad for" particular things.

These are easily traceable to that broad and omnivorous type of primitive human logic which, as Tyler pointed out, enables the Samoyed to see a striking likeness between a cow and a comet, in that they both have tails. To take one of the crudest forms, all through Northeastern Europe there is a firm belief that nursing mothers should never be allowed to eat fish or eggs, because since these foods have not the power of speech, their children might be dumb in consequence.

### *The Idea That Spices Heat the Blood*

To come a little nearer home, we have the flight of fancy, carefully reproduced I am sorry to say, in many so-called scientific works upon dietetics, that spices are to be interdicted in feverish, bilious, or inflammatory conditions because they are supposed to be "heating to the blood." Here the child-like analogy between sensations of warmth produced in the mouth by these substances and a rise of temperature is so clear as to be self-evident, and is precisely of a piece with the other popular superstition that red-flannel underwear is warmer than white.

As a matter of fact there is no evidence to support the notion that spices heat the blood. A teaspoonful of powdered capsicum, which produces almost unbearable agony if taken into the mouth, put in a capsule and swallowed will produce no more serious effect, than a kindly sensation of warmth in the pit of the stomach. The apparent foundation for this superstition, which is almost as prevalent in medical works as it is in popular ones, is that by an abundant spicing and high flavoring of certain dishes the jaded appetite can be whipped into eating things for which it has absolutely no use, and that spices may be, and often are, used to disguise and cover up the taste of putrefying, stale, and otherwise unfit meats. Much of our most vaunted cooking, especially that of the French school, consists in making edible that which should never be eaten, and the poor spices which are used in the process have to bear the whole burden. Really they are, in my judgment, valuable intestinal antiseptics, checking and preventing putrefaction and fermentation of food in the alimentary canal and consequent colics without in any way interfering with its solution by the digestive juices. The extraordinary appetite invariably displayed for them by races living in the tropics and by white men going there, is, I believe, an instinct based upon appreciation of their genuine value. So powerful are they as antiseptics, that mustard-flour has for years been used by one of America's most prominent surgeons as the antiseptic in sterilizing the hands for surgica operations, and powdered cinnamon has been proposed as a dressing for septic wounds. Their universal use for embalming purposes as in the Egyptian mummies was due to their antiseptic powers. I had occasion some years ago to study rather carefully the dietary best suited to white men in the tropics as illustrated by our soldiers in the Philippines and English civilians in India, and after consultation with a number of Army surgeons, came to the conclusion that the notion that meats and fats were "too heating for the blood" in the tropics, was apparently as baseless as the spice-heating delusion, and that those messes and regiments which took their full Northern army ration and then turned it over to skilled native cooks to spice, pepper, curry, and bedevil generally at their own sweet will, enjoyed not only better general health and greater working power, but a freedom from dysenteries and kindred ailments which was really striking as compared with other troops who used no such condiments. In fact I do not mind confessing a rapid drift toward the heretical conclusion that the food which we take into our bodies does not go to produce heat first and then energy from that after the wasteful method of the steam-engine, but rather after the method of the gasoline engine, produces energy first and heat incidentally as a waste product — in other words, that our vital heat may be a frictional remainder produced by the activities of our bodies and not necessary to life. Plants can do more wonderful things than we in the way of construction, work, and growth without giving off a particle of appreciable heat. We probably do our life work by a series of intra-cellular explosions, which generate little or no heat, except as a waste or friction product as in an electric light or fan. As Loeb's brilliant studies on the rôle of oxygen in cold-blooded animals have shown, our respiration is chiefly to burn up the poisonous waste products of the life-activities of our cells, ***not*** to produce energy by combustion. The food of a healthy man at work should, in my judgment, have

practically the same value the year round. Look at the enormous amounts of meat, butter, and starchy foods required by the harvest hand in sweltering July. The only reason we should eat less in the tropics is that the heat will not allow us to do so much work. Woman, always a puzzle, is a far more economical machine than man, capable of doing as much and enduring more upon much less fuel, though it is true she is often underfed. She is twenty-five per cent. nearer the cold-blooded animals in economy of metabolism as shown by her lessened $CO_2$ output.

### *The Prejudice Against Pork, and the Facts*

Under this same category comes the prejudice against pork. Because the pig is an unclean feeder, fond of wallowing in the dirt, and apt to make his sty and environment an offense in the nostrils of the neighborhood, there has grown up a prejudice against the use of his flesh in the more ladylike minds of all ages and communities. Having once received this prejudice they have proceeded to brace it from all possible sources. First of all by harping back to the ancient taboo placed upon the flesh of swine by both Jewish and Mohammedan ceremonial law. This, as we have seen, and as is now admitted by the more intelligent Rabbis and all the reformed Jews, is purely ceremonial and has no hygenic basis. The remarkable comparative longevity and low mortality of the Jews is proudly pointed to as a result of abstinence from the forbidden meat, forgetting that there are a score of other interdictions in the Jewish law which have more to do with the record of which they are so justly proud, and utterly leaving out of account the factor which is responsible for two-thirds of it, and that is the magnificent, unconquerable vitality and inherent racial vigor both mental and physical of the Jewish people. It is just as rational to ascribe, as is still done in strict evangelical circles, the extraordinary persistence of the Jewish race under every imaginable persecution and hardship to the special favor of the Almighty in preserving them for final conversion, as it is to abstinence from pork.

Deprived of pork, our Jewish brethren have made up for it by eating every other kind of digestible fat that they could secure — butter suet, fat fish, oil, the fat of geese, etc., so that their dietary is probably richer in fat than that of any class of the Gentile population surrounding them. Any physician of experience will confirm the statement that the diet of his Jewish patients is one of the richest in fats and sugars, most abundant in quantity and most attractively cooked of any of his families, in proportion to their income. This, in my judgment, is the one of the secrets of their relative immunity from tuberculosis, which is largely confined to more prosperous classes.

Having deftly supported their prejudice from the Scripture itself on the one hand, they proceed to buttress it up on the other by pseudo-science.

In our first crude and childish experiments upon digestion and the digestive powers of the human stomach, the first and most obvious test of the digestibility of a food applied was the length of time which it took to leave the stomach. With naïve simplicity we took it for granted that food could only leave the stomach by way of absorption into the blood vessels, and that the whole process of digestion was carried out in that much enduring organ. But the stomach is little more than a place of deposit for the food, where it may be sufficiently churned and partially dissolved in water, with the assistance of weak acid and pepsin before being passed on into the real digestive organ of the body, the small intestine. There is no necessary connection between the ultimate digestibility of a food and the length of time which it remains in the stomach. The old tables of digestibility which still encumber many of our text-books are arranged chiefly upon the ease and swiftness with which particular food substances can be acidulated and passed on out of the stomach. Eggs, milk, sweetbreads, and rice come at the head of the list, for these are either liquified in the process of mastication by the saliva, or so nearly so that a comparatively few minutes stay in the stomach is sufficient to allow them to be acidulated and passed on for the serious process of digestion in the small intestine. Next come, it will be remembered, oysters, soups, and the lighter meats; then beefsteak and bread, and fat and fried meats; and last of all pure fats. Naturally, pork comes late in this series because it contains large quantities of fat, and that fat is distributed among its fibers. Moreover, if any fermentation takes place in the stomach from the sugars and starches, gases are formed, eructations occur in the mouth, and the poor

pork which may have been only a harmless spectator of the disturbance, is tasted and blamed for the whole trouble. Even though it takes pork four hours to leave the stomach, and six more to be dissolved and absorbed in the small intestine, what does that matter so long as it is completely assimilated by the end of that time, as it is in ninety per cent of all digestive canals? It is the slowest, but also one of the surest foods that we have to give off all its energy to the body. Its very slowness of digestion is what gives it its splendid staying powers for hard work, whether muscular or mental.

As a matter of fact I have seen more cases of dyspepsia cured by the use of breakfast-bacon than by any kind of drug or restricted diet.

An adult alimentary canal which cannot digest bacon or ham is not to be regarded as healthy, and instead of humoring and giving in to a weak digestion, it should be braced up and under skilled supervision educated to take what is given it and make no fuss. Stomachs can be spoiled by giving them too little to do almost as easily as by giving them too much. A healthy stomach fit to cope with the emergencies of life must be able to digest not only that which is digestible, but much that is difficult of digestion, and this is the standard which should be aimed at in dietetic therapeutics. As Prof. Max Einhorn puts it: "The diet in health should not always comprise the most easily digestible substances. For by doing so we weaken our digestive system." Besides, a large bulk of indigestible residue is absolutely necessary to stimulate the lower bowel to proper action. We need "hay" just as horses do. Pork, including ham and bacon, is easily our second most valuable meat food, and has laid the literal foundation of our Western civilization. What would an army, an exploring party, a railroad gang, a lumber camp, or a harvest-field be without bacon?

Most of the restricted "hygienic" diets on which our patients put themselves are chiefly notable for the fact that they are deficient in proper food value, and whoever lives on them will *be* dyspeptic just as long as he does so.

### *Vegetarianism and What Is Really at the Bottom of It*

A subtler and less prevalent form of the same delusion is that known as vegetarianism. This cult, for it is a religious cult and not a dietetic or hygienic school, starts out with the foregone conclusion that animal food of every sort is and must be injurious. Having once cleared their minds upon this point its devotees then proceeded to bolster it up to the best of their ability upon alleged scientific grounds. But this should never be allowed for a moment to disguise the real nature of the contention, which is *that the eating of animal food is morally wrong*. When their attention is firmly but politely called to the fact that their dietary consists very largely of two products which are usually regarded as animal in their nature — milk, with its derivatives, butter and cheese and eggs — they promptly reveal the real character of their position by stating that it is only those animal foods *which involve the taking of life* that are injurious. This is purely a matter of creed and belief, not of any sort of reason or logic, and argument can consequently go no further. Any man has a perfect right to *believe* anything that he pleases, providing that he is prepared to take the consequences.

Hear Gleïzès, one of their earliest prophets in his Thesé 2: "Que le meurtre des animaux est la principale source de notres erreures et de notres crimes," and their latest, Kellogg: "When animal eats vegetable there is no pain, no sorrow, no sadness . . . no eyes forever shut to the sunlight they were made to see, no ears closed to the sweet melodies they were made to hear," etc., etc., etc., *ad nauseam*. As poetry, this picturesque nonsense may be admirable, but as argument!

Some years ago I had the privilege of attending a session of one of the International Women's Congresses held in London. One afternoon was devoted to the sweet and alluring subject of "Kindness to Animals," Sir Edward Grey, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and myself being the three rash males who were induced to thrust our heads into the lioness's den. We had the audacity to defend, respectively, the pursuit and killing of animals for sport, fishing, and vivisection, and were all cordially hissed several times before we got through our speeches. The feature which was chiefly interesting was, that all these Anti-sport, Anti-vivisection, and Anti-fish-hook ladies turned out to be more or less devout vegetarians, which position they boldly and frankly based, not upon any dietetic, hygienic grounds, although

these all were lugged in by the ears as usual, but on the position that it was inherently wrong for any purpose to take life, either human or animal. One speaker presented the pith of the vegetarian religion when she said that while it might be true that by the torture of a few miserable rabbits we could discover secrets of disease which would enable us to prolong human lives, and that by the ruthless slaughter of animals for food our bodies could be given increased vigor and activity, yet we must remember that all these things were merely temporal and material benefits and must result in serious degradation and hurt to our spiritual selves on account of the cruelty unavoidably involved. There you have it in a nutshell. With vegetarianism as a creed, we have, as scientific men, no more quarrel than with any other creed. But when it parades in the guise of science we firmly but respectfully protest. Its contention that human life can be maintained in fair health and vigor upon a chiefly vegetable diet is absolutely unchallenged by us. There is no doubt about it. Indeed, nearly one half of the human race has been compelled from sheer necessity to prove that thesis in its actual experience; but we find absolutely no jot of evidence in support of the contention that there is any advantage or superiority in vegetable diet as such, — no more than that there is any inherent superiority in a pure animal diet as such Both are excellent in their places, and the best results, physically, mentally, and morally have invariably been, and are yet, attained by an intelligent and judicious mixture of the two classes of food. Parenthetically speaking it may be stated that vegetarianism is the diet of the enslaved, stagnant, and conquered races, and a diet rich in meat is that of the progressive, the dominant, and the conquering strains (Virchow). The rise of any nation in civilization is invariably accompanied by an increased abundance in food supply from all possible sources, both vegetable and animal.

### *All Signs Indicate That Man Was Meant to Eat Meat*

If any individual prefers to restrict himself to a purely vegetable diet, including milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, he is perfectly at liberty to do so; but that he will gain any advantage whatever from his abstention from meat we are utterly unable to confirm. Whoever may be right, the extremist is absolutely sure to be wrong, and the pure vegetarian and the pure "animalian," if such an one exist, alike occupy positions which are in the eye of science irrational and untenable. There is no valid or necessary ground, so far as we have been able to discover, for the exclusion of any known article of food, whether vegetable or animal, from our diet list in health.

No food can be mentioned, however indigestible or innutritious, which, in the proper time and place, and properly prepared, is not only permissible, but useful. Here as everywhere else wisdom is simply a sense of proportion. So far as we can judge from the structure of man's teeth and alimentary canal his diet in the past has unquestionably been a mixed one with a considerable leaning towards the carnivorous side. A close look at his large "eye" or canine teeth, his full set of incisors, and the clearly cusped edges of his molars would indicate that animal food had played a large part in his diet in the past. He still shows his canine tooth when angry, in the sneer, just like a dog or a gorilla. His stomach is barely distinguishable from that of a dog or great cat of somewhere near his weight, while it is separated by a thousand leagues of biological distance from the pouched and ballooned one of the pure herbivora. His intestinal canal is only about five times his body length, as in the pure carnivora, instead of from ten to twenty times as in the herbivora. If man is to become a pure and blameless vegetarian in the future, his stomach and alimentary canal will have to be reconstructed. These facts of structure are, of course, supported by all we know of the history of man and his immediate ancestors. Contrary to general impression and frequently published statement the anthropoid apes, while subsisting largely upon fruit, nuts, and roots, have a strong liking for animal food.

At one time I had occasion to observe a number of these near cousins of ours in captivity, and was assured by the keepers, both in London, Berlin, Antwerp, and Hamburg, that they required considerable quantities of beef-juice, milk, eggs, insects, or worms, and even small birds in order to be kept in healthy condition. In fact for years no great ape in captivity ever lived to anything like maturity, largely because they were fed exclusively on vegetable food. (Beddard). The same is true of monkeys.

The New World monkeys simply will not live in captivity at all without considerable amounts of chopped meat and insects, eggs and freshly killed birds, and they have a very low death rate from tuberculosis. The Old World monkeys in cages side by side with them, in the same house, fed on precisely the same diet, with much smaller amounts of animal food, die at the rate of from thirty to forty per cent, per annum of tuberculosis.

### *Surprising Dislike for Meat Among Tuberculosis Patients*

It may be only a coincidence, but I cannot help mentioning in this connection the surprisingly large number of our tuberculous patients giving a history of having a dislike for meat. The individual suffering from consumption, who gives a history of a strong taste for eating large amounts of meat is decidedly rare.

In the animal world both bird and mammal, tuberculosis sweeps like a pestilence through the grass-and-grain eaters, cattle, antelopes, chickens, pheasants, turkeys, but is decidedly rare among meat eaters, dogs, cats, tigers, lions, civets, badgers, hawks, eagles, crows.

The final court of appeal, our instincts, is of course, overwhelmingly against any exclusive diet. The one thing that primitive, barbarous, and civilized man alike long for is an abundance of the "flesh-pots of Egypt." The very first use he makes of his increased power and financial resources is to buy new, rare, and expensive kinds of meat. Here again, as we shall further see in reference to his preference for white bread over brown, his instincts are both rational and sound.

### *The Breakfast Food Fad*

Last of these delusions is the breakfast-food fad. Pompous and pestiferous as its present attitude is, it was born of humble and highly respectable parentage, namely, Scotch oatmeal. Its birth and conception would appear to have been somewhat in this wise: "The Scots are a great people; oatmeal is their principal food; therefore, oatmeal is a great food." It has nothing to do with our argument, but it may incidentally be remarked in passing that there is a fatal error in this syllogism, *videlicit*, that the most convincing proof the Scotch have given of their greatness has been their ability to live on oatmeal at all. The secret of their wonderful success, both mental and physical, lies in the fact that any nation trained to survive a diet of oatmeal and the shorter catechism, could survive anything and flourish anywhere.

Oatmeal has some value as a food, but little to compare with its capacity as a stirrer up of acid fermentations and intestinal putrefaction.

The seductive oat was introduced into England in the early sixties, first of all as a food for children and invalids. For the first of these classes it presented a threefold benefit — it was cheap, filling, and there was no danger of their developing an exorbitant taste for it. The little fellows had a natural liking for cream, butter, sugar, and meat, therefore, there was danger of their eating too much of these, but there was no danger of their becoming unduly addicted to oatmeal. As a pabulum for the sick-room it presented the advantages of the absence of any particular flavor, being easily swallowed and having a loosening effect upon the bowels. Moreover, it was believed to be strengthening. The ground for this last conclusion was chiefly that because a husky hind could do a heavy day's work on a big bowl of oatmeal "parritch," so stiff that the spoon would stand up in it, with a quart of milk, therefore a few teaspoonfuls of a watery dilution of the same would give strength to the enfeebled.

Most of us can remember the first appearance of the stuff upon this Continent. I can well recall going into a farming community in the Middle West in my early boyhood, and going to the grocery for oatmeal, to be thence referred to the drug-store as the only place in town where a few pounds of it could be had for the purpose of making gruel. And this little trickling thread of a streamlet has swollen within twenty years to the Johnstown flood dimensions of the present breakfast-food deluge.

### *Cereals Have the Flavor of Scotch Orthodoxy*

Now these be the virtues of the cereals: they are cheap, easily swallowed, and of moderate nutritive value. Moreover, they came from Scotland with a consequent flavor of orthodoxy about them. There is an element in the average human mind, half Puritanic, half stingy, which is inclined to count as a virtue the ingestion of any kind of

food which is not especially attractive, but believed to be nutritious. In fact, to eat that which is cheap and filling is one of the petty vices. I call it vice because it is a defiance of instinct. These are the qualities which give the cereals their fulcrum and the short handle for their lever. Now what forces have conspired to lengthen it to such enormous purchase? As usual two spring promptly to aid which are already familiar faces in this field: one transcendental, the other pseudo-scientific. The transcendental, a mild form of the vegetarian propaganda, which seized upon the virtues of these blameless cereals as a means of saving the race from the horrors of chronic bloodthirstiness. Everywhere the doctor goes among his patients he finds a sort of vague impression that cereals in some way are cooling both to the blood and to the impulses; that they are as far as possible removed from that most diabolical quality which a food can have — "richness;" that they "thin the blood," stimulate the liver, and act upon the bowels; and that a fast upon some form of them for one meal a day will act as a kind of vicarious atonement for all the fleshly sins which may be committed in the other two. All of which beliefs, with the exception of the "acting upon the bowels" part, are pure delusions and easily traceable to ancient superstitions which have already been discussed. Of course, Scripture has again been quoted in their behalf and the pulse and water upon which Daniel and his three companions outshone the other captive Princes have been triumphantly cited.

*Unwarranted Honor Paid to Brown Bread*

Then came a most powerful and unsolicited boost from the side of psuedo-science. It had long been noted that from the earliest dawn of civilization men had exhibited a decided preference for the cleanest and whitest bread that the combined efforts of millers and bakers could produce. No race ever yet ate black bread when it could get white; nor even brown, yellow, or other mulatto tint, until of recent years. A copy of some of Liebig's and Pettenkofer's earliest analysis of food stuffs happened to fall into the hands of one Sylvester Graham, a dyspeptic New Englander and temperance reformer, about 1830. Finding that nitrogen and nitrogenous substances were given a higher rank in the dietary than starches and other carbo-hydrates, and that white bread contained less nitrogen in proportion than brown, with the swift intuition of the child and the savage he leaped to the conclusion, bread being the principal staff of life and white bread containing a lower proportion of nitrogen than brown, that brown bread was the better food of the two. It was only a step further in that grammar of logic which has been the Bible of the true reformer since the world began, that whereas humanity suffers from many dyspepsias and other diseases of the digestive system, and lives chiefly upon bread, therefore bread must be the chief cause of these distressing conditions. He therefore inaugurated a campaign against white bread and in favor of brown, with which the world yet echoes.

This view of his is the keystone of the chief triumphal arch of vegetarians, the discovery of a cheap, edible vegetable proteid; and as it rests upon an utter misconception of fact, we may as well consider it at once. Graham's delusion, of course, did not stop here, but finding that the coarser grains, oats, barley, rye, and corn contained large amounts of nitrogen, he proceeded to push these forward as superior to the wheat berry. Now, Nature is not a fool. Man, in so far as he is natural, attains to a considerable degree of instinctive wisdom. It is, to the biologist, a most significant fact that the unvarying and constant struggle of rising humanity, in the realm of diet, has been first towards the securing of meat and second towards the acquisition of white bread, and as much of it as possible. The fiercest wars have been waged for the possession of the broad, level, alluvial plains upon which wheat could be grown, and nobody but a mountaineer or a very far norther would eat either rye, barley, oats or maize, when he could possibly get wheat. And now comes science with a full and triumphant vindication of the rightness of humanity's instinct in this regard and a demonstration that white bread, and the whitest of the white, is the best, most healthful, and most nutritious food which the sun has ever yet grown from the soil. But our cereophile says that white bread has less nitrogen than whole wheat meal, and whole wheat meal than rye or oatmeal. Perfectly true, and yet here comes the paradox, that this same whitest of white wheat flour contains per ounce more available nitrogen than any brown, barley, rye, or maize flour in existence. The secret of the error is a very simple one. It is not a question of the

amount of nitrogen in a given food, but of the amount which is *available* for the body, in other words, *digestible* in its interior. While there is a larger amount of nitrogen in whole wheat flour than in white flour, *the whole of this excess is in the form of branny husks*, which are as utterly indigestible in the food-tube as so much sawdust or cocoanut matting. It is precisely parallel with the "vegetable beefsteak" delusion of the mushroom faddist. Not ten years ago we were told that while we had been straining every nerve to secure unwholesome and indigestible pork, beef, and mutton, we had been overlooking that "meat" which grows at our very doors, the most delicate and nutritious food imaginable — mushrooms, "the poor man's beefsteak," as they were termed. The first examinations showed abundance of nitrogen to be present, but when this was submitted to the second test of how much was in a form that could possibly be digested or made useful in the body, the bubble burst at once, for it was found to consist of compounds more nearly resembling dead leaves in their composition and nutritive value than anything else. As nitrogenous foods and flesh-formers the whole group of the coarser cereals are far inferior in value to the plain, every-day white bread. Instead of white flour being deficient in nitrogen, it is precisely the opposite. Its very richness in digestible and soluble proteid (gluten) has given it its colossal rank among the world's food stuffs. This is what makes wheat bread the best single vegetable food yet discovered. Life and vigor can not be sustained upon it so long or so well as upon meat alone, but it is far cheaper and hence more used. Potatoes, cassava, maize, sago, rice all contain abundance of starch and in a more soluble form, but are fatally deficient in digestible nitrogenous substance, or proteid.

### *Nature Pointed to White Bread and Nature Is No Fool*

Humanity knew well on which side its bread was buttered when it insisted upon that bread being white. It may be added, in passing, that while twenty years ago the mills rejected some valuable elements ("middlings") in flour, on account of their imparting a slightly yellowish tinge to it, in the new processes these very elements after being steamed, parched, and reground are relied upon as the chief element in the "X X X" brands, so that no flour need be avoided because it is too white. It must be understood, however, that no good flour is a pure white, but a delicate cream color.

### *Too Much Brown Bread Is Injurious*

White flour, red meat, and blue blood make the tricolor flag of conquest. The boasted superior nutritive value of whole grain and cereals is absolutely without foundation. They are good foods in their place, but that place is a long way down the column from white bread. To give the devil his due, however, we hasten to state that it is this very presence of a large percentage of utterly indigestible residue which gives these foods one of their greatest values, their laxative effect upon the bowels. This is purely mechanical and due to stimulation and irritation of the mucous coat of the intestines by the sharp, horny, husky particles of bran which are present, particularly in Graham meal, oatmeal, and corn meal. They are, in fact, valued chiefly for the element in them that *will not digest*, but passes unchanged through the body, actively stimulating the propulsive powers of the ailmentary canal in the process. But even this feature is not altogether devoid of danger. It was found out, many years ago by practical experience, and within the last fifteen years by laboratory experiments, that any attempt to eat brown bread three times daily without intermission very quickly resulted in setting up a diarrhea, with well-marked disturbance of the stomach. This was one of the many valuable contributions to science of Sir Lauder Brunton, who established the fact of this cumulative irritating effect, and even gave to the resultant irritation the title of "Brown-Bread Gastritis." By a parallel series of experiments he also discovered the indigestibility of the nitrogenous elements in brown bread and oatmeal. It is now an accepted rule in our scientific works on dietetics that brown bread must never be eaten in bulk amounting to more than two-fifths of the total bread consumption, as otherwise irritating and unpleasant effects are certain to follow.

### *Mush Makes a Sour Mash in a Weak Stomach*

Yet another danger lurks in these harmless cereals, and that is the starches which they contain are in a form which so readily

lends itself to any form of fermentation, whether lactic-acid or alcoholic. This is well illustrated in the fact that it is almost invariably rye, barley, or corn which are used for the purpose of fermentation into either malt or spirituous liquors, rarely or seldom wheat. All of these mush foods, especially if a certain amount of sugar be added, furnish a magnificent fermentation bed, "mash" as the brewer calls it, and any one who has the slightest tendency to acidity or gas formation in the stomach is likely to be injured by them. Mush makes a superb "sour mash" in a weak stomach. In fact it is a melancholy truth that the tortures of the chronic dyspeptic are aggravated, and in many cases chiefly caused by the very foods which he takes for their cure. A large majority of those who depend upon health foods are dyspeptics *and will remain so as long as they cling to this diet.*

But the greatest drawback of these foods lies not so much in what they are, but in what they are not. Of course, it is obvious to the intelligent that the boastful and flatulent claims of peerless virtue and nutritive value made for most of these products are utterly baseless and absurd.

### *Cereal Foods Enormously Overrated in Point of Nutritive Value*

To sweep aside altogether these inflated statements, born evidently of the greed of the exploiter, it must be frankly recognized that the cereal foods are enormously overrated in point of nutritive value. Their principal danger is the power of producing a feeling of fullness and satiety long before an adequate amount of nutrition has been taken into the stomach. Notwithstanding their virtues they are utterly inadequate properly to nourish the body by themselves. But some one will say at once: "Here are the tables taken from recognized authorities on dietetics and published in various Health and Food Journals, showing that the nutritive value of white flour, corn meal, and graham flour is per pound and per ounce almost as great as that of meat or sugar and only below that of fat." The citation is perfectly correct, but the inference drawn therefrom is misleading. The substance as referred to in the table is the *dry* flour or meal, and as the mush or breakfast food as it appears upon the table consists of more than eighty per cent of water, the discrepancy is obvious. If any one will simply step into the kitchen and watch the dish of oatmeal, corn meal, or graham being prepared for the table, he will be astonished to see what a huge panful of thick mush a few tablespoonfuls of the dry product will make. As a matter of fact, a large bowl of mush, or other cereal is inferior in heating and building-up power to one small rasher of bacon, a single egg, or a piece of beefsteak half the size of one finger. The chief nutritive value of "mush-and-milk" resides in the milk (or cream) and sugar. Again instinct is justified, for no normal human could eat it without the bribe of either milk or sugar. Nobody but a Belgian hare would eat it "neat" of his own accord. To "taste good" is nature's stamp of approval upon a food.

You cannot get something for nothing, and one cent comes nearer buying one cent's worth of actual food value in the market the world over than we at one time believed. If you get a food which is lower in price than some other food, it is almost invariably found to be either lower in nutritive value, less digestible, or less appetizing. We cannot support life on mushes, salads, and fruit; it will injure our health in the long run if we try. My only advice to those addicted to the breakfast-food habit is, by all means take your anti-mortem serial, germicide, near-food, or what not, at breakfast—but *be sure and eat your breakfast first.* Mush, like fruit, should come at the close of the meal instead of the beginning. To attempt to live upon it is a slow form of starvation.

### *Stomachs Like Children Can Be Spoiled*

The last delusion, and not the least dangerous, is that our diet needs to be "regulated." A man who continuously and anxiously considers the kind of food he eats—whether it is going to agree with him or not when he eats it—*is* a dyspeptic, and will always remain so. In the language of a modern writer, "nothing survives being thought of," and the digestion is a striking case in point. The vast majority of men are led by their instincts, to a reasonably nutritious and sensible dietary and the more completely we can keep our minds off our digestions and the "chemical" choice of our food, the better it is for us. It is not even well for us to consider too nicely the amount of water or food taken, or whether it is digestible or not.

The really healthy stomach ought to be and is capable of disposing of not only the digestible and the difficult of digestion, but the indigestible. Any other kind of a stomach is not worth having and that is the standard to which we physicians are now training our dyspeptic patients. The stomach which will melt down and utilize anything in reason, that is given to it, is the only one fitted to survive. Stomachs can be "pampered" just as easily by relieving them from the necessity of taking difficult foods as by overloading them. Personally I have met with almost as many dyspepsias due to the former, as to the latter. The stomach, like any other instrument, should be kept up to concert pitch. It should not be allowed to shirk its responsibilities or to be humored too much. This, of course, is by no means to discourage intelligent discrimination in the choice of food.

Some perfectly wholesome foods are literal poisons to certain stomachs, and those which after repeated trials steadily disagree had better be avoided.

Our aim should be to keep our food-range as wide as possible. Man's ability to eat and thrive upon *everything* has gone far to make him the dominant animal, living where others would starve. The sharpest lookout should be kept for any trace of "spoiling" or putrefaction. Nature has provided an instinct and a special sense for this very purpose. If we would only use it and follow our noses we would escape many a ptomaine-poisoning. But Mrs. Grundy says it's rude to "sniff" at table!

### *We Suffer Because We Eat in Too Much of a Hurry*

The conviction is steadily growing in the profession that disturbances of digestion are due in eight cases out of ten, not so much to the food used, either in quantity, quality, or method of cooking, as to the circumstances under which it is eaten — the disgraceful rush and hurry with which business or pleasure is resumed before the digestion has had time to get fairly under way, and the utter lack of adequate exercise in the open air to enable proper combustion of the food.

Further than that we are reacting decidedly from the exclusive and rigid diet for any diseased condition whatever, with the partial exception of diabetes. Even where these exclusive diets may relieve the symptoms which they are designed specially to meet, such as obesity, glycosuria, or gout, they are very apt to upset the general balance of nutrition and impair the vitality, frequently in the long run aggravating even the symptoms of the disease which they were prescribed to cure. A starch-free diet may clear a diabetic's urine of sugar and yet shorten his life, if he persist in it exclusively.

### *Patent Foods Do Not Stimulate Digestion*

It is also realized that no other factor has had so much to do with the increase of longevity, the lowering of the death-rate, and the general improvement of health and comfort, which is taking place under civilized conditions, as the more abundant, richer, and varied food supply, which steam and electricity have made possible.

Anything which tends to limit and monotonize diet, exercises an injurious effect upon the general vigor of the system. Nearly all patent foods sin against these requirements. They are not attractive in taste and hence cannot stimulate the "appetite-juice" of the stomach, which Pavloff has shown to be so indispensable to good digestion. The dictum of the grocer who, on recommending a new health food to a customer said he was sure it must be exceedingly valuable, because it "looked like dog-biscuit and tasted like sawdust," would apply to most of them.

They are exceedingly monotonous, both in flavor and in composition, as the great majority of them are based upon some wretched superstition as to the injuriousness and wickedness of animal-foods. Any one living upon these foods will usually get a large excess of the carbohydrate elements and a marked deficiency of proteids, fats, and salts. Nature is not altogether a fool, and the natural articles of diet are now found by chemical analysis, and a more careful and intelligent study of the precise processes of digestion, to contain not only the actual fuel content, or calories, in better proportion than any "Health-food" which has yet been invented; but also, what is usually utterly lacking or deficient in the latter, a number of accessory elements, salts, alkalies, flavoring matters, and acids, which, though not used as body-fuel, are now found to be absolutely

indispensable to the proper combustion of the latter.

*Intelligent Omniverousness Is Our Only Safeguard*

"Without appetite no healthy digestion" is now our motto, and foods that pall on the appetite are just as surely defective as foods as those that are deficient in nutritive value.

So many varied elements and substances are needed in the "perfect diet," that an intelligent omnivorousness is our only safeguard.

# TWO PAIRS OF SHOES

## BY

## JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I DON'T exactly know why Cap'n Jonadab and me went to the post-office that night; we wa'n't expectin' any mail, that's sartin. I guess likely we done it for the reason the feller that tumbled overboard went to the bottom — 'twas the handiest place *to* go.

Anyway we was there, and I was proppin' up the stove with my feet and holdin' down a chair with the rest of me, when Jonadab heaves alongside flyin' distress signals. He had an envelope in his starboard mitten, and, comin' to anchor with a flop in the next chair, sets shiftin' the thing from one hand to the other as if it 'twas red hot.

I watched this performance for a spell, waitin' for him to say somethin', but he didn't, so I hailed, kind of sarcastic, and says: "What you doin' — playin' solitaire? Which hand's ahead?"

He kind of woke up then, and passes the envelope over to me.

"Barzilla," he says, "what in time do you s'pose that is?"

'Twas a queer lookin' envelope, more'n the average length fore and aft, but kind of scant in the beam. There was a puddle of red sealin' wax on the back of it with a "D" in the middle, and up in one corner was a kind of picture thing in colors, with some printin' in a furrin language underneath it. I b'lieve 'twas what they call a "coat-of-arms," but it looked more like a patchwork comforter than it did like any coat ever *I* see. The envelope was addressed to "Captain Jonadab Wixon, Orham, Mass.

I took my turn at twistin' the thing around, and then I hands it back to Jonadab.

"I pass," I says. "Where'd you git it?"

"'Twas in my box," says he. "Must have come in to-night's mail."

I didn't know the mail was sorted, but when he says that I got up and went over and unlocked my box, jest to show that I hadn't forgot how, and I swan to man if there wa'n't another envelope, jest like Jonadab's, except that 'twas addressed to "Barzilla Wingate."

"Humph!" says I, comin' back to the stove; "you ain't the only one that's heard from the Prince of Wales. Look here!"

He was the most surprised man, but one, on the Cape: I was the one. We couldn't make head nor tail of the bus'ness, and set there comparin' the envelopes, and wonderin' who on earth had sent 'em. Pretty soon "Ily" Tucker heads over towards our moorin's, and says he: "What's troublin' the ancient mariners?" he says.

"Barzilla and me's got a couple of letters," says Cap'n Jonadab; "and we was wond'rin' who they was from."

Tucker leaned away down — he's always suff'rin' from a rush of funniness to the face — and he whispers, awful solemn: "For heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't open 'em. You might find out." Then he threw off his main-hatch and "haw-hawed" like a loon.

To tell you the truth, we hadn't thought of openin' 'em — not yit — so that was kind of one on us, as you might say. But Jonadab ain't so slow but he can catch up with a hearse if the horses stop to drink, and he comes back quick.

"Ily," he says, lookin' troubled, "you ought to sew reef-points on your mouth. 'Tain't safe to open the whole of it on a windy night like this. Fust thing you know you'll carry away the top of your head."

Well, we felt consider'ble better after that — havin' held our own on the tack, so to speak — and we walked out of the post-office and up to my room in the Trav'lers' Rest, where we could be alone. Then we opened up the envelopes, both at the same time. Inside of each of 'em was another envelope, slick and smooth as a mack'rel's back, and inside of *that* was a letter, printed, but lookin' like the kind of writin' that used to be in the copybook at school. It said that Ebenezer Dillaway begged the honor of our presence at the marriage of his daughter, Belle, to Peter Theodosius Brown, at Dillamead House, Cashmere-on-the-Hudson, February three, nineteen hundred and so forth.

We were surprised, of course, and pleased in one way, but in another we wa'n't real tickled to death. You see, 'twas a good while sence Jonadab and me had been to a weddin', and we knew there'd be mostly young folks there and a good many big-bugs, we presumed likely, and 'twas goin' to cost consider'ble to git rigged — not to mention the price of passage, and one thing a' 'nother. But Ebenezer had took the trouble to write us, and so we felt 'twas our duty not to disappoint him, and especially Peter, who had done so much for us, managin' the Old Home House at Wellmouth Port.

I've told you already how the Old Home House come to be started, and how Peter T. Brown dropped in from nowhere and made such a howlin' success of the thing, and how he got engaged to the star boarder, Ebenezer Dillaway's daughter — Dillaway of the Consolidated Cash Stores.

Well, we see 'twas our duty to go, so we went. I had a new Sunday cutaway and light pants to go with it, so I figgered that I was pretty well found, but Cap'n Jonadab had to pry himself loose from consider'ble money, and every cent hurt as if 'twas nailed on. Then he had chilblains that winter, and all the way over in the Fall River boat he was fumin' about them chilblains, and addin' up on a piece of paper how much cash he'd spent.

We struck Cashmere-on-the-Hudson about three o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the weddin'. 'Twas a little country kind of a town, smaller by a good deal than Orham, and so we cal'lated that p'haps after all, the affair wouldn't be so everlastin' tony. But when we hove in sight of Dillamead — Ebenezer's place — we shortened sail and pretty nigh drew out of the race. 'Twas up on a high bank over the river, and the house itself was bigger than four Old Homes spliced together. It had a fair-sized township around it in the shape of land, with a high stone wall for trimmin' on the edges. There was trees, and places for flower-beds in summer, and the land knows what. We see right off that this was the real Cashmere-on-the-Hudson; the village folks were stranded on the flats — old Dillaway filled the whole ship channel.

"Well," I says to Jonadab, "it looks to me as if we was gittin' out of soundin's. What do you say to comin' about and makin' a quick run for Orham again?"

But he wouldn't hear of it. "S'pose I've spent all that money on duds for nuthin'?"

*"Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away"*

he says. "No, sir, by thunder! I ain't scared of Peter Brown, nor her that's goin' to be his wife; and I ain't scared of Ebenezer neither; no matter if he does live in the Manufacturers' Buildin', with two or three thousand fathom of front fence," he says.

Some years ago Jonadab got reckless and went on a cut-rate excursion to the World's Fair out in Chicago, and ever sence then he's been comparin' things with the "Manufacturers' Buildin'" or the "Palace of Agriculture" or "Streets of Cairo," or some other outlandish place.

"All right," says I. "Darn the torpedoes! Keep her as she is! You can fire when ready, Gridley!"

So we sot sail for what we jedged was Ebenezer's front-gate, and, jest as we made it, a man comes whistlin' round the bend in the path, and I'm blessed if 'twa'n't Peter T. Brown. He was rigged to kill, as usual, only more so.

"Hello, Peter!" I says. "Here we be."

If ever a feller was surprised, Brown was that feller. He looked like he'd struck a rock where there was deep water on the chart.

"Well, I'll be — " he begun, and then stopped. "What in the — " he commenced again, and again his wind died out. Fin'lly he says: "Is this you, or had I better quit and try another pipe?"

We told him 'twas us, and it seemed to me that he wa'n't nigh so tickled as he'd ought to have been. When he found we'd come to the weddin' 'count of Ebenezer sendin' us word, he didn't say nothin' for a minute or so.

"Of course, we *had* to come," says Jonadab. "We felt 'twouldn't be right to disapp'int Mr. Dillaway."

Peter kind of twisted his mouth. "That's so," he says. "It'll be worth more'n a box of di'monds to him. Do him more good than j'inin' a 'don't-worry club'. Well, come on up to the house and ease his mind."

So we done it, and Ebenezer acted even more surprised than Peter.

I can't tell you anything about that house, nor the fixin's in it; it beat me a mile — that house did. We had a room somewheres up on the hurricane deck, with brass bunks and plush carpets and crocheted curtains and electric lights. I swan there was lookin' glasses in every corner — big ones, man's size. I remember Cap'n Jonadab hollerin' to me that night when we was gittin' ready to turn in:

"For the land's sake, Barzilla!" says he, "turn out them lights, will you? I ain't over'n above bashful, but them lookin'-glasses make me feel's if I was undressin' along with all hands and the cook."

The house was full of comp'ny, and more kept comin' all the time. Swells! don't talk! We felt 'bout as much at home as a cow in a dory, but we was there 'cause Ebenezer had asked us to be there, so we kept on the course and didn't signal for help. Travelin' through the rooms down stairs where the folks was, was a good deal like dodgin' icebergs up on the Banks, but one or two noticed us enough to dip the colors, and one was real sociable. He was a kind of slow-spoken city feller, dressed as if his clothes was poured over him hot and then left to cool. His last name had a splice in the middle of it — 'twas Catesby-Stuart. Everybody — that is, most everybody — called him "Phil."

Well, sir, Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away. He'd git us, one on each wing, and go through that house asking questions. He pumped me and Jonadab dry about how we came to be there, and told us more yarns than a few 'bout Dillaway, and how rich he was. I remember he said that he only wished he had the keys to the cellar so he could show us the money-bins. Said Ebenezer was so jest — well, rotten with money, as you might say, that he kept it in bins down cellar, same as poor folks kept coal — gold in one bin, silver half-dollars in another, quarters in another, and so on. When he needed any, he'd say to a servant: "James, fetch me up a hod of change." This was only one of the fish yarns he told. They sounded kind of scaly to Jonadab and me, but if we hinted at such a thing, he'd pull himself together and say: "Fact, I assure you," in a way to freeze your vitals. He seemed like such a good feller that we didn't mind his tellin' a few big ones; we'd known good fellers afore that liked to lie — gunners and sech like, they were mostly.

Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n Jonadab talkin' "boat," and when Jonadab talks "boat" there ain't no stoppin' him. He's the smartest feller in a cat-boat that ever handled a tiller, and he's won more races than any man on the Cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me if we'd ever sailed on an ice-boat, and, when we said we hadn't he asks if we won't take a sail with him on the river next mornin'. We didn't want to put him to so much trouble on our account, but he said: "Not at all. Pleasure'll be all mine, I assure you." Well, 'twas his for a spell — but never mind that now.

He introduced us to quite a lot of the comp'ny — men mostly. He'd see a school of 'em in a corner, or under a palm tree or somewheres, and steer us over in that direction and make us known to all hands. Then he begin to show us off, so to speak, git Jonadab tellin' 'bout the boats he'd sailed, or somethin' like it — and them fellers would laugh and holler, but Phil's face wouldn't shake out a reef; he looked solemn as a fun'ral all the time. Jonadab and me begun to think we was makin' a great hit. Well, we was, but not the way we thought. I remember one of the gang gits Phil to one side after a talk like this and whispers to him, laughin' like fun. Phil says to him: "My dear boy, I've been to thousands of these things — " wavin' his flipper scornful around the premises — "and upon honor they've all been alike. Now that I've discovered somethin' positively original, let me enjoy myself. The entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is only begun."

I didn't know what he meant then; I do now.

The marryin' was done about eight o'clock and done with all the trimmins'. All hands manned the yards in the best parlor, and

Peter and Belle was hitched. Then they went away in a swell turnout — not like the derelict hacks we'd seen stranded by the Cashmere depot — and Jonadab pretty nigh took the driver's larboard ear off with a shoe Phil gave him to heave after 'em.

After the weddin' the folks was settin' under the palms and bushes that was growin' in tubs all over the house, and the stewards — there was enough of 'em to man a four-master — was cartin' 'round punch and frozen victuals. Everybody was togged up till Jonadab and me, in our new cutaways, felt like a couple of moultin' blackbirds at a blue-jay camp-meetin'. Ebenezer was so busy, flyin' 'round like a pullet with its head off, that he'd hardly spoke to us sence we landed, but Phil scarcely ever left us, so we wa'n't lonesome. Pretty soon he comes back from a beat into the next room, and he says:

"There's a lady here that's jest dyin' to know you gentlemen. Her name's Granby. Tell her all about the Cape; she'll like it. And, by the way, my dear feller," he whispers to Jonadab, "if you want to please her — er — mightily, congratulate her upon her boy's success in the laundry bus'ness. You understand," he says, winkin'; "only son and self-made man, don't you know."

Mrs. Grandby was roostin' all by herself on a sofy in the parlor. She was fleshy, but terrible stiff and proud, and when she moved the di'monds on her shook till her head and neck looked like one of them "set pieces" at the Fourth of July fireworks. She was deef, too, and used an ear-trumpet pretty nigh as big as a steamer's ventilator.

Maybe she was "dyin' to know us," but she didn't have a fit tryin' to show it. Me and Jonadab felt we'd ought to be sociable, and so we set, one on each side of her on the sofy, and bellered: "How d'ye do?" and "Fine day, ain't it?" into that ear-trumpet. She didn't say much, but she'd couple on the trumpet and turn to whichever one of us had hailed, heelin' over to that side as if her ballast had shifted. She acted to me kind of uneasy, but everybody that come into that parlor — and they kept pilin' in all the time — looked more'n middlin' joyful. They kept pretty quiet, too, so that every yell we let out echoed, as you might say, all 'round. I begun to git shaky at the knees, as if I was preachin' to a big congregation.

After a spell Jonadab, not bein' able to think of anything more to say, and remember-berin' Phil's orders, leans over and whoops into the trumpet.

"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.

Well, sir, Phil had give us to understand that them congratulations would make a hit, and they done it. The women 'round the room turned red and some of 'em covered their mouths with their handkerchiefs. The men looked glad and set up and took notice. Ebenezer wa'n't in the room — which was a mercy — but your old messmate, Catesby-Stuart looked solemn as ever and never turned a hair.

But as for old lady Granby — whew! She got redder'n she was afore, which was a miracle, pretty nigh. She couldn't speak for a minute — jest cackled like a hen. Then she busts out with: "How dare you!" and flounces out of that room like a hurricane. And it was still as could be for a minute, and then two or three of the girls begun to squeal and giggle behind their handkerchiefs.

Jonadab and me went away, too. We didn't flounce any to speak of. I guess a "sneak" would come nearer to tellin' how we quit. I see the cap'n headin' for the stairs and I fell into his wake. Nobody said good-night, and we didn't wait to give 'em a chance.

Course we knew we'd put our foot in it somewheres, but we didn't see jest how. Even then we wa'n't really onto Phil's game. You see, when a green city chap comes to the Old Home House — and the land knows there's freaks enough do come — we always try to make things pleasant for him, and the last thing we'd think of was makin' him a show afore folks. So we couldn't b'lieve even now 'twas done a-purpose. But we was suspicious, a little.

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, gittin' ready to turn in, "'tain't possible that that feller with the sprained last name is jest havin' fun with us, is it?"

"Jonadab," says I, "I've been wond'rin' that myself."

And we wondered for an hour, and finally decided to wait a while and say nothin' till we could ask Ebenezer. And the next mornin' one of the stewards comes up to our room with some coffee and grub, and says that Mr. Catesby-Stuart requested the pleasure of our comp'ny on a afore-breakfast ice-boat sail, and would meet us at the pier in ha'f an hour. They didn't have breakfast at Ebenezer's till pretty close to dinner time,

eleven o'clock, so we had time enough for a quite a trip.

Phil and the ice-boat met us on time. I s'pose it 'twas style, but, if I hadn't known I'd have swore he'd run short of duds and had dressed up in the bed-clothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't noticin', and if it wa'n't made out of a blanket then I never slept under one. And it made me think of my granddad to see what he had on his head — a reg'lar nightcap, tassel and all.

Phil said he was sorry we turned in so early the night afore. Said he'd planned to entertain us all the evenin'. We didn't hurrah much at this — bein' suspicious, as I said — and he changed the subject to ice-boats.

That ice-boat was a bird. I cal'lated to know a boat when I sighted one, but a flat-iron on skates was somethin' bran-new. I didn't think much of it, and I could see that Jonadab didn't neither.

But in about three shakes of a lamb's tail I was ready to take it all back and say I never said it. I done enough prayin' in the next ha'f hour to square up for every Friday night meetin' I'd missed sence I was a boy. Phil got sail onto her, and we moved out kind of slow.

*"She couldn't speak for a minute"*

"Now, then," says he, "we'll take a little ja'nt up the river. 'Course, this ain't like one of your Cape Cod cats, but still — "

And then I dug my finger nails into the deck and commenced: "Now I lay me." Talk about goin'! 'Twas "F-s-s-s-t!" and we was a mile from home. "Bu-z-z-z!" and we was jest gettin' ready to climb a bank; but 'fore she nosed the shore Phil would put the helm over and we 'd whirl round like a windmill, with me and Jonadab bitin' the plankin', and hangin' on for dear life, and my heart, that had been up in my mouth, knockin' the soles of my boots off. And Cap'n Catesby-Stuart would grin, and drawl: "'Course, this ain't like a Orham cat-boat, but she does fairly well — er — fairly. Now, for instance, how does this strike you?"

It struck us — I don't think any got away. I expected every minute to land in the hereafter, and it got so that the prospect looked kind of invitin', if only to git somewheres where 'twas warm. That February wind went in at the top of my stiff hat and whizzed out through the legs of my thin Sunday pants till I felt for all the world like the ventilatin' pipe on an ice-chest. I could see why Phil was wearin' the bed-clothes; what I was sufferin' for jest then was a feather mattress on each side of me.

Well, me and Jonadab was "it" for quite a spell. Phil had all the fun, and I guess he enjoyed it. If he'd stopped right then, when the fishin' was good, I cal'late he'd have fetched port with a full hold; but no, he had to rub it in, so to speak, and that's where he slopped over. You know how 'tis when you're eatin' mince-pie — it's the "one more slice" that fetches the nightmare. Phil stopped to get that slice.

He kept whizzin' up and down that river till Jonadab and me kind of got over our variousness. We could manage to git along without spreadin' out like porous plasters, and could set up for a minute or so on a stretch. And 'twa'n't necessary for us to hold a special religious service every time the flat-iron come about. Altogether we was in that condition where the doctor might have held out some hopes.

And, in spite of the cold, we was noticin' how Phil was sailin' that three-cornered sneak-box — noticin' and criticizin'; at least, I was, and Cap'n Jonadab, bein', as I've said, the best skipper of small craft from Provincetown to Cohasset Narrows, must have had some ideas on the subject. Your old chum, Catesby-Stuart, thought he was mast-high so fur's sailin' was concerned, anybody could see that, but he had somethin' to larn. He wasn't beginning to git out all there was in that ice-boat. And jest then along comes another feller in the same kind of hooker and gives us a hail. There was two other chaps on the boat with him.

"Hello, Phil!" he yells, roundin' his flat-iron into the wind abreast of ours and bobbin' his night-cap. "I hoped you might be out. Are you game for a race?"

"Archie," answers our skipper, solemn as a settin' hen. "Permit me to introduce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Admiral Barzilla Wingate of Orham on the Cape."

I wasn't expectin' to fly an admiral's pennant quite so quick, but I managed to shake out through my teeth — they was chatterin' like a box of dice — that I was glad to know the feller. Jonadab, he rattled loose somethin' sim'lar.

"The Cap'n and the Admiral," says Phil, "havin' sailed the ragin' main for lo! these many years, are now fav'rin' me with their advice concernin' the navigation of ice-yachts. Archie, if you're willin' to enter against such a handicap of brains and barnacles, I'll race you on a beat up to the p'int yonder, then on the ten mile run afore the wind to the buoy opposite the Club, and back to the cove by Dillaway's. And we'll make it for a case of wine. Is it a go?"

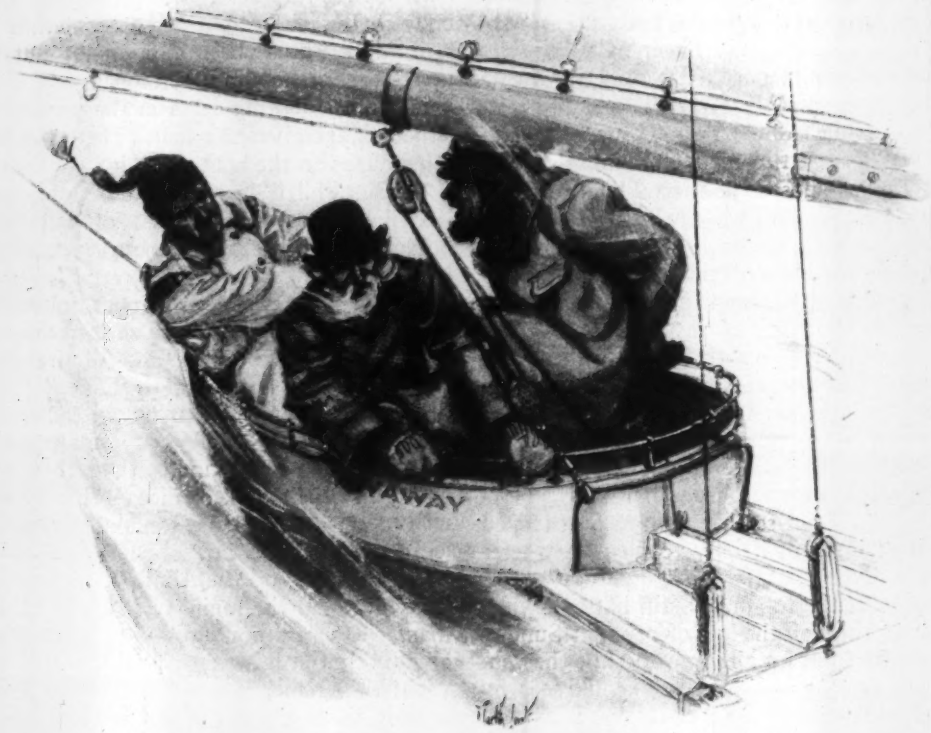
Archie, he laughed and said it was, and, all at once, the race was on.

Now, Phil had lied when he said we was "fav'rin" him with advice, 'cause we hadn't said a word; but that beat up to the p'int wa'n't ha'f over afore Jonadab and me was dyin' to tell him a few things. He handled that boat like a lobster. Archie gained on every tack and come about for the run a full minute afore us.

And on that run afore the wind 'twas wuss than ever. The way Phil see-sawed that piece of pie back and forth over the river was a sin and shame. He could have slacked off his mainsail and headed dead for the buoy, but no, he jiggled around like an old woman crossin' the road ahead of a funeral.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racin' was where he lived, as you might say, and he fidgeted like he was settin' on a pin-cushion. By and by he snaps out:

"Keep her off! Keep her off afore the wind! Can't you see where you're goin'?"



*"'Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know how?'"*

Phil looked at him as if he was a graven image, and all the answer he made was: "Be calm Barnacles, be calm!"

But pretty soon I couldn't stand it no longer, and I busts out with: "Keep her off, Mr. What's-your name! For the Lord's sake, keep her off! He'll beat the life out of you!"

And all the good that done was for me to get a stare that was colder than the wind, if such a thing's possible.

But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, and when we come out into the broadest part of the river, within a little ways of the buoy, he couldn't stand it no longer.

"You're spillin' ha'f the wind!" he yells. "P'int her for the buoy or else you'll be licked to death! Jibe her so's she gits it full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know how? Here! let me show you!"

And the next thing I knew he fetched a hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the way, grabbed the tiller, and jammed it over.

She jibed — oh, yes, she jibed! If anybody says she didn't you send 'em to me. I give you my word that that flat-iron jibed twice — once for practice, I jedge, and then for bus'ness. She commenced by twistin' and squirmin' like an eel. I jest had sense enough to clamp my mittens onto the little brass rail by the stern and hold on; then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the boom come over with a slat that pretty nigh took the mast with it, and the whole shebang whirled around as if it had forgot somethin'. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of lockin' my mitten clamps fast onto that rail while the rest of me streamed out in the air like a burgee. Next thing I knew we was scootin' back towards Dillaway's, with the sail catchin' every ounce that was blowin'. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was the Honorable Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs lookin' like a pair of compasses, and skimmin' in whirligigs over the slick ice towards Albany. *He* hadn't had nothin' to hold onto, you understand.

Well, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have b'lieved that a human bein' could spin so

*"She jibed — oh, yes, she jibed!"*

long or travel so fast on his back. His legs made a kind of smoky circle in the air over him, and he'd got such a start that I thought he'd *never stop* a-goin'. He come to a place where some snow had melted in the sun and there was a pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, heavin' spray like one of them circular lawn sprinklers the summer folks have. He'd have been as pretty as a fountain, if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

"For the land sakes, heave to!" I yelled, soon's I could git my breath. "You've spilled the skipper!"

"Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, squeezin' the tiller and keepin' on the course; "We'll come back for him by and by. It's our bus'ness to win this race."

And, by ginger! we *did* win it. The way Jonadab coaxed that cocked hat on runners over the ice was pretty—yes, sir, pretty! He nipped her close enough to the wind'ard, and he took advantage of every single chance. He always *could* sail; I'll say that for him. We walked up on Archie like he'd set down to rest, and passed him afore he was within a ha'f mile of home. We run up abreast of Dillaway's, puttin' on all the fancy frills of a liner comin' into port, and there was Ebenezer and a whole crowd of weddin' comp'ny down by the landin'.

"Gosh!" says Jonadab, tuggin' at his whiskers: "'Twas Cape Cod against New York that time, and you can't beat the Cape when it comes to gittin' over water, not even if the water's froze. Hey, Barzilla?"

Ebenezer came hoppin' over the ice towards us. He looked some surprised.

"Where's Phil?" he says.

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil and I guess Jonadab had, by the way he colored up.

"Phil?" says he. "Phil?" Oh, yes! We left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd better go after him now."

But old Dillaway had somethin' to say.

"Cap'n," he says, lookin' round to make sure none of the comp'ny was follerin' him out to the ice-boat. "I 've wanted to speak to you afore, but I haven't had the chance

You mustn't b'lieve too much of what Mr. Catesby-Stuart says, nor you mustn't always do est what he suggests. You see," he says, "he's a dreadful practical joker."

"Yes," says Jonadab, beginnin' to look sick. I didn't say nothin' but I guess I looked the same way.

"Yes," said Ebenezer, kind of uneasy like; "Now, in that matter of Mrs. Granby. I s'pose Phil put you up to askin' her about her son's laundry. Yes? Well, I thought so. You see, the fact is, her boy is a broker down in Wall Street, and he's been caught makin' some of what they call 'wash sales' of stock. It's against the rules of the Exchange to do that, and the papers have been full of the row. You can see," says Dillaway, "how the laundry question kind of stirred the old lady up. But, Lord! it must have been funny," and he commenced to grin.

I looked at Jonadab, and he looked at me. I thought of Marm Granby, and her bein' "dyin' to know us," and I thought of the lies about the "hod of change" and all the rest, and I give you my word *I* didn't grin, not enough to show my wisdom teeth, anyhow. A crack in the ice an inch wide would have held me, with room to spare; I know that.

"Hum!" grunts Jonadab, kind of dry and bitter, as if he'd been takin' wormwood tea; "*I* see. He's been havin' a good time makin' durn fools out of us."

"Well," says Ebenezer, "not exactly that, p'raps, but — "

And then along comes Archie and his crowd in the other ice-boat.

"Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat of yours? He knew his bus'ness all right. I never saw anything better. Phil — why, where *is* Phil?"

I answered him. "Phil got out when we jibed," I says.

"Was *that* Phil?" he hollers, and then the three of 'em jest roared.

"Oh, by Jove, you know!" says Archie; "that's the funniest thing I ever saw. And on Phil, too! He'll never hear the last of it at the club — hey, boys?" And then they jest bellered and laughed again.

When they'd gone, Jonadab turned to Ebenezer and he says: "That takin' us out on this boat was another case of havin' fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

"I guess so," says Dillaway. "I b'lieve he told one of the guests that he was goin' to put Cape Cod on ice this mornin'."

I looked away up the river where a little black speck was jest gettin' to shore. And I thought of how chilly the wind was out there, and how that ice-water must have felt, and what a long ways 'twas from home. And then I smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge load of joy in every ha'f inch of that smile.

"It's a cold day when Phil loses a chance for a joke," says Ebenezer.

"'Tain't exactly what you'd call summery jest now," I says. And we hauled down sail, run the ice-boat up to the wharf, and went up to our room to pack our extension cases for the next train.

"You see," says Jonadab, puttin' in his other shirt, "it's easy enough to git the best of Cape folks on wash sales and lyin', but when it comes to boats that's a different pair of shoes."

"I guess Phil'll agree with you," I says.

# THE SNITCHER

## BY

## FRED L. BOALT

THEY called him The Snitcher. A "snitcher," in the parlance of the Reform School, is one who bears tales to those in power, to the undoing of wrong-doers. The boy who snitches is sometimes rewarded by privileges not enjoyed by other boys. He is generally a sneaky rat of a boy. But The Snitcher was not a sneak.

The Master stood over him, a long and broad sole-leather strap in hand, and demanded the name of the boy who had smuggled tobacco into the school. The Snitcher told because he was stupid and because he was afraid of the strap. It was an ingenious strap, full of holes. When the strap struck one's back each one of those holes raised a blister. The next time the strap fell the blisters were broken. One hundred blows made it next to impossible to sleep o' nights. Of these things the boy thought, and told, and after that he was The Snitcher.

But his nickname was the least of The Snitcher's troubles. He had been in the Reform School so long he could hardly remember that other life, that free life in the city, where there were no taskmasters to drive him on, no grinding routine, no rules to be broken, and no punishments that maimed the flesh and numbed the soul.

He remembered a shanty in the Flats where he lived with a sodden individual whom he called "th' ol' man." He had experienced a feeling of relief when his father was sent to the "works," for drunkenness and general cussedness. He lived on in the shanty, alone.

He remembered, with a vague sort of homesickness, the factories in the Flats, the stench of the refuse from the oil-tanks, the rattle of the freight trains over the frogs in the railroad yards, the noisy tugs towing barges to and from the lumber-yards above, the soot, the smoke, the clangor, and the freedom.

But when "the ol' man" went to the "works" the dago boys, who lived on the cliff back of the shanty, hurled rocks down one day, and The Snitcher, being a coward, fled. He came to that part of the city where the crowds were thickest, where the street-cars followed one another in endless processions, and where department stores took the place of the factories which The Snitcher knew so well. It was a part of the city of which he knew nothing.

There he met The Moocher; newsboy and vagabond, wise in many things which are better not known. The Moocher was older than The Snitcher, and while he was no less dishonest, he was much smarter, which is very much the same thing. The Moocher was a "dip" in a dilettante sort of way, and his particular graft was boarding street-cars with his papers and grabbing women's pocket-books. Being little, and wiry, and quick, and shrewd, he was made for the graft. The Snitcher wasn't.

The Snitcher tried The Moocher's graft and, being a fool, was caught. He grabbed the pocket-book of a fat German woman, who grabbed him, raising a great outcry. A policeman took The Snitcher to the station where he was registered on the "blotter." He spent that night in a cell, but he did not whimper. That was characteristic of him. Later the boys at the Reform School were wont to remark: "The Snitcher's the boy wat kin take his beatin's. Yeh don't get no yealp out-a Th' Snitcher."

In sodden silence he heard the policeman in court next day say: "At three o'clock yesterday afternoon, yer honor, I seen this here kid swipe a lady's pocket-book on a street-car. I took him to a box and sent him in. They's a bad crowd hangs 'round that corner, yer honor, an' this here kid is the leader of the gang."

It was the same old story. Every boy a policeman arrests is "the leader of the gang." The Snitcher had nothing to say. What

was the use? Besides, he was badly scared. Then he went to the Reform School "until twenty-one unless sooner discharged."

That was a long time ago. Two years had passed and The Snitcher had not improved. His face was the face of an old man, but his body was puny. No one would have called him pretty save in jest. He shambled when he walked. His right shoulder was lower than his left and his mouth, set in a vapid, mirthless grin, was twisted around to the side of his face. Over his eyes was the film of misunderstanding, and back of it was cringing fear, like the eyes of a whipped cur.

Two years had wrought this change. The Snitcher had started in badly. He ran away before he had been in the Reform School two weeks. He did not reason, as did the officers of the school, that such conduct was ruinous to discipline. He was homesick for the Flats, that was all, and so he ran away. Had he been clever he would have taken warning from the first words that the Master said to him.

"If you are a good boy," said The Master, shaking his pudgy finger in The Snitcher's face, "you will get along all right. If you ain't good — ." The Master shrugged his shoulders and turned away. There was eloquence in the hunch of those hulking shoulders. But The Snitcher was a fool.

The whistle at the power-house blew loud and long, and by that token the farmers roundabout knew that a boy had run away. So they turned out — for there was a reward for the man who caught the runaway — and scoured the countryside, and they found The Snitcher.

"Didn't I tell you," said The Master, when they had brought The Snitcher back, "that if you were a good boy you would get along all right? Shackle for six months and three whippings."

The shackle weighed twelve pounds and was locked to The Snitcher's ankle. The first "beating" was adminstered the day after The Snitcher tried to make his "get-away." The Master laid the strap to The Snitcher's back one hundred times, and left it raw and furrowed and bleeding. The Snitcher grinned his vapid grin and uttered no word of complaint.

The other boys told him he was a fool for trying to make his get-away in that amateurish fashion.

"Wat wit yer head shaved an' them ragouts, did yeh tink yeh cud make yer git-away? Yeh got-a have a pal on th' outside." That was what they told him. The Snitcher listened stupidly, not understanding, and his gait was more shambling than ever because of the shackle that weighed down his leg.

He would not have minded so much if it had not been for the shackle. It was clamped over the bare flesh and chafed to the bone. At night he would wrap rags around his ankle, but they did little good. He wore the shackle day and night.

The Snitcher belonged to the road squad; he was too stupid to learn a trade. The grounds about the Reform School were extensive and a road was being cut through a hill. The road squad worked with picks and shovels, while The Master, hickory stick in hand, stood guard. The Snitcher was given a pick. The pick meant harder work than the shovel, for, while The Snitcher worked his way through shale and rock and stubborn clay, the shovel boys rested. For The Snitcher there was no rest.

He marched with the others to and from work and to meals. He had to keep up, and the shackle grew intolerably heavy toward the day's end. No talking was permitted in the great dining-room, which suited The Snitcher admirably. He was not a talker. One finger meant soup, two fingers bread, and three fingers coffee. The Snitcher often went hungry because he cou'd not remember how many fingers meant soup.

Twenty minutes each day was given the boys for play. They generally played ball. But there was no play for The Snitcher. During that time he would stand with his face to a brick wall, motionless, dejected, his shoulders drooping pitifully. This was part of his punishment for trying to run away.

Then he snitched and earned the name that clung to him through all the years that followed. Snitchers are not popular, and the boys persecuted him in many ways, but he took the persecution as he took everything else, without complaint.

By the time for the second whipping the raw place under The Snitcher's shackle was festering. He had not slept for the pain of it. The Master raised the strap, and The Snitcher turned with a snarl. It was the beginning of a long transition. The next instant the lean, scarred flesh of The Snitcher's back was writhing like tiny ripples under the pain of the blows.

In the dormitory above the boys listened and counted the blows. They heard no

outcry. It was then they said one to another: "The Snitcher's th' boy wat kin take his beatin's."

No, The Master "didn't git no yap out-a The Snitcher." It was his only boast.

When six months had passed the shackle was taken off. He ran away again. Of course he was a fool. He was the same sodden fool who had bungled when he grabbed the woman's pocket-book in the street-car; the same fool — but with a difference. He scratched and bit the farmer who caught him.

More beatings and the shackle.

Once The Snitcher caught the strap and held it with his feeble strength. For this the number of blows was doubled. Those holes in the strap were The Master's own invention and went a long way toward preserving discipline in the school.

The Snitcher was now eighteen years old. The change which had begun long ago did not show in his face. The grin of the twisted mouth was just as vapid and mirthless as before, his gait was just as shambling, but under his phlegmatic calm a new force was working. He hated The Master, but he did not think of vengeance. The well of his nature had been pumped dry of all good, and the bottom was stagnant, bitter, and dangerous. Work and no play, gloom and no sunshine, the petty torments of the boys, and the punishments for things in which he could see no wrong — these chafed his soul as the shackle chafed his ankle. He rebelled against the condition, but was too stupid to seek the cause. The Reform School had worked its reformation on the boy. He was the finished product.

There came a day when The Master was in a worse temper than usual, which was very bad indeed. Under his eye the road squad worked diligently and in silence. The Snitcher, dragging his shackled ankle, worked steadily but without diligence, like an automaton. His face was without expression. His pick rose and fell at exact intervals.

When The Master's back was turned, a boy, longing for something to break the monotony of toil, tossed a rock which struck The Snitcher between the shoulders. The squad tittered.

"Silence!" roared The Master. "O'Shea, what's the joke?"

"I — I wus laughin' at him," said O'Shea, cringing and pointing to The Snitcher. "He wus makin' faces."

"Oh, he was, eh?" The Master strode over the broken clay and struck The Snitcher sharply with his stick. "Making faces, were you?"

"Yeh lie!"

The squad stopped giggling. The Master had been called a liar. And it was The Snitcher, the coward, who had called him the name. The Master stared with jaw dropped in amazement; then the stick fell from his hand and with clenched fist he struck The Snitcher squarely in the mouth. Then, his duty done, he turned away, lighting his pipe.

The Snitcher got to his feet slowly. He was dazed and his mouth was bleeding. Stupidly he regarded The Master's broad back, and then — the transition was complete.

His hand went out and held the pick. His twisted mouth stretched in a grin that was not vapid, for the lips were tightly drawn and yellow teeth showed through. Nor was there mirth in The Snitcher's grin. The kinks in the bent back straightened and, as The Snitcher drew near The Master, the shamble left his gait. With cat-like motion he drew near.

Now that his pipe was drawing well, The Master puffed contentedly. The squad looked on in wonder; something was about to happen, they knew not what. The Snitcher crouched behind The Master; then stood erect — gaunt, mad, a tragedy in brogans, shoddy trousers, and denim shirt. A shaven-headed tragedy, there he stood. And as the fever of his fury drove the fog from his brain, a hundred memories crowded in. The shanty and "th' ol' man," the Flats, the railroad yards, the factories and the noisy tugs in the rivers; these memories lent him strength. The Master smoked on.

The pick rose, fell, and the steel point sank deep into The Master's skull.

# A HUNT FOR A PLAY

## BY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ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN

I HAD been successfully starring for several seasons in the same plays I had started with, and feeling that the patience of my patrons deserved some reward I determined to offer them a new play for their entertainment — a thing, alas, that was easier to decide upon than actually to do, for, in theatrical parlance, it was hard to "fit" me to suit the public. Personally I had always a marked preference for even, well-balanced, good general work — the perfection of the whole cast giving me more pleasure than the most brilliant individual effort made in a star play, where the natural movement and action, the proper development of other characters are sometimes sacrificed for the enlargement and the glorification of the star's part — a custom in practice up to the period of Monsieur Rostand's great vogue in America, when his "Cyrano de Bergerac" received a second production in New York, and to the stupefaction of the literary and artistic world, many of the hero's noblest lines, his strongest speeches came from the lips of Cynthia. It was inartistic, absurd, but the lady was the star and the manager knew that the public expected much from a favorite; the part was not very prominent and he took drastic measures to make it so.

You see, the public does not value general excellence so highly as individual effort on the part of the man or woman who is their favorite star. Again, if there is the slightest touch of the peculiar, the unusual, about an actor or an actress — if one chances to be a brilliant fencer, or has an exceptionally gurgling, mellow laugh, or sheds real tears in harrowing situations — never, never will that unhappy star quite satisfy the public in a play that does not demand a fight, much laughter, or a flood of tears. All this I knew when I began looking for that new play on this side of the water, while any and every friend I had on the other side searched diligently through English and French haystacks for a dramatic needle suited to my use. But, alas, I was known as a strong actress, and also as a shedder of tears, and had mighty Will, himself, risen from the grave to offer me a play without tears then would the people have said: "Yes, it's very fine, but she does not make us cry. Give us the old plays, where we can surely weep for four out of five acts."

At last I heard of "La Martyre," in Paris — a daughter's self-sacrifice to save a beloved mother whose youthful sin is about to find her out. Ah! that looked promisingly teary, but the Jezebels, the Coras, the Miss Multons had made the public expect strong scenes. Were they forthcoming, I wondered? Finally learning that there was a shooting in my presence, a dismissal from home and child, and a piteous plea for permission to meet the daughter secretly at the grandparents' home, I determined to risk all, and announced that I would produce the play in San Francisco, calling it, at my manager's advice, "Renée de Moray" — the name of the heroine.

I had my gowns made in New York and to my great regret had to proceed on my journey westward before the play's production in New York, where it was in preparation, with one of those amazingly fine casts that Mr. Palmer was noted for. Watching eagerly for its *premiere*, imagine my crushed stupefaction when it failed. There was no mincing of matters, no ifs or buts. Beautiful scenery, perfect costuming, people specially engaged for some of the characters, careful rehearsing — all had gone for nothing!

The improbability of this play — which was great, be it admitted — alone impressed the audience. I was aghast! What, I asked myself, could I do in the way of a production to compare with Mr. Palmer's effort? Then I began to hunt for the cause of the failure. I studied the story of the play carefully. The weak point was quickly found. Many a daughter would sacrifice herself to save a beloved mother (the mother remaining unconscious of the service), but when that daughter is happily married, is herself the proud mother of a girl-child; when the assuming of the elder woman's sin means the breaking up of home and the dishonoring of worshiped husband and child — why that is unnatural, if one stops to think. Ah! I repeated the words, "If one stops to think!" Probably that was what had killed the play. The actors were too calm, too collected — they gave the house time to think, to discover the improbability of a woman making such a martyr of herself. Only the headlong impetuosity of a sentimental and intensely affectionate temperament, an utter abandonment to her emotions, done with absolute sincerity, could sweep an audience on a great wave of sympathy high into that region where reason is for a time lost in excitement and emotion. Then I looked eagerly at the cast and saw that for *Renée* Mr. Palmer had engaged one of the finest high-comedy women on the stage, but who was noted for her coldness in emotional characters. My faith in the play began to revive. Still I offered to recall its announcement if the California management desired me to. The gist of their answer was "that I might withdraw the play if I was afraid of it."

There they had stepped on the tail of my coat — pugilism was in the air at that time. I forgot my good manners and answered "that I never threw my hat in the ring unless I intended to follow it in person," an expression that brought joy to the hearts of the "powers that were," and they answered: "Renée de Moray" announced for second week and we're betting on you."

Thus with that dreadful anxiety, that "to be or not to be a success," ever in my mind and making of me a *vraie martyre*, I took *Renée* by the hand, and turning our backs upon Chicago we faced westward toward the Great Divide, the rolling prairies, the stultefying deserts, the irritating snow-sheds, the glorious Sierras and the downward swoop to the great City of the Coast, where hand-in-hand we would face our public and try to stampede it into such a rush of sympathy that logic should be forgotten — until next day.

Later on I made the trip to California in a private car, thereby enjoying all the privacy and most of the comforts of home-life while traveling, but it certainly was a bit monotonous compared to this journey, which proved one of the liveliest on record. As I was just recovering from an attack of single-pneumonia, my husband was anxious to establish me comfortably in my state-room before the starting of the train. Having done so, he and the maid had no sooner left me to attend to checking and some small last matters than a great hubbub arose at my very door. The conductor, with patient self-control, was receiving the hysterical attack of one of those wealthy, boastful American women whom I had been meeting for years in foreign novels, but had never, never encountered in real life before. She was the wife, she declared, of Mr. Great-man, who was a millionaire more times than the conductor had fingers and thumbs. She had in her own right more money than he had ever dreamed of. She demanded that that state-room be cleared out at once, that her maid might arrange it for her occupancy! Did he suppose that *she* was going to sleep in a section-berth like a common person? She, who could pay three times the usual price, and by right of her position and her husband's power the room was hers! Where was his authority for favoring this nobody at the cost of her convenience? Higher and higher arose the nasal tones, angrily she repulsed someone who tried to calm her! Greatly distressed, I arose from the sofa and, opening the door, anxiously asked the conductor if I was unconsciously encroaching on another's rights?

"Not at all," he replied. "Your room was engaged more than forty-eight hours before this lady asked for it. She can secure state-rooms clear through to 'Frisco by waiting until to-morrow," and very gently he pushed me back toward my pillowed nest on the sofa. And just then, as the excited lady stamped her foot and ordered me to withdraw at once, a messenger ran alongside the train calling: "Clara Morris! Is Clara Morris in this car?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Madam Millions, grasping the wrist of her companion, "oh, is she

on board? How lovely! We must get a good look at her!"

And then the conductor called out: "This way — here she is!" and handed the message to me. There came a sound like the sudden squawk of a startled hen, then a gasping cry: "Salts!" One single inhalation followed, and in that instant of time she had shifted her position — had turned her coat. With quivering voice she commanded her companion to "follow that conductor, get his number and his name. I know he doesn't go clear through, but he shall be punished all the same, as he deserves to be, placing me in a false position, deceiving me into a seeming insult to one I admire and honor! Oh, my husband will see that he suffers!" She broke from her friends; she pushed into my room to ask "if I ever knew of such malice as that man had shown — hiding my name from her, and leading her on by false statements to make unkind suggestions of removal? But," she closed, "I am a very wealthy woman, Miss Morris, and he shall suffer for causing you such needless annoyance. Let me cover you up — don't you want my salts?" etc., etc., and that was the beginning of the journey.

Next, I was told that one of the star criminals of the great West — the unwilling guest of a too zealous sheriff had been ushered into our car, causing a great flutter there; and I arose from my sofa and, drawing aside the door-curtain, stood swaying back and forth while I tried to peep at the wrong-doer who had been taken in the toils and was on his way now to an undoubted life-sentence. But look as I would I could not find the prisoner. In one man I saw the ideal Western sheriff, but there was a fair-haired young chap beside him who would not fill the bill at all. At last I walked out to the end of the car, ostensibly looking for my husband; on my way back I met the conductor and a little girl, and we stood chatting a moment. I was wearing a rather peculiar bracelet, formed as a horseshoe, the open space being filled with a horse's bit. The conductor declared it a perfect design for a man's bracelet, at which the little girl was contemptuous over the idea of a man wearing such a thing.

"Oh!" I laughed, "the first gentleman of England wears one!" and then a clear, well-modulated voice beside me added: "Oh, yes, Sissy, and Tum-Tum is not the only man to wear a bracelet by a long shot. Why, we wear them over here sometimes, only the devil of it is they are made double here!"

I glanced at the speaker. He was the fair-haired chap, and he wore the shameful bracelets of the criminal. There's something revolting in the sight of a manacled human being, and the surprise turned me very white, I know, for he leaned forward and said quickly: "I beg your pardon. I thought everybody knew." And I stammered stupidly, "Pardon *me!*" and hastened back to my room, thoroughly ashamed that I had yielded to such curiosity.

The time passed slowly. The horse-thief and forger outside was behaving well — no trouble at all — but he was bored to extinction, so was every one else for that matter, who could not play cards day and night both. As the afternoon was closing in the porter brought me a note from the sheriff, who wrote that his prisoner, never expecting to see the outside world after next week, never expecting to meet an interesting human being again, begged of my charity a little chat, asking it only in the name of the good woman he had called "Mother." "He," the sheriff added — "that *Doc* (as he called him), had behaved so mighty well since he had been nabbed for his funny business with a stage and a Wells-Fargo box, that he'd like to make things pleasant for him if he could, and the day was dull even for a free man."

I consulted my husband. He asked: "Do you want to talk to the man?"

"I thought that a stage-robber, horse-thief and forger, who found the end of his tether fastened securely to a prison door, might prove interesting; but if he objected, why —— "

"Oh, no! every one to their taste," he laughed. "Go on and talk, but don't expect him to lower his mask for you."

Directly then I dropped into the seat behind the sheriff and the fair-haired chap, who was so many kinds of a bad man. Many people had begged pillows from the porter and were napping. Two women were knitting. The engine seemed to be making up lost time, judging from the unusual speed. The prisoner was chatting away about the comfortable arrangements of the interior of one of the old wagons known as "prairie schooners" in the old days, and in his effort to face me he several times hurt his hand-cuffed wrist to the wincing point.

At length the sheriff, glancing out at the flying landscape, laughed a little, and, unlocking the bracelet from his own wrist, arose and said good-naturedly: "Take my place, Doc, and talk comfortably. I'll sit over here."

We both stared at him in amazement, but as he sank into the seat opposite he pushed his coat out of the way and sat with his hand resting on his hip-pocket. He was not taking such chances after all.

Doc's eyes and mine met, and in a flash each read the other's thought. He smiled and asked: "Did you ever catch a weazel asleep?"

And I smiled back: "Not in a Pullman car."

We told stories, he stroking my little dog's head. I told him some canine adventure, but he screwed up his face into a laughable sort of deprecation, saying: "He didn't bank much on dogs, since the hounds had run him down after his last job." I shivered. "What a sensitive woman you are," he said. "I should think your profession would tear you all to pieces. But you're right enough. It's an awful thing to be tracked by dogs, which have become a single sense personified; which take no heed of hunger, thirst, darkness, nor light; which, between heaven and hell, recognize just two things, the master's voice that says: 'Seek! Find!' and the scent, that is *your scent* — the trail that you must either swim or fly to avoid leaving behind you."

His breath came quickly, like a man's who had been running. Suddenly I leaned forward and touched the shameful thing upon his wrist: "Oh!" I exclaimed, "why, why did you ever do it?"

Again he twisted up his face: "Why? I guess," he answered, "it was because of too much and too hard religion from dad, and too much bad company right 'round the corner. Ministers always seem to think they are all heaven and their boys are all hell."

"But your mother?" I interrupted.

"Mother was all right," he sharply answered. "She was fair to a fellow. She used to tell dad that when young blood danced and all the bones and muscles were growing, a boy just had to jump and rush and caper; that he couldn't walk slow and solemn and silent, even on Lord's day. Oh, she was the best woman, she — " He stopped short and instinctively tried to draw the steel bracelet up into his sleeve.

"Yet you're — " I reproached.

"Oh!" he interrupted," she died, you know, and then — well after you once begin you can't stop, because, you see, you never begin alone! There's always some chump who knows, and can betray you, if you try to draw back." Then a sullen frown came on his face: "Prison for life!" He looked off at the reddening west. "No more sunrise or sunset — no! no!" he swallowed hard; then, almost violently, he continued: "And do you know that there were fool men, back there at Omaha, who came to congratulate me — good God! to congratulate me that I was so sure to miss a death sentence! I wonder if you can understand at all?"

"Oh, yes; I knew a murderer once," I started, when he cried out, "What, you? *You* knew a murderer?" "Yes," I answered, "I used to play with the sheriff's little son about the jail corridors, and this man mangled himself horribly with a tiny penknife, in an effort, paradoxical as it sounds, to kill himself to prevent the executioner from doing it."

A sort of flame sprang into his light blue eyes, of a sudden his lips pressed into a tense line.

"Right!" he sharply exclaimed. "Right, he was! Why, you ought to understand that; and I believe you do, too! It wasn't the mere dying that kept the fellow awake nights, for all stand to die sometime! And we — the boys who write too well for our own good, and toy with other people's horses, and are hunted quite as often as we hunt — expect to step up lively when we pass in our checks! No, a man's not afraid to die, but, by thunder, you don't want to be trussed up like a fowl, and then have some measly fellow with dirty hands sling a rope around your neck and shove you through a trap to twirl in the air like a d——d sheep-killing dog! You want to die like a man, not like a cur, and a chap feels some self-respect when he bosses his own job. If I had a chance — " his eyes turned toward the figure of the sheriff, who sat, his left elbow on the window sill, the hand supporting his drooping head. Were his eyes closed? With stealthy swiftness Doc arose, to find the sheriff's face grimly smiling into his and the sheriff's revolver pointing straight at his heart.

An instant they stood, then, very quietly: "I wanted a drink," said the bad man.

"Oh!" responded the watchful one jocosely, "I thought perhaps you were going to call my attention to our lessening speed?" This with a malicious glance toward the free hands of the prisoner. "Well, I'll have the water brought to you." And under my breath I remarked: "It didn't work, did it?"

"No," he answered, "not that time," and I believe his captor had given him an idea, for from that moment he began to talk at random. He had been pale, but a spot of color was soon burning upon his rather prominent cheek bones. Hitherto his had been the frank, open manner of the well-brought-up, middle class young Western man, now a subtle change was coming over him; his voice lowered, his pale eyes had a greenish glare in them, and they stole side glances beneath narrow lids that quivered slightly. I began to see this man's relation to the great cat tribe, stealthy, strong, flexible, cruel. He was passing his tongue over his parched lips, was speaking broken sentences, while his nostrils quivered and expanded. The man was laying some desperate plan. I was so sure that involuntarily I whispered to him: "Don't! don't do it!"

He looked at me fixedly, then went on: "Yes, he was right, that murderous friend of yours — " then suddenly he pressed his hand to his stomach and bent over. Mr. Sheriff was at his elbow instantly. "Too many railway doughnuts," groaned Doc.

"Have a drop of this brandy," advised the friendly sheriff.

"We are nearing the supper station," I remarked, "and I must go and prink a little."

"Oh!" said the suddenly sick man, "how like the old Iowa home those words sound, 'to prink.'"

I arose to go. The sheriff stooped to lock the prisoner's wrist to his own. At my state-room door I turned my head. The prisoner's eyes were glaring greenly at me, and like lightning the forefinger of his free hand flashed to his lips, pleading, cautioning, warning — all were in that swift, secret gesture.

I sank trembling onto the couch. I wanted no supper. "Ought I to speak?" I asked myself. But speak of what? What had I to tell? Only a change of manner, a single gesture. I wiped my forehead and started surprisedly. The scent of tobacco clung to the handkerchief I had picked up instead of my own. I dropped it with a nervous shiver, then sat and waited.

Supper was over. People were settling for evening games or chats, for we were off again. Then I heard through the rear door of my state-room the satisfied voice of the thief-taker. He was answering the questions of one who had come aboard at the last station: "Yes, thank God, this was his last night of responsibility. He would have passed his man over to the prison officials this time to-morrow. No, he had never lost sight of his prisoner, even for a moment before, but he was a pretty sick man this evening, and he was therefore allowed the privilege of entering the wash-room alone; but," he added, "the speed of the train and the revolver at the door made that safe enough. Still — yes, he was staying rather a long time." And the sheriff knocked, calling: "Come, Doc! if you feel seedy yet, better come and lie down." (knock, knock.) "Oh, Doc!" a suddenly tried knob, and then between desperate kicks at the panels of the locked door the repeated cry: "An ax! an ax!"

"T-that ax's only to be used in case of fire or accident, sir!" stammered the porter, "but I can unlock —— "

He never finished. The door burst open — the room was empty! A wild cry rang through the car. With a ghastly face the sheriff hurled himself at the bell-cord, jerking it like a madman to an accompaniment of sulphurous oaths. The passengers were thrown in a turmoil. The train was stopped, was searched, then it was backed, and women began to cry or to turn faint over mental pictures of what might be found out there. We stopped again and the confusion was transferred to the outside. Lanterns were bobbing in the darkness. Suddenly I heard a voice saying: "He's just bringing them up from Green River. They're right in the baggage-car, and he'll lay 'em on for you if you'd like."

With oath-garnished gratitude the frantic sheriff accepted this offer, which meant bloodhounds, and next moment he was tearing into the car searching for something of Doc's that would give "a scent" to the two gaunt, long-eared brutes who were being led out for a man-hunt. With a gasp I caught up the handkerchief and thrust it deep, deep into the dressing-bag, and then sat

*"Doc arose to find the sheriff's face grimly smiling into his and the sheriff's revolver pointing straight at his heart"*

immovable, watching, listening, wondering! The wires were hot with messages, men were hot with profane argument; but ours was a fast-mail train, and on we went, leaving men on horseback and men on foot, aided by melancholy, lop-eared hounds, and lighted by torches and lanterns, who searched either side the track for what might be left of the fair-haired bad man, who had preferred to "step up lively and pass in his checks" by way of a car-window and a flying leap to death, rather than molder through the sunless years of a life imprisonment! And being sleepless all that night, I filled the hours with study of the second act of "Renée de Moray," and so it came to pass that ever after, in the shooting of *Claude Burel*, I saw not the face of the man who acted him but the glaring eye, the dilating nostril and warning, pleading gesture of the man who had that night made himself part of the mighty mystery of the plains, the silent plains, that seem to be stricken dumb by the stupendous import of the message they may hold for man!

Wrapped in a gauze veil, the feathered, laced, and ribboned hat I had worn to the train hung safely out of the way, while for my hurried platform walks at various stations I donned a small Scotch cap I had brought from Edinburgh for steamer comfort, the bonnet known to some as the Glengarry. Among the very closest of my friends there was a soldier who had gained an uncomfortable knowledge of Chief Joseph, that had been bought in the Nez Percez campaign. At my request he had given me the tarnished, battered regimental badge from the front of the old cap that had been soaked by rains and scorched by suns and often used as a dipper at the finding of precious water, that drop for drop was of greater value than molten rubies could have been, and I had pinned the crossed muskets and the regimental number in the front of my own cap. Next morning after the escape I was tramping up and down the platform when two men passed, and one, glancing at me a second time, stopped suddenly, drew

his heels together and gave me a military salute. I smiled at his mistaking me for some one else and continued my exercise. So I was coming again upon the men, both of whom were somewhat in liquor and working hard to pick a fight with the station loungers, when some one called out, "Let the lady pass!" both men turned and seeing me, straightened up, shoulder to shoulder, eyes front, while with tipsy gravity they saluted with the sharp precision of mechanical toys. Then, indeed, was I angry, for no one living is more sensitive to ridicule than I am. I started off in search of my lord and master, but was met by the porter who, with the familiarity of his class, addressed me as "Miss Cla'h" and asked what was the matter. I told him, and, hot with anger and swelling with importance, he proceeded to look into the matter while I returned to the car. In a few moments the darky was back crying: "Miss Cla'h, dey ain't no ornary, low-down fellows tryin' to plague you; deys mighty proud, 'case you alls come from de same state. Yes'm, deys Ohio men, and — and dey sent you a message, Miss Cla'h, only I ain't goin' to give it to yer till I see your little cap."

"My cap!" I cried, glancing toward it. He picked it up, looked at it a moment and broke into the contagious laughter of his race, saying: "I'se bound to give you that message, now for sure. Deys Uncle Sam's boys, Miss Cla'h, an' dey say, very 'spectful, dey like to give you de tip — dat if you don' want to be saluted by any soldiers you meet you mus'n't wear de badge of de 21st Infantry on de front porch of your cap. For, you see, dey all belongs to de 21st deyselves."

And then apologies were in order, and they came from me.

After that I devoted myself steadily to "Renée de Moray," and having a quick study was rough perfect when we found oursevles nearing the end of our long journey, and I said to myself: "In this last quiet lap of our run, with nothing more to upset my tired nerves, I can make myself unshakingly letter-perfect in my lines, and thus be free to devote all my thought to the directing of the coming rehearsals." Ah, that was a wise person who so earnestly advised against the practice of counting chickens before they were hatched. With jest and laughter, exchanging mutual congratulations upon its being the last station dinner we would have to reckon with, we were rising from table when the inevitable practical joker, seeing a train moving in the opposite direction to our own, thrust his head into the dining-room and yelled: "All aboard! look lively! your train's moving!"

Those who noted the presence of our own train-crew at their corner table merely smiled, but, alas! one young girl sprang up. There was a startled cry, a crash of china, and then she was flying out of the door, across the open space straight toward the track and the moving cars. "Come back! stop!" cried many voices. The train-men leapt to their feet and dashed after her. The gray-haired conductor shouted: "Child! child! for God Almighty's sake, that's not your train." I heard one great, united, agonizing shout of "Don't! don't" cut across by a shrill shriek that something stopped in mid-utterance, then silence fell. My husband's arm was about me, his shaken voice was saying quietly: "Turn the other way, Clara; we will just go back by that lower path," and sick at heart I realized he was trying to spare me the sight of something on the upper path. Two fainting women were being carried back to our train. Then, as I knew he would do, the porter came to me, gray looking and stammering, to tell me all he knew of the dreadful happening: "For God, Miss Cla'h," he said, "dat 's de worst t'ing I've seen yet. Dat little, red-cheeked girl, only sixteen years old, jist out from Ireland, poor and pretty, friendless and — and dere she lies, white as a stone image," he gulped hard a moment, "with one leg left for her to hobble on like a little hurt sparrow!"

"Oh, poor child! poor little Irish lass! crippled in a strange land!" I whispered tearfully. Dreadful details were given till I begged for mercy. Then he assured me she had been going out to service, and was alone in the world. They would take her to the hospital in 'Frisco now, "but Lord, Miss Cla'h, dey don't keep 'em dere long, and den what's to 'come of her? And even in de hospital it's hard to be without a cent!"

"But," I asked, "has not that wealthy California lady offered to help her?"

"No, mum, she hasn't!" he snapped angrily.

"Perhaps she has not heard her story yet?" I suggested.

"Yes, she has, too!" he contradicted. I heard de conductor telling her, and she said

'it was very sad, and such mishaps were trying to delicate nerves,' but she never offered a picayune for her help."

I found in the almost empty maw of my pocket-book one lean, lonely five-dollar bill, but an idea came to me. I begged the porter to get me an envelope, and then scribbled on a card: "For one month I can be found at the Palace Hotel or at the Baldwin Theater. A note from your doctor or nurse will command any service in my power, any comfort or convenience you may need, and pray have no hesitation in addressing one who sympathizes with you from her heart." The bill and the card I slipped into the envelope and the porter promised to put it into the afflicted girl's hand. He came back directly to say that, drugged with opiates, she was unconscious, but he had pinned the envelope to the bosom of her gown.

When I felt a little less shaken I tried once more to resume my study. Some hours had passed when, oh, good gracious! the wretched porter came to my room and, stammering and stuttering broken apologies for "de mistake" and blaming "some fool fellow that told him so anyhow," he gave me a letter. I read and I burned from my head to my feet. There was a five-dollar bill inclosed — not mine, as I saw at a glance, but still a bill for five dollars—and the note said: "My poor young niece was sent out to us to become our daughter, if she felt contented here, and I came a day's ride up the road to meet and welcome her, and I have found a maimed and, I greatly fear, a dying child. A mistaken story reached every ear, but no one heeded it but you. So long as we live we will keep that bill, and will preserve the generous promise you made to one you believed to be penniless and forlorn." And this was signed by a well-known and wealthy citizen of San Francisco.

Oh, me! I must have had an expressive face for, though I never spoke one word, as I glanced up at the porter he cried out: "W-why, w-why, Miss Cla'h, for de Lord's sake, w-hy don't!" and incontinently fled.

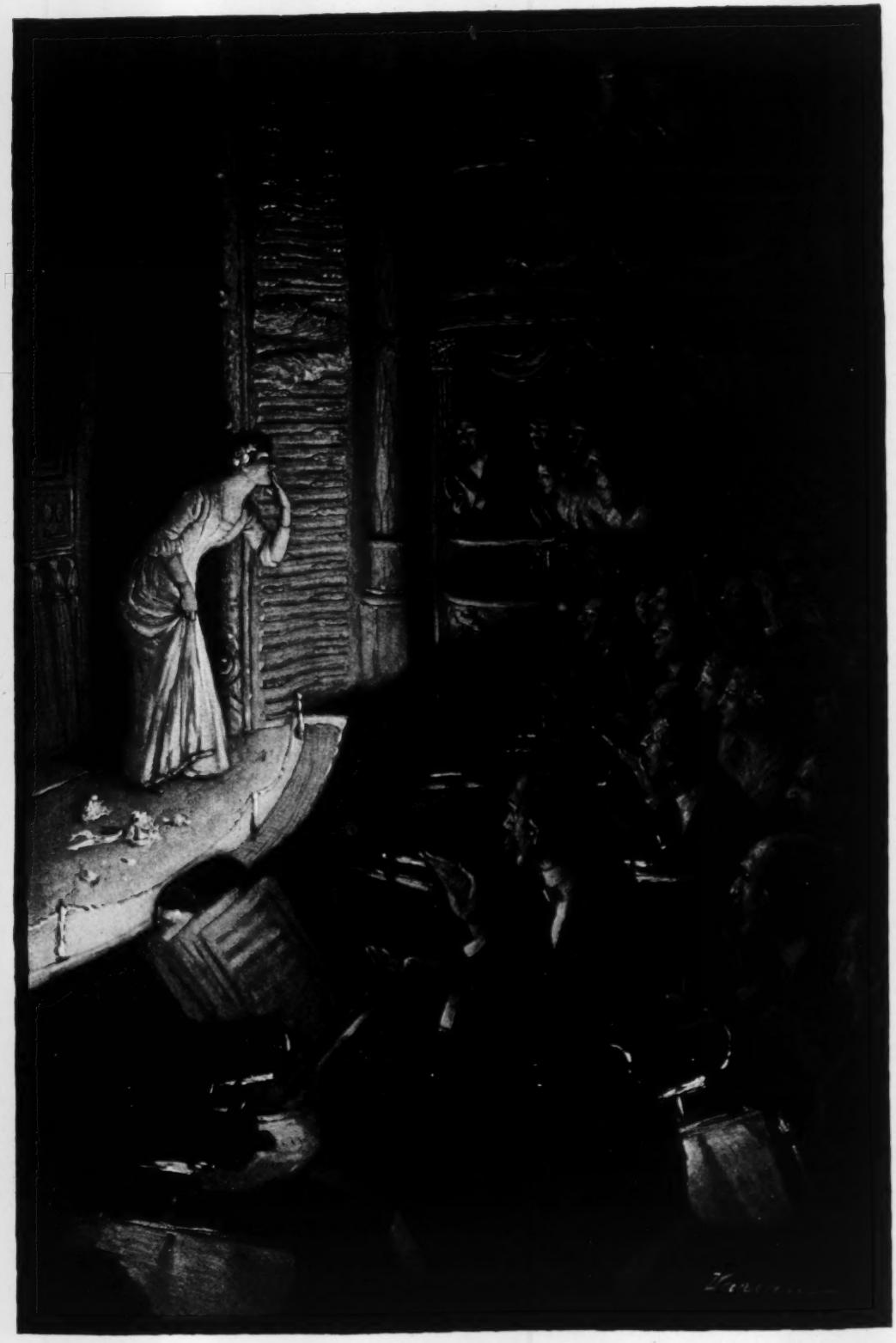
I heaved a great sigh of relief when, at last, I reached my rooms at the hotel, for heaven only knows what might have happened had the journey lasted a day longer!

And then began an almost killing week of acting by night, of rehearsing by day, with all the time that deadly, nauseating fear of failure.

There is no body of American people who can enthuse with such utter abandon as a California crowd. They enjoy their own generosity; they are adepts in the delicate, delightful hypocrisy of successful hostesses. They will welcome you with such shining eyes, such becks and nods and radiantly wreathed smiles, that the "poor player" feels a sort of "Willie we have missed you" atmosphere inclosing him; and for the moment he will actually believe that these people have spoken of him in their homes, have looked forward to his coming, and his heart will be touched and grateful; and they seeing that will be pleased that *he* is pleased. Thus they are atuned, all keyed up to concert pitch, and, with half a play to work out, a great occasion may be expected. Do not think them lacking in the critical faculty. They are as sensitively alert to catch the author's meaning as the artist's expression. They have, too, a sturdy independence of judgment. A thousand nights run in the East will not induce them to accept a play that displeases them. They decline to follow a leader, but they are warm, they are genial, they are emotional. And what is so contagious as enthusiasm? There is much foreign blood there and its "bravas!" and "bravos!" are frequent and add a peculiar note of triumph to a burst of applause. The California audience when aroused enjoys its own excitement, and it is a joy indeed to act well enough to arouse it.

At the last rehearsal I stood a woful moment and then burst out: "Oh, boys and girls! this won't do! You must not drag if you want me to succeed, and I know you do. You must rush the house. I don't mean you are to gabble your lines, but be sincere, intense, swift. You, Miss Wilton, have this adventuress to represent; it is a great part. Play it desperately, remembering that if you win you are established for life amid sumptuous surroundings, in social security; if you fail, you face a house of correction, or the lowest slums known to ruined gamblers. Play it with desperate determination. Here is a great opportunity. If you can take the play away from me, do it, only, for heaven's sake, never let down for a moment! We will try this act again."

The night came, the house was packed. The first act, which was not any too brilliant in action, was laid out cold and dead by the hand of the electrician, who, in his desire to get an effect from the lighted city of



"WE SUCCEEDED IN STAMPEDING THE AUDIENCE"

Aix-les-Bains in the distance, kept the stage in semi-darkness. Oh, it was dreadful! One could not distinguish the colors of the costumes, to say nothing of the expression of the faces. I heard the leading man growling off to some one: "This is a nice, large, wet blanket spread over us, isn't it?" And under all my gentle, pure-minded, self-sacrificing speeches seethed a burning desire to exterminate by the sword's edge the entire race of electricians.

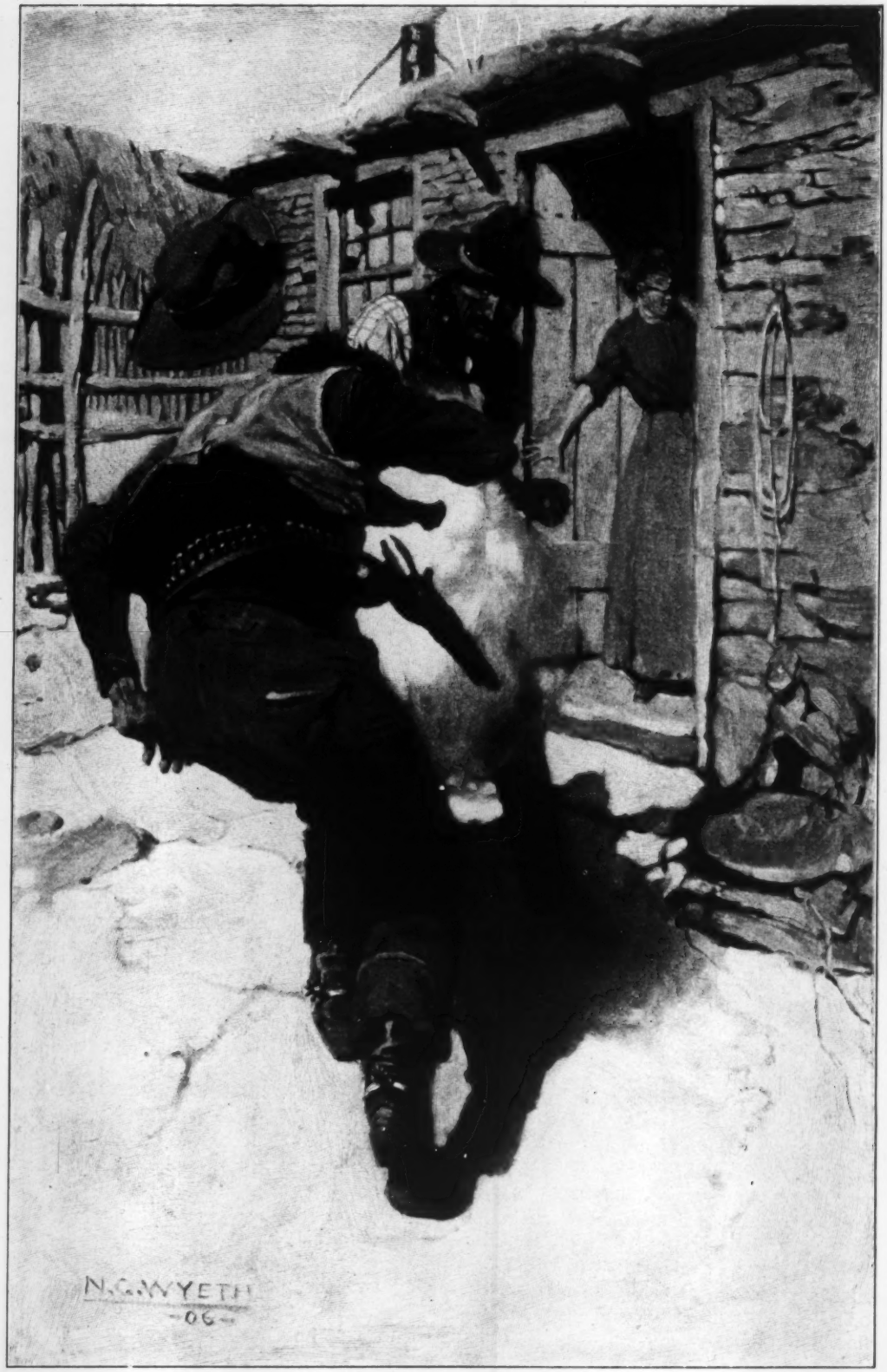
There was some courteous applause at the curtain's fall, but wild horses could not have dragged me before the curtain. Shaking with silent anger, sick with terror for the next act's fate, I waved people away and rushed to my distant room to change. As I was going out my maid, discreetly silent, offered a small cup of coffee. I drank it and with a brief thanks went to meet my fate, for somehow I felt all hung upon the acceptance of that act. I had a curious, numb feeling, my brain seemed blank of every memory or thought save the coming shooting. I wondered dully if that was madness. Then the act was on. I do not remember anything about it until, in hurling myself upon my husband, struggling to reach the revolver, a voice that did not seem to be mine, in such piercing anguish, cried: "For God's sake, you would not fire upon an unarmed man?" Then a mortal terror seemed to possess, to shake me to and fro. The shot was fired, the charge of infidelity made! Then the physical horror of the dead brother lying there that, to my imagination, bore the face of the fair-haired bad man of the train. The anguished dread of my mother being suspected, followed by the demand of the husband: "Confess — you loved him!" pointing at the victim of his rage.

Suddenly I changed my answer, that should have been: "Yes, I loved him!" into the more subtle one with its double meaning: "Yes, he loved me!" Then, in a sort of mad defiance of my mother's honor, my father's shame, my husband's rage, I repeated again and yet again the words: "He loved me. the dead man loved me, yes!" with the ever-rising cry of utterest hysteria: "*He loved me!*" The curtain was falling, but the shrieked-out self-accusation went madly on: "*The dead man loved me!*" until finally it was heard faintly through the fallen curtain. Then I caught up my skirts and staggered to my room, leaving the actors amazed by this unrehearsed outburst, standing in their places.

Many times I laughed afterward over Dr. Campbell Shorb's telling of how that night I was under his care, and how he came to my room to see if his aid was needed. He used to say: "I rushed around there from the front, with my eyes sticking out of my head far enough to harg your hat on, and that patient of mine came reeling up to me and laid a hand as cold as a dead frog into mine and, with great, scared, blank eyes staring out of a chalk-white face, she gasps: 'What are they thinking out there, doctor?' 'Thinking?' I replied, 'why, good God, they're past thinking! They haven't any sense left. They are standing up howling like hungry wolves. And what in thunder are you doing here?'

"Just then the call-boy and the prompter came butting up together, roaring out: 'Miss Morris! Miss Morris! Oh, please hurry, please!' and she turned and fled down the stage. I stood in the room and I'm blest if it wasn't just like a madhouse, with the inmates extra bad. Roar, roar, then a frantic howl! Roar, roar, howl! and I understood presently this meant her coming and going before the curtain. I tell you it was impressive even away up there. At last she came back, flushed, smiling, beaming. Now listen. At sight of me she gave a little start and said: 'Oh, good evening, doctor,' gave me a thin, hot hand, and added: 'Do you know, I believe the play will go, after all!' I 'm blest if she even remembered having seen me before that night! She had been half mad with anxiety. By Jove! a woman earns all she gets in such nerve-racking work as that!"

He was right. I did not remember the first meeting. The play was a success. Failing in the East, it triumphed in San Francisco. We succeeded in stampeding the audience. The papers pointed out, as in duty bound, the weak points in the story, but every soul who wept and reared up on end and roared approval at our swift, tensely earnest presentation of it advertised the play and the players, and for years after "Renée de Moray" was "my bunkie," or at least she was one of them.




"AT THE SAME TIME HAHN PULLED HIS GUN AND SHOT HIM THROUGH THE MIDDLE"

# ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC

## THE RANCH FOREMAN'S YARN: THE CATTLE RUSTLER STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

DAWN broke, so we descended through wet grasses to the cañon. There, after some difficulty, we managed to start a fire, and so ate breakfast, the rain still pouring down on us. About nine o'clock, with miraculous suddenness, the torrent stopped. It began to turn cold. The Cattleman and I decided to climb to the top of the butte after meat, which we entirely lacked.

It was rather a stiff ascent, but once above the sheer cliffs we found ourselves on a rolling meadow table-land, a half-mile broad by, perhaps, a mile and a half in length. Grass grew high; here and there were small, live oaks planted park-like; slight and rounded ravines accommodated brooklets. As we walked back, the edges blended in the edges of the mesa across the cañon. The deep gorges, which had heretofore seemed the most prominent elements of the scenery, were lost. We stood, apparently, in the middle of a wide and undulating plain, diversified by little ridges, and running with a free sweep to the very foot of the snowy Galiuros. It seemed as though we should be able to ride horseback in almost any given direction. Yet we knew that ten minutes walk would take us to the brink of most stupendous chasms — so deep that the water flowing in them hardly seemed to move; so rugged that only with the greatest difficulty could a horseman make his way through the country at all; and yet so ancient that the bottoms supported forests, rich grasses, and rounded, gentle knolls. It was a most astonishing set of double impressions.

"I SAW HIS HORSE JUMP BACK, DODGIN' A RATTLESNAKE OR SOMETHIN'"

We succeeded in killing a nice, fat, white-tail buck, and so returned to camp happy. The rain held off. We dug ditches, organized shelters, cooked a warm meal. For the next day we planned a bear hunt afoot, far up a manzanita cañon where Uncle Jim knew of some "holing up" caves.

But when we awoke in the morning we threw aside our coverings with some difficulty to look on a ground covered with snow; trees laden almost to the breaking point with snow; and the air filled with it.

"No bear to-day," said the Cattleman.

"No," agreed Uncle Jim dryly. "No b'ar. And what's more, unless yo're aimin' to stop here somewhat of a spell, we'll have to make out to-day."

We cooked with freezing fingers, ate while dodging avalanches from the trees, and packed reluctantly. The ropes were frozen, the hobbles stiff, everything either crackling or wet. Finally the task was finished. We took a last warming of the fingers, and climbed on.

The country was wonderfully beautiful with the white not yet shaken from the trees and rock ledges. Also it was wonderfully slippery. The snow was soft enough to ball under the horses' hoofs, so that most of the time the poor animals skated and stumbled along on stilts. Thus we made our way back over ground which, naked of these difficulties, we had considered bad enough. Imagine riding along a slant of rock shelving off to a bad tumble, so steep that your pony has to do more or less expert ankle work to keep from slipping off sideways. During the passage of that rock you are apt to sit very light. Now cover it with several inches of snow, stick a snowball on each hoof of your mount, and try again. When you have ridden it — or its duplicate — a few score of times, select a steep mountain side, cover it with round rocks the size of your head, and over that spread a concealing blanket of the same sticky snow. You may vary these to the limits of your imagination.

Once across the divide, we ran into a new sort of trouble. You may remember that on our journey over we had been forced to travel for some distance in a narrow streambed. During our passage we had scrambled up some rather steep and rough slopes; and hopped up some fairly high ledges. Now we found the heretofore dry bed flowing a good eight inches deep. The steep slopes had become cascades; the ledges, waterfalls. When we came to them, we had to "shoot the rapids" as best we could, only to land with a *plunk* in an indeterminately deep pool at the bottom. Some of the pack horses went down, sousing again our unfortunate bedding, but by the grace of fortune not a saddle pony lost his feet.

After a time the gorge widened. We came out into the box cañon with its trees. Here the water spread and shoaled to a depth of only two or three inches. We splashed along gaily enough, for with the exception of an occasional quicksand or boggy spot, our troubles were over.

Jed Parker and I happened to ride side by side, bringing up the rear and seeing to it that the pack animals did not stray nor linger. As we passed the first of the rustlers' corrals, he called my attention to them.

"Go take a look," said he. "We only got those fellows out of here a few years ago."

I rode over. At this point the rim-rock broke to admit the ingress of a ravine into the main cañon. Riding a short distance up the ravine I could see that it ended abruptly in a perpendicular cliff. As the sides also were precipitous, it became necessary only to build a fence across the entrance into the main cañon to become possessed of a corral completely closed in. Remembering the absolute invisibility of these sunken cañons until the rider is almost directly over them; and also the extreme roughness and remoteness of the district, I could see that the spot was admirably adapted to concealment.

"There's quite a yarn about the gang that held this hole," said Jed Parker to me when I had ridden back to him. "I'll tell you about it sometime."

We climbed the hill, descended on the Double R, built a fire in the stove, dried out, and were happy. After a square meal — and a dry one — I reminded Jed Parker of his promise, and so, sitting cross-legged on his "so-gun" in the middle of the floor, he told us the following yarn:

There's a good deal of romance been written about the "bad man," and there's about the same amount of nonsense. The bad man is just a plain murderer, neither more nor less. He never does get into a real, good, plain, stand-up gun fight if he can possibly help it. His killin's are done from behind a door, or when he's got his man dead to rights. There's Sam Cook. You've all heard of him. He had nerve, of course, and

when he was backed into a corner he made good; and he was sure sudden death with a gun. But when he went out for a man deliberate, he didn't take no special chances. For a while he was marshal at Willets. Pretty soon it was noted that there was a heap of cases of resisting arrest, where Sam as marshal had to shoot, and that those cases almost always happened to be his personal enemies. Of course, that might be all right, but it looked suspicious. Then one day he killed poor old Max Schmidt out behind his own saloon. Called him out and shot him in the stomach. Said Max resisted arrest on a warrant for keepin' open out of hours! That was a sweet warrant to take out in Willets, anyway! Mrs. Schmidt always claimed that she saw that deal played, and that while they were talkin' perfectly peaceable, Cook let drive from the hip at about two yards range. Anyway, we decided we needed another marshal. Nothin' else was ever done, for the Vigilantes hadn't been formed, and your individual and decent citizen doesn't care to be marked by a bad man of that stripe. Leastways, unless he wants to go in for bad-man methods and do a little ambusheein' on his own account.

The point is, that these yere bad men are a low-down, miserable proposition, and plain, cold-blood murderers, willin' to wait for a sure thing, and without no compunctions whatever. The bad man takes you unawares, when your sleepin', or talkin', or drinkin', or lookin' to see what for a day its goin' to be, anyway. He don't give you no show, and sooner or later he's goin' to get you in the safest and easiest way for himself. There ain't no romance about that.

And, until you've seen a few men called out of their shacks for a friendly conversation, and shot when they happen to look away; or asked for a drink of water and killed when they stoop to the spring; or potted from behind as they go into a room, it's pretty hard to believe that any man can be so plumb lackin' in fair play or pity or just natural humanity.

As you boys know, I come in from Texas to Buck Johnson's about ten year back. I had a pretty good remuda of ponies that I knew, and I hated to let them go at prices they were offerin' then, so I made up my mind to ride across and bring them in with me. It wasn't so awful far, and I figured that I'd like to take in what New Mexico looked like anyway.

About down by Albuquerque I tracked up with another outfit headed my way. There was five of them, three men, and a woman, and a yearlin' baby. They had a dozen hosses, and that was about all I could see. There was only two packed, and no wagon. I suppose the whole outfit — pots, pans, and kettles — was worth five dollars. It was just supper when I run across them, and it didn't take more'n one look to discover that flour, coffee, sugar, and salt was all they carried. A yearlin' carcass, half-skinned, lay near, and the fry-pan was full of meat.

"Howdy, strangers," says I, ridin' up.

They nodded a little, but didn't say nothin'. My hosses fell to grazin', and I eased myself around in my saddle and made a cigareet. The men was tall, lank fellows, with kind of sullen faces, and sly, shifty eyes; the woman was dirty and generally mussed up. I knowed that sort all right. Texas was gettin' too many fences for them.

"Havin' supper?" says I cheerful.

One of 'em grunted "yes" at me; and, after a while, the biggest asked me very grudgin' if I wouldn't light and eat. I told them "no," that I was travelin' in the cool of the evenin'.

"You seem to have more meat than you need, though," says I. "I could use a little of that."

"Help yourself," says they. "It's a maverick we come across."

I took a steak and noted that the hide had been mighty well cut to ribbons around the flanks, and that the head was gone.

"Well," says I to the carcass, "no one's goin' to be able to swear whether you're a maverick or not, but I bet you knew the feel of a brandin' iron all right."

I gave them a thank-you, and climbed on again. My hosses acted some surprised at bein' gathered up again, but I couldn't help that.

"It looks like a plumb imposition, cavallos," says I to them, "after an all-day, but you sure don't want to join that outfit any more than I do the angels, and if we camp here we're likely to do both."

I didn't see them any more after that until I'd hit the Lazy Y, and had started in running cattle in the Soda Springs Valley. Larry Eagen and I rode together those days, and that's how I got to know him pretty well. One day, over in the Elm Flat, we ran smack on this Texas outfit again, headed north. This time I was on my own range, and I

knew where I stood, so I could show a little more curiosity in the case.

"Well, you got this far," says I.

"Yes," says they.

"Where you headed?"

"Over towards the hills."

"What to do?"

"Make a ranch, raise some truck; perhaps buy a few cows."

They went on.

"Truck farmin'," says I to Larry "is fine prospects in this country."

He sat on his horse lookin' after them.

"I'm sorry for them," says he. "It must be almighty hard scratchin'."

Well, we rode the range for upwards of two year. In that time we saw our Texas friends — name of Hahn — two or three times in Willets, and heard of them off and on. They bought an old brand of Steve McWilliams for seventy-five dollars, carryin' six or eight head of cows. After that, from time to time, we heard of them buyin' more — two or three head from one man, and two or three from another. They branded them all with that McWilliams iron — T O — so, pretty soon, we began to see the cattle on the range.

Now, a good cattleman knows cattle just as well as you know people, and he can tell them about as far off. Horned critters look alike to you, but even in a country supportin' a good many thousand head, a man used to the business can recognize most every individual as far as he can see him. Some is better than others at it. I suppose you really have to be brought up to it. So we boys at the Lazy Y noted all the cattle with the new T O, and could estimate pretty close that the Hahn outfit might own, maybe, thirty-five head all told.

That was all very well, and nobody had any kick comin'. Then, one day in the spring, we came across our first "sleeper."

What's a sleeper? A sleeper is a calf that has been ear-marked, but not branded. Every owner has a certain brand, as you know, and then he crops and slits the ears in a certain way, too. In that manner he don't have to look at the brand, except to corroborate the ears; and, as the critter generally sticks his ears up inquirin'-like to any one ridin' up, its easy to know the brand without lookin' at it merely from the ear-marks. Once in a great while, when a man comes across an unbranded calf, and it ain't handy to build a fire, he just ear-marks it and let's the brandin' go till later. But it isn't done often; and our outfit had strict orders never to make sleepers.

Well, one day in the spring, as I say, Larry and me was ridin', when we came across a Lazy Y cow and calf. The little fellow was ear-marked all right, so we rode on, and never would have discovered nothin' if a bush rabbit hadn't jumped and scared the calf right across in front of our hosses. Then we couldn't help but see that there wasn't no brand.

Of course we roped him and put the iron on him. I took the chance to look at his ears and saw that the marking had been done quite recent, so when we got in that night I reported to Buck Johnson that one of the punchers was gettin' lazy and sleeperin'. Naturally he went after the man who had done it; but every puncher swore up and down and back and across that he'd branded every calf he'd had a rope on that spring. We put it down that some one was lyin', and let it go at that.

And then, about a week later, one of the other boys reported a triangle H sleeper. The triangle H was the Goodrich brand, so we didn't have nothin' to do with that. Some of them might be sleeperin' for all we knew. Three other cases of the same kind we happened across that same spring.

So far, so good. Sleepers runnin' in such numbers was a little astonishin', but nothin' suspicious. Cattle did well that summer, and when we come to round up in the fall, we cut out maybe a dozen of those T O cattle that had strayed out of that Hahn country. Of the dozen there was five grown cows, and seven yearlin'.

"My Lord, Jed," says Buck to me. "They's a heap of these youngsters comin' over our way."

But still as a young critter is more apt to stray than an old one that's got his range established, we didn't lay no great store by that neither. The Hahns took their bunch, and that's all there was to it.

Next spring though we found a few more sleepers, and one day we came on a cow that had gone dead lame. That was usual, too, but Buck, who was with me, had somethin' on his mind. Finally he turned back and roped her and threw her.

"Look here, Jed," says he, "what do you make of this?"

I could see where the hind legs below the hocks had been burned.

"Looks like somebody had roped her by the hind feet," says I.

"Might be," says he, "but her bein' lame that way makes it look more like hobbles."

So we didn't say nothin' more about that neither, until just by luck we came on another lame cow. We threw her, too.

"Well, what do you think of this one?" Buck Johnson asks me.

"The feet is pretty well tore up," says I, "and down to the quick; but I've see them tore up just as bad on the rocks when they come down out of the mountains."

You sabe what that meant, don't you? You see, a rustler will take a cow and hobble her, or lame her so she can't follow, and then he'll take her calf a long ways off and brand it with his iron. Of course, if we was to see a calf of one brand followin' of a cow with another, it would be just too easy to guess what had happened.

We rode on mighty thoughtful. There couldn't be much doubt that cattle rustlers was at work. The sleepers they had ear-marked, hopin' that no one would discover the lack of a brand. Then, after the calf was weaned, and quit followin' of his mother, the rustler would brand it with his own iron, and change its ear-mark to match. It made a nice, easy way of gettin' together a bunch of cattle cheap.

But it was pretty hard to guess off-hand who the rustlers might be. There were a lot of renegades down toward the Mexican line who made a raid once in a while, and a few oilers livin' near had water-holes in the foot-hills, and any amount of little cattle holders, like this T O outfit, and any of them wouldn't shy very hard at a little sleeperin' on the side. Buck Johnson told us all to watch out, and passed the word quiet among the big owners to try and see whose cattle seemed to have too many calves for the number of cows.

The Texas outfit I'm tellin' you about had settled up above in this Double R cañon where I showed you those natural corrals this morning. They'd built them a 'dobe, and cleared some land, and planted a few trees, and made an irrigated patch for alfalfa. Nobody never rode over his way very much, cause the country was most too rough for cattle, and our ranges lay farther to the southward. Now, however, we began to extend our ridin' a little. I was down towards Dos Cabezos to look over the cattle there, and they used to send Larry up into the Double R country. One evenin' he took me to one side.

"Look here, Jed," says he, "I know you pretty well, and I'm not ashamed to say that I'm all new at this cattle business — in fact, I haven't been at it more'n a year. What should be the proportion of cows to calves anyhow?"

"There ought to be about twice as many cows as there're calves," I tells him.

"Then, with only about fifty head of grown cows there ought not to be an equal number of yearlin's?"

"I should say not," says I. "What are you drivin' at?"

"Nothin' yet," says he.

A few days later he tackled me again.

"Jed," says he, "I'm not good, like you fellows are, at knowin' one cow from another, but there's a calf down there branded T O that I'd pretty near swear I saw with an X Y cow last month. I wish you could come down with me."

We got that fixed easy enough, and for the next month rammed around through this broken country, lookin' for evidence. I saw enough to satisfy me to a moral certainty, but nothin' for a sheriff; and, of course, we couldn't go shoot up a peaceful rancher on mere suspicion. Finally, one day, we run on a four-months' calf all by himself, with the T O iron onto him — a mighty healthy lookin' calf, too.

"Wonder where *his* mother is!" says I.

"Maybe it's a 'dogie,'" says Larry Eagen — we calls calves whose mothers have died "dogies."

"No," says I, "I don't hardly think so. A dogie is always under size and poor, and he's layin' around water-holes, and he always has a big, sway belly onto him. No, this is no dogie; and if it's an honest calf, there sure ought to be a T O cow around somewhere."

So we separated to have a good look. Larry rode up on the edge of a little rim-rock. In a minute I saw his horse jump back, dodgin' a rattlesnake or somethin', and then fall back out of sight. I jumped my hoss up there tur'ble quick, and looked over, expectin' to see nothin' but mangled remains. It was only about fifteen foot down, but I couldn't see bottom 'count of some brush.

"Are you all right?" I yells.

"Yes, yes!" cries Larry, "but for the love of God get down here as quick as you can."

I hopped off my hoss, and scrambled down somehow.

"Hurt?" says I as soon as I lit.

"Not a bit — look here."

There was a dead cow with the Lazy Y on her flank.

"And a bullet-hole in her forehead," adds Larry. "And, look here, that T O calf was bald-faced, and so was this cow."

"Reckon we found our sleepers," says I.

So, there we was. Larry had to lead his cavallo down the barranca to the main cañon. I followed along on the rim, waitin' until a place gave me a chance to get down, too, or Larry a chance to get up. We were talkin' back and forth when, all at once, Larry shouted again.

"Big game this time," he yells. "Here's a cave and a mountain lion squallin' in it."

I slid down to him at once, and we drew our six-shooters and went up to the cave openin', right under the rim-rock. There, sure enough, were fresh lion tracks, and we could hear a little faint cryin' like a woman.

"First chance," claims Larry, and dropped to his hands and knees at the entrance.

"Well, d—— me!" he cries, and crawls in at once, payin' no attention to me tellin' him to be more cautious. In a minute he backed out, carryin' a three-year-old girl.

"We seem to be in for adventures today," says he. "Now, where do you suppose that came from, and how did it get here?"

"Well," says I, "I've followed lion tracks where they've carried yearlin's across their backs like a fox does a goose. They're tur'ble strong."

"But where did she come from?" he wonders.

"As for that," says I, "don't you remember now that T O outfit had a yearlin' kid when it came into the country?"

"That's right," says he. "It's only a mile down the cañon. I'll take it home. They must be most distracted about it."

So I scratched up to the top where my pony was waitin'. It was a tur'ble hard climb, and I most had to have hooks on my eyebrows to get up at all. It's easier to slide down than to climb back. I dropped my gun out of my holster, and she went way to the bottom, but I wouldn't have gone back for six guns. Larry picked it up for me.

So we went along, me on the rim-rock and around the barrancas, and Larry in the bottom carryin' of the kid.

By and by we came to the ranch house, so I stopped to wait. The minute Larry hove in sight everybody was out to once, and in two winks the woman had that baby. They didn't see me at all, but I could hear, plain enough, what they said. Larry told how he had found her in the cave, and all about the lion tracks, and the woman cried and held the kid close to her, and thanked him about forty times. Then when she'd wore the edge off a little, she took the kid inside to feed it or somethin'.

"Well," says Larry, still laughin', "I must hit the trail."

"You say you found her up the Double R?" asks Hahn. "Was it that cave near the three cottonwoods?"

"Yes," says Larry.

"Where'd you get into the cañon?"

"Oh, my hoss slipped off into the barranca just above."

"The barranca just above," repeats Hahn lookin' straight at him.

Larry took one step back.

"You ought to be almighty glad I got into the cañon at all." says he.

Hahn stepped up, holdin' out his hand.

"That's right," says he. "You done us a good turn there."

Larry took his hand. At the same time Hahn pulled his gun and shot him through the middle.

It was all so sudden and unexpected that I stood there paralyzed. Larry fell forward the way a man mostly will when he's hit in the stomach, but somehow he jerked loose a gun and got it off twice. He didn't hit nothin', and I reckon he was dead before he hit the ground. And there he had my gun, and I was about as useless as a pocket in a shirt!

No, sir, you can talk as much as you please, but the killer is a low-down ornery scrub, and he don't hesitate at no treachery or ingratitude to keep his carcass safe.

Jed Parker ceased talking. The dusk had fallen in the little room, and dimly could be seen the recumbent figures lying at ease on their blankets. The ranch foreman was sitting bolt upright, cross-legged. A faint glow from his pipe barely distinguished his features.

"What became of the rustlers?" I asked him.

"Well, sir, that is the queer part. Hahn himself, who had done the killin', skipped

out. We got out warrants, of course, but they never got served. He was a sort of half outlaw from that time, and was killed finally in the train hold-up of '97. But the others we tried for rustling. We didn't have much of a case, as the law went then, and they'd have gone free if the woman hadn't turned evidence against them. The killing was too much for her. And as the precedent held good in a lot of other rustlin' cases, Larry's death was really the beginnin' of law and order in the cattle business."

We smoked. The last light suddenly showed red against the grimy window. Windy Bill arose and looked out the door

"Boys," said he returning, "she's cleared off. We can get back to the ranch tomorrow."

*(The next story of this series, "Cyclone Bill's Yarn, The Mining Camp Story," will be published in May)*

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# ON THE RANCH

## BY MOIRA O'NEILL

### I—THE LAST OF WINTER

OH, not for us the primrose faint, the south wind's *hush-a-low*
Down shining aisles of the beech trees that knew us years ago!
Here there's a long, long silence, and the dumbly falling snow.

The prairie rolls away, away, the hills are covered deep,
The water springs in the coulées are sleeping a frozen sleep,
The sun-days glimmer for a storm; how long shall winter keep?

Among the hungry cattle 'tis weary work to ride
And see the weak-kneed mothers go stumbling side by side,
Nuzzling under the crusted snow for where new grass may hide.

There's not a blade of green yet, the last year's growth is rank,
Sodden and brown beneath the snow on hill and bottom and bank,
Every horse is a brute this month, and every man is a crank.

Only the evening hours are good, when two can sit apart
Within the light of the fire they lit, cursing the winter's smart;
The hand is warm in another hand, the heart is safe with a heart.

### II—THE FIRST OF SPRING

There was a sound of whistling wings over the house last night,
And the wild duck dropped in the creek below, resting upon his flight;
Now the mallard with his emerald neck is swimming round in the light.

A warm wind from the mountains came pouring like a tide,
The strong Chinook has broken the heart of winter's icy pride,
And the snow has all gone up like smoke from a prairie sunny and wide.

Here are gray buds of the crocus, but shut and silvery dim,
Along the creek there are mouse-ears on the willows red and slim;
A blue tit feeds there upside down in the manner approved by him.

Hill snows melt and rush in streams bubbling and dark as wine;
Cattle are drifting out of the hills, well do we know that sign!
And soft clouds blowing across the blue have a beauty half divine.

New grass and sweet will soon be here, and the patient herd grow strong,
They will forget the cruel frost and all the winter's wrong;
None can be glad as we are glad unless they have waited as long.

# WITTE:
# A GREAT MAN FACING FAILURE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," "WHAT AILS RUSSIA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

ONE Czar after another has had need of him, and to each one he has done good service. But the weakest of them has overtaxed him, and to-day Sergius Yulievitch Witte Count and Minister, is a man who has failed. His great work as a fiscal strategist, his dramatic achievements as a diplomatist, these avail him nothing, for they but buttressed the autocracy which he was called upon to save and could not. Whatsoever his claim to a place of honor in history, he knows, and knows with a sereneness of ineffectual effort, of staled hope, and sterile endeavor, that his greatest task was beyond him.

### *Not the Man He Was at Portsmouth*

There was a deputation of working-men that visited him in December of last year, when every issue in Russia was fogged with the miasma of revolt. He had been forced to hear them, and they filed into his vast room in the Winter Palace where he has been allotted quarters, and took the chairs that were ranged for them opposite his desk. He sat in his place, his big head propped on a hand, and watched them as they came with something of a frown of thoughtfulness. He was tall and massive as ever, with a fluff of ill-kept beard finishing his rugged, harsh face whence the wonderful eyes looked out inscrutably; but he was not the purposeful man that had set out for America at the beginning of the year, with a mind already clenched for the fight of wits. There was a clouding of doubt upon him; he seemed to be groping for a clue to the convictions and activities of these men who should have been so plastic to his moulding, but who were not. He seemed to be wondering, guessing fearfully; he was not incisive, not direct as of old. Indeed, in his attitude and the slowness of his speech there was something strange, suggestive of an appeal, of the deprecation of a man who has been taken off his guard and is held at a disadvantage.

The audience came to nothing; it was merely an incident in a series of negotiations, and presently the deputation went away. Each man ducked his head in a habit of deference as he passed the great man, and Count Witte sat watching them go, nodding to each salute. There was still that wonder on his face, that weakness of doubt; it made me realize suddenly, as a thing not known before, that he was an old man, heavy with years. It spiced one's thoughts of him with pity, as for something fine and sturdy that has been mishandled and ill-used. Big and gross and bowed, he is a strong man and a great one; and here he is at his finish.

### *Doomed Now to Failure at the Summit of His Career*

His commission to restore order in the country was given by the Czar personally soon after M. Witte had returned from his triumph over the Japanese plenipotentiaries in the United States. His career was then at its summit; the man who had started as a railroad official at Odessa was the first figure in Russia. The appointment had the more weight in that he was already unpopular with what is called the Court party — that group of highly placed men and Grand Dukes who are able to use the Czar directly, who create the atmosphere in which the autocrat moves and works. He has ever

been the butt of intrigue, and it is easy to believe that his mission in America and his success in it did nothing to reconcile those who have always seen in his rise an encroachment on their particular preserves. But he was too much the strong man of the moment to be passed over when the present crisis commenced to obtrude its problems and difficulties, and when the nature of his work is examined, one sees plenty of reasons why those who have persistently intrigued against him, and used all the force of high station and Royal birth to belittle his work, should have abstained from opposing his appointment. He was commissioned accordingly to restore order in Russia, to tranquilize the people with as little resort as possible to the traditional methods of reaction which are so unpopular with other Governments in Europe, and particularly without yielding one jot or tittle of the Imperial and autocratic privilege. He was to stay hungry stomachs with nothing more costly than words, to lighten the ship without the jettison of any of its burden. And he accepted the task.

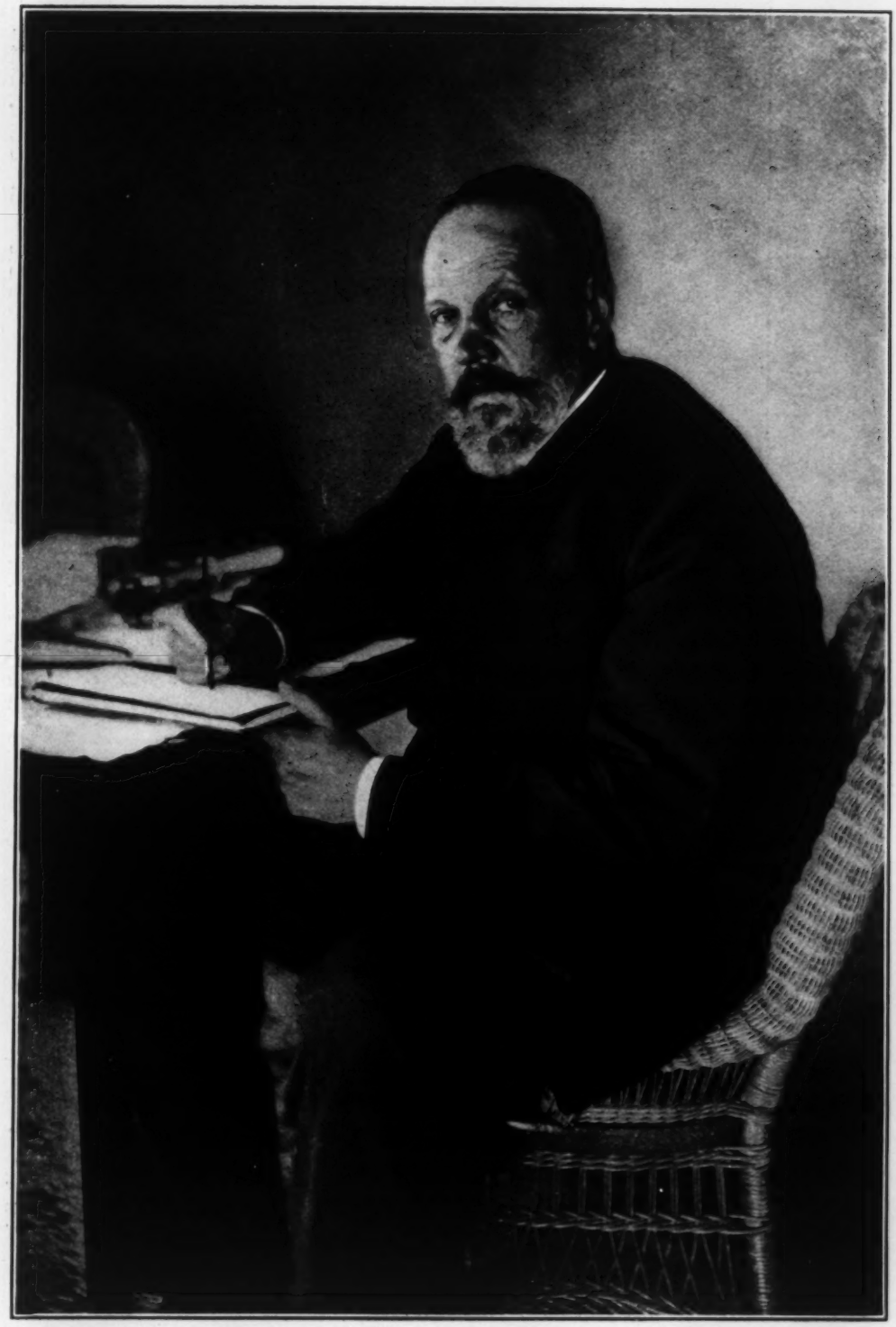
It was — it is — Herculean. To guage it accurately, one must discard the notion that the revolution in Russia is a matter of politics, that continental socialism is its source and motive force, that dreams and ethical science are alone at stake. It is no froth on the surface of life, this revolution; it is not manifested in the local unrest, the limited riots which are reported from day to day, whether in the streets of Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, or in the little fevered towns of the provinces. No; it is a natural process of national evolution, the struggle of a great people to move up another stage in the development of the race. Russia is moving on the very lines on which the Anglo-Saxon stem has emerged from the Ancient Britain, save that the Russian has much more to hamper him and weigh him down. This revolution is the uprising of human beings against the old, bloody falsity that men can be the owners of men, that enlightenment is for the few, and labor, service, and humility are the meed of the mass. This is Count Witte's difficulty. If only principles were in question, if it were a matter of the contagion of socialism, who, better than he, could answer the turbulent workmen and fog the dreary brains of the impatient peasants? But words will not avail here, and the only answer that will satisfy these importunates cannot be packed into careful phrases. He is a diplomatist lost among facts, a trafficker in words who is face to face with the brutality of unglossed actualities. It has broken him.

I heard a Russian speak of him in St. Petersburg, having just returned from visiting him at his official quarters. "This business identifies him definitely with the reactionaries," he said, "and Witte by no means relishes that. It was always his pose to be a buffer. But this is the end. De Plehve went out in flame; Witte will gutter out like a foul wick."

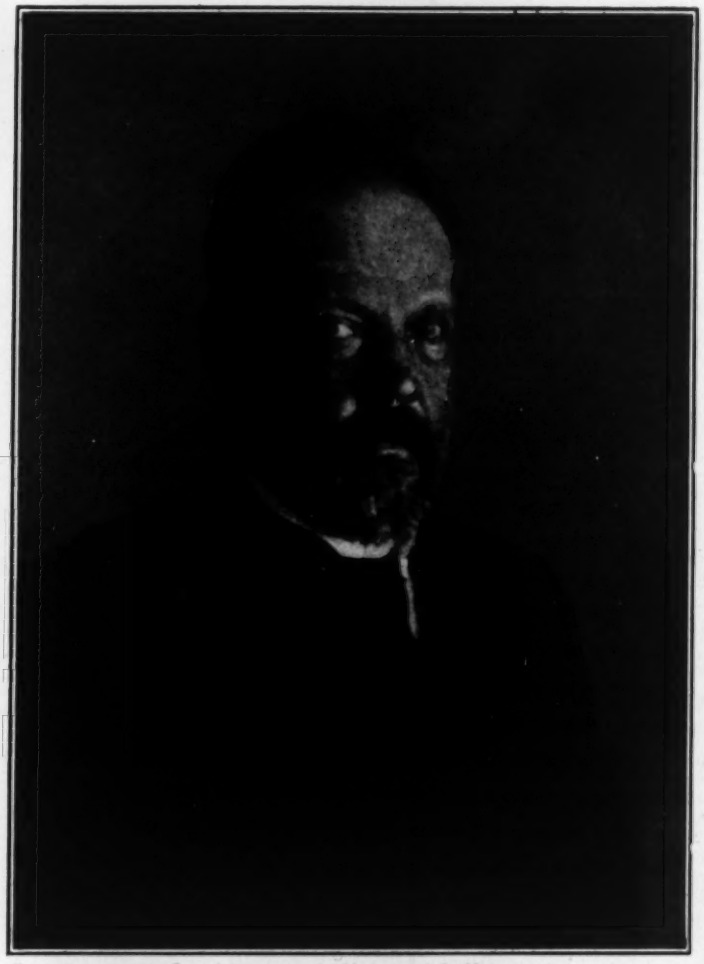
### *A Presence That Hides Rather Than Reveals the Real Witte*

Count Witte's personality is one which like his work, leaves one doubtful of the man it shields. His is a presence that screens rather than reveals the man who wears it. He is fifty-seven years of age, and until recently he carried his years lightly. It is only of late days that they have burdened him, when his other loads oppressed him and a touch of paralysis came as an index to the fearful strain under which he carries on his work. But it was a great man who accepted this great charge, a robust veteran of an iron frame, who has never wasted tissue on the littlenesses of social life, who bears to this day the imprint of rough work when he was young. He is over six feet in height, and when he straightens from a stoop that he has acquired he is yet a big and bulky man. He squares a pair of shoulders as thick through and as well-padded as those of a blacksmith. And his gray head is massive and brooding; he is a figure of the rudest, full-blooded force, slow in motion, incredibly ungainly in every action, with vast worn hands that swing athwartships as he walks.

He is almost contemptuously casual and careless in all matters that concern his attire and outward appearance. He has the completest, most unconscious disdain for these trifles and his clothes hang on him fortuitously. But all this is the mere supplement to the face that crowns the whole. Hairy and hard, with a beard ill-kept and a mustache *au diable*, the same ruggedness pervades it that characterizes his every feature. It is stolid, direct, and deeply lined; there is nothing of compromise in the expression, no art of grace, no study in the cast of it. So looms some oppressive village elder; so stares the man who is given



Serge Witte



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WITTE'S INSCRUTABLE, MESMERIC EYES

*"They are the eyes of an Oriental, wise with an infinite subtlety, discriminating pitilessly, discerning infallibly . . . in them lives the real Sergius Witte, the artist in the statesman, the wolf or the weasel in the man, the genius in the artisan. If it were anything but living truths, immune from doubt and double-dealing, that he had now to handle, how these twin fires would go to the heart of the thing and grip at once upon its weakness."*

to blurting forth the obvious; and so looks Count Witte, who is neither. The head is remarkable in that it is quite flat behind, rising from the neck to the crown with no curve. And then, there are the eyes.

### *Eyes of an Oriental, Wise With Infinite Subtlety*

They and they alone betray the fact that in this man there dwells a spirit not manifested in the grossness and crudeness of his aspect. Shrined under heavy brows, they are pale and indeterminate in color, but lit with a spark that is eloquent enough. They are lambent, inscrutable, mesmeric; they are the eyes of an Oriental, wise with an infinite subtlety, discriminating pitilessly, discerning infallibly, probing without ruth or scruple to the core of each matter that invites them. They redeem the face and the person and set them at a discount; in them lives the real Sergius Witte, the artist in the statesman, the wolf or the weasel in the man, the genius in the artisan. If it were anything but living truths, immune from doubt and double-dealing, that he had now to handle, how these twin fires would go to the heart of the thing and grip at once upon its weakness.

### *Mistaken Idea That He Comes of Lowly Origin*

There is an impression that Count Witte is of poor and lowly origin. In point of fact, he comes of a family connected with several of the greatest houses in Russia.

He was born at Tiflis in the Caucasus on the 17th of June, 1849, the son of Yuli Feodorovitch Witte, who was at that time Director of the Department of Agriculture of the Caucasus; and his mother was a daughter of the noble house of Fadeyeff, a family which has long been distinguished for the military leaders it has produced and for two generals in particular, whose writings on the trade of war have achieved some authority. She was also niece to the Princes Dolgourouki, those strangely ineffectual men who have lacked in their time no talent save that of thoroughness. Among other folk with whom Count Witte is connected, there is Madame Hahn, who has been acclaimed as the Russian George Sand; Madame Zhelikhovsky, a graceful and popular writer who had a considerable vogue in her day; and Madame Blavatsky, of theosophical notoriety. In short he was of a family of which every branch has its man or woman of parts, though besides himself, not one has captured a more than national renown; he is the only one of them who became great in the cosmopolitan sense.

His early education was on conventional lines. He was not one of those fortunate heirs who are aimed high by ambitious parents, and his progress in fame and fortune owes nothing to either protection or influence. His first school was in his native city, where nothing especial is remembered of him. While he was yet a boy, his father was appointed to a post at Kishineff, and there he entered the Gymnasium. It is said that he was distinguished at this establishment by his taste for mathematics and a certain resoluteness of character, but no story takes account of him till, in 1866, he entered the New Russian University at Odessa.

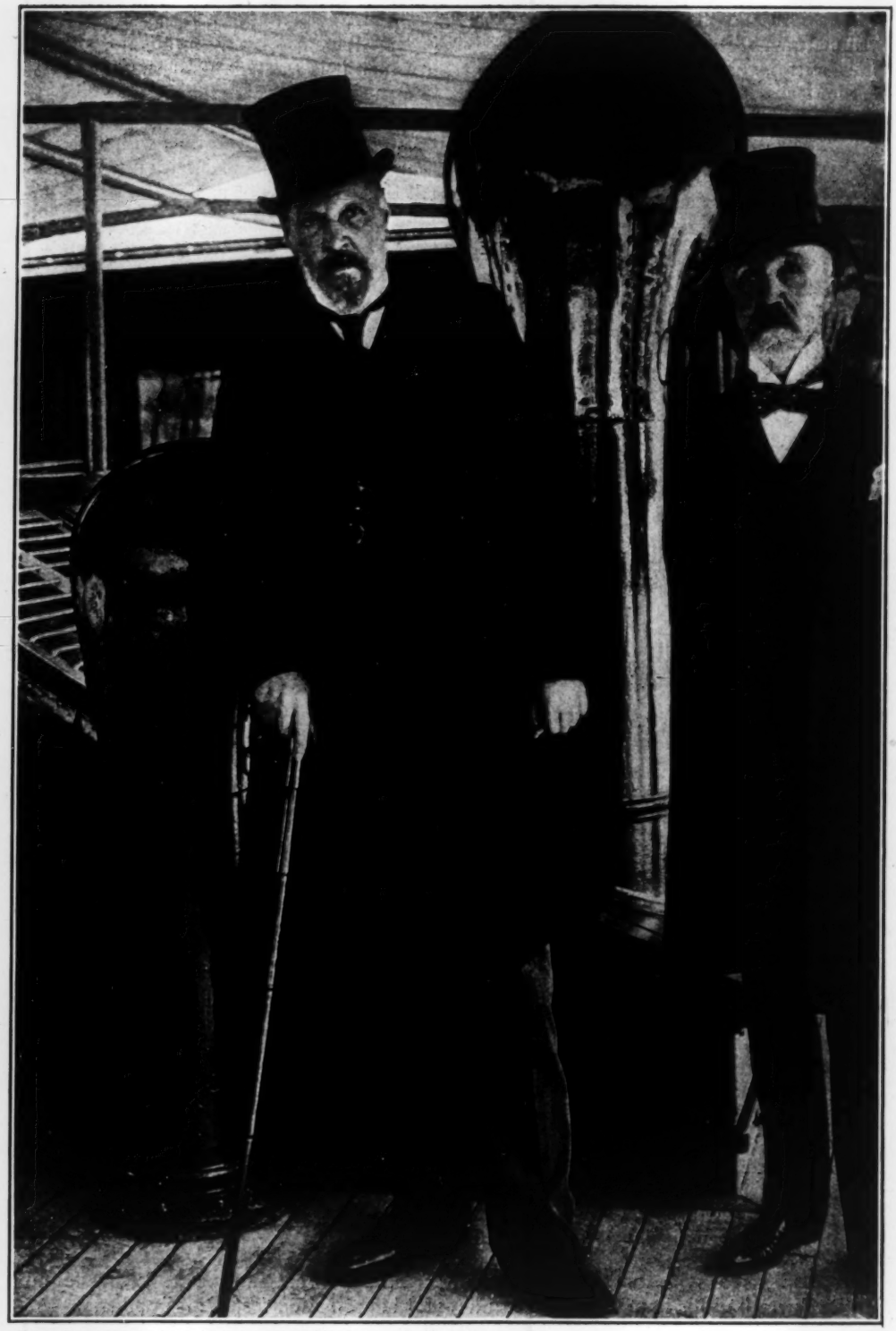
### *As a Student Wrote Letters He Would Now Regret*

During what corresponds to his undergraduate days he first showed the leaning towards journalism which he retained till he had reached an official position too high to be reconciled with a taste so questionable. The Russian student to this day writes for papers as the English schoolboy smokes cigarettes; 'tis a symptom of his growth. Sergius Witte had his immature phases like other men; there are extant articles of his embodying a philosophy which he would be sorry to own nowadays. One was on the moral aspect of the autocracy; it concerned itself mainly however with the immorality of that system. I am no judge of the tone in which it is written — whether it bear the imprint of sincere dissatisfaction with the principle of government in Russia or not — but it was one of several which he fathered, and therefore seems to justify one in assuming that Witte is not one of those who have upheld the autocracy as the result of inborn convictions. He was not suckled in that creed outworn, so to speak; he has found it for himself and accepted it upon trial.

WITTE IN AMERICA

*Count Witte on the veranda outside his quarters at Newcastle, N. H., during the Portsmouth Peace Conference. This is a characteristic pose, and it suggests the melancholy air of brooding which is the dominant trait of his countenance.*

Long before he took his degree, he had joined with M. Asmidoff to found The Odessa New Russian Telegraph, and a long letter in one of its earliest numbers, which advances



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COUNT WITTE ON THE "MAYFLOWER"

*leaving Oyster Bay for Portsmouth after the formal presentation of the envoys by President Roosevelt. Beside Count Witte stands his fellow peace commissioner, Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador to the United States.*

the dogma that a law is not morally binding on those who have not assented to the making of it, is attributed to him. These are but trifles; their bearing is on the fact that the Witte of the early days was by no means the sure source of the great minister of the nineties or the diplomat of yesterday. They are the product of subsequent influences and opportunities. He left the University in 1870, with a degree as Candidate of the Physico-Mathematical Faculty, and at once entered the service of the South Western Railway.

### *Always Enthusiastic for Work — Physical Work*

He was an admirable railway man. Indeed, he had chosen the work because it appealed peculiarly to his taste for mechanics, while it also gave scope to his mathematical ability. Though he was naturally in the clerkly branch of the concern, he spared no pains to make himself an adept in every department of railroading which was accessible to him. He learned to drive an engine, to lay a rail, to handle a signal-lever, and M. Boutchok, the engineer, who was in the employ of the line at that time, has since told how he remembers young Witte in a laborer's blouse, toiling as a volunteer hand in a breakdown gang. In short, he seems to have brought to this part of his life an enthusiasm for work — nd particularly for physical work — which rather endears him to one's thoughts. He was boyish then, at any rate, with a boy's delight in the process that shows an immediate r sult, the effect of which is at once visible to its author, and he has never been boyish since. His enthusiasm and industry brought their sure reward, and promotion was rapid for this fervid worker. When the Turko-Russian War broke out, he was Chief Superintendent of the line and well-equipped to take occasion by the hand and profit by this, the first of his great opportunities. He was able so to facilitate transport of troops and munitions that he drew attention in the highest quarters. Here was first exhibited that contempt for formalism, for red-tape and its concomitants, which has always characterized him, and he so overrode the neolithic order of things which then paralyzed the railways generally, that he was at one time in danger of disgrace for the flattest disobedience of express orders. He sidetracked a hoary general and his decorative staff for two days and a night in order to let the guns get down to the front unhindered. There was a hideous fuss about it, but the people at headquarters had already perceived how Witte was smoothing the way of the army, and it came to nothing.

### *Made Minister of Finance by Alexander III*

He had various experiences subsequently, and was finally rewarded with the post of Director of the whole Southern system of railways, which was then worked from Kieff. Here he made his first powerful friend in M. Vishnegradsky, who soon afterwards became Minister of Finance. On the 30th of August, 1892, on his retirement through illness, Witte was appointed to succeed him by the Czar Alexander III. He was then only forty-three years of age.

When he had been appointed, Alexander is reported to have talked characteristically on the subject with one of his brothers.

"Do you really think that Witte resembles me?" he asked, for it was commonly said that this was the case. The Grand Duke nodded. "H'm," pondered the Emperor. "Well, in that case he won't waste any time before his mirror."

It cannot serve any purpose to enter upon the details of M. Witte's career as Minister of Finance in this place. But a little must be said. He had now entered upon his later mental phase, when he allied himself definitely with the ruling party, while claiming to be an official of the Czar, devoted to his master, who yet had the cause of the people at heart. He had newly become an extreme Protectionist, and was the author of a monograph, urging the imposition of a tight tariff in order to create native industries and make Russia a self-sufficing economic unit. As Minister, he embarked at once on a tariff war with Germany, which led to the suspension of all trade between the two countries, and proceeded to open out the work which has since been recognized as his greatest achievement. This consisted in the establishment of a gold standard, of a State liquor monoply, and in the industrialization of the country. The second of these is the most interesting, for neither of the other two is quite free from the stigma of merely partial success. The monopoly has certainly not lacked profit to vindicate it, for in 1900 the State netted a return of 190,490,644 roubles, and two years

later the profit was estimated at a quarter of a million of millions of roubles.

It is as Minister of Finance, therefore, that most records deal with him, and during the whole of his service in this capacity, the highest in the state under the Czar, he meddled little with general politics in the bulk, where they did not touch his own schemes. He never sought social success; but he was careful to keep the regard of the people by an occasional activity against irritant policies. He took sides with the Finns, the students, and the dissenters, and was consistently and openly hostile to foreign adventures. For instance, it is well known that he wrought to the utmost of his power to secure the evacuation of Manchuria, and so to avert the war with Japan, which he afterwards did so much to repair. But the taint of the reactionary never left him. Even when he was doing most to keep the regard of the people, when he was actually compromising himself at Court by his open advocacy of methods less drastic than those which in Russia are conventional when the suppression of disorder or the elimination of a disturbing element are concerned, he could seek the aid of Constantin Pobiedonostzeff to shut down a newspaper which criticized him too freely. He was never bound by principle; never the bondman of a single creed. One would think he were a skeptic where faith in human kind is concerned, so cynical is the instability which he manifests when he has only men and women to deal with.

### *Never Accused of Corruption, But Never Really Trusted*

He surrendered his trust as Minister of Finance with all honor. It has never been said of him, as it is said of most men in Russia who have the fingering of public money, that he stole all he could whenever he could. There are no definite charges against him of corruption and self-seeking; and this is as much as to say that he has, for an official Russian, a good name for honesty. But somehow, he has never inspired confidence. What one man may fail to observe a crowd of men sees at once, and the people of Russia have never been deceived into placing their trust or their hopes in Count Witte. He has not impinged on their consciousness; that flavor of insincerity, of calculation, of deference to the expedient has betrayed him. He rings untrue, they say, and they will have none of him now that he needs them as he never needed them before.

### *Finally Forced to Throw in His Lot With the Czar*

So now he stands alone, hated of the Court party, loathed and despised by all those to whose class he has aspired, with only the weak, flaccid Czar to stand between him and their enmity, and cast off by the people. He is a man dependent on himself; the faculties that brought him forth from the ranks in the first place, the indomitable will, the brisk and brusque strength of personality, these remain his chief standby at this hour. When the revolution commenced, the leaders of the people had hopes of him, for it was evident he had not made up his mind as to which side should have his best aid. He began by flickering indeterminately; he was reluctant to commit himself whether as a friend to the reformers or a convinced reactionary. But when they began to move openly, to flout authority, to answer the first signs of repressive action with great strikes that left the authorities helpless, his hand was forced. For him, then, a declaration was necessary, and he threw in his lot with the Czar. There was pluck in it, too, for this old craftsman must have known well enough that in so doing he courted the last memorable failure that should overshadow all his foregoing victories.

### *Still Game as a Ferret; Still One to Be Cautiously Dealt With*

In November came the visitation of the slight paralysis of which I have spoken. It took him with the brutal suddenness of murder. He was leaving his desk at midday, when the thing struck him down as though he had been bludgeoned. Two days later he was back at his work, an old man, tenacious, game as a ferret, but with a weakness now to fight on the side of his enemies. How a man's errors dog him! All his life he had had no mercy on personal weakness, on the lame soul that craved a helping hand, on the poor thing that sought the aid of friends. And now there was none for him. Yet I think, if I were one of those who have the guidance of this revolution in charge, I would walk warily yet when I came to deal with Count Witte. I would place no hope in his weakness and his discouragement; for this is one of those men to whom the feeble flesh and its flaws are but a trumpery

fetter. Those eyes are yet brimming with the fire of the indomitable soul within. There is still a potency that can be dangerous.

When one of the great strikes left St. Petersburg's streets unlighted, and they turned the Admiralty searchlight on the Winter Palace every night, that Count Witte might not be blown up in the darkness, he came once to his window, and looked up along the quivering beam of light that deluged the Palace with radiance. About him the city hummed uneasily, pulsing with the troubles of its people. He smiled at the ray and spoke to one who stood with him.

"They seem to think," he said, "that I would not as willingly die in the dark as in the light."

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# SONG OF THE SOULS THAT FAILED

BY

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

WE come from the war-swept valleys,
Where the strong ranks clash in might,
Where the broken rear-guard rallies
For its last and losing fight;
From the roaring streets and highways,
Where the mad crowds move abreast,
We come to the wooded byways,
To cover our grief, and rest.

Not ours the ban of the coward,
Not ours is the idler's shame;
If we sink at last, o'erpowered,
Will ye whelm us with scorn or blame?
We have seen the goal and have striven
As they strive who win or die;
We were burdened and harshly driven,
And the swift feet passed us by.

When we hear the plaudits' thunder,
And thrill to the victors' shout,
We envy them not, nor wonder
At the fate that cast us out;
For we heed one music only,
The sweet far Voice that calls
To the dauntless soul and lonely
Who fights to the end, and falls.

We come — outworn and weary —
The unnamed hosts of life;
Long was our march and dreary,
Fruitless and long our strife.
Out from the dust and the riot —
From the lost, yet glorious quest,
We come to the vales of quiet,
To cover our grief, and rest.

# MR. NICKERSON'S STAR

BY

MARY MOSS

AUTHOR OF "A POMPADOUR ANGEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON-PRESTON

"THE fact is"—Henry Mount at last roundly produced the truth about which he and Nickerson had been fencing for days, "'King Alfred the Great' does not afford me scope! It was a mistake my ever identifying myself with a purely picturesque character."

Nickerson only raised patient eyebrows, remembering how Henry Mount had objected to any but a romantic part, because a disgruntled newspaper man chose to hint that an accomplished tailor, rather than histrionic gifts, formed a large share of the star's professional equipment.

"It's all very well for you to say," the actor went on as Nickerson remained speechless, "that a gentleman will always look like a gentleman no matter what he wears, but I'm conscious that my particular thing, the unmistakable air of good society, is entirely effaced by that swineherd's cloak in the second act."

"All the same, you make a big hit every night, burning those cakes." Nickerson was indignantly reflecting upon his bill for Druidical scenery and Anglo-Saxon costumes.

"Not a personal hit," Mount pointed out. "I think people like the smell. I was never in favor of putting on real batter, and every time they applaud I see plainer and plainer that the attention has strayed up stage, to the left by the fire, while I'm sitting lost in meditation down stage to the right. In my experience the very best meditation drags without something to do, rolling cigarettes, or the leaves of a book to turn."

Nickerson closed thin lips on unspoken—blasphemy. Henry Mount's name on a poster, in his opinion, spelled money found; also rival managers lay eagerly in wait to capture his star. Inwardly fuming, the victim tried to reckon how often, in the course of their connection, life had been made intolerable by the actor's sleepless jealousy of—five leading ladies, eleven second gentlemen, all comic relief, a faithful steed, a tame canary, and now—a concoction of eggs and milk. As the manager eyed the straight back, unwrinkled trousers, and handsome countenance, he fairly hated his leading gentleman.

"I've just about decided"—Mount fastened the large pearl clasp of one beautiful glove—"not to go on with 'King Alfred.' Even if it has a long run, I don't care to be identified with that style of play. It's not beneficial to my reputation." He airily dismissed all discussion. "Better put on our last year's triumph for six weeks or so, while we rehearse something new."

"Suppose you glance over that." With sardonic self-control Nickerson picked up a fat bundle from the desk and poked it towards Mount, who seemed pleasantly at ease, now he had spoken his mind. "It's just come; hasn't been looked at yet; but I'd judge that the stuff was new right enough, from the girl who brought it." The despairing manager snatched at any means of diverting his tormentor's resentment from the batter which nightly gobbled too much fat.

Slowly drawing off his gloves and displaying fine, manly, white hands, Mount indifferently opened the manuscript. Presently he looked up with a delighted smile. "Do you know, this might do."

"Impossible," grunted the manager. "Miss Mary Wheeler, or whatever her name is, talked as if she'd never seen a theater."

"Yes, yes, crude no doubt"—Mount was rapidly skimming through scene after scene—"but a play itself matters so little, if it chances to supply an available medium. Now, in this I see points; in fact, there is a coincidence—quite appropriate——"

"What has she got hold of?" Nickerson continued to regard the unfortunate greenhorn as a safety valve.

"Why the plot seems to be that a very strictly brought up parson's daughter, a

*"'The fact is . . . "King Alfred the Great" does not afford me scope'"*

Baptist, meets an actor, without ever suspecting he's an actor, and falls in love with him. Then of course there is trouble." Mount smoothed his thick, glossy hair, just faintly touched with gray at the temples, and beamed.

"Can't say I see anything much there," Nickerson mumbled.

"Oh!" Mount elucidated; "its the coincidence. Exactly that thing once happened to me."

"What became of the girl?" Nickerson artfully scattered false scent.

"She was my second wife," Mount replied with simple dignity, his tone dramatizing a proper reverence for the sanctity of matrimony.

"The one on Eighty-second Street?" Nickerson feigned interest.

"No; that is Ethel. Margaret prefers to make her home in Paris." Gently disposing of the ladies, Mount came back to business. "You see, the subtlety of such a piece is specially adapted to my personality. Most men would queer the part by looking and seeming theatrical." He lapsed into reminiscence. "How well I remember her amazement when she found I was on the stage."

"Handled right"—Nickerson showed returning animation—"your story might help the advertising."

Mount felt ready to begin at once. "Yes! and we can remodel these scenes and give out to the press that I am to create the romance of my own life. A thing no one has ever done before."

"What does she call her play?" Nickerson asked, sparring for wind.

"Well, of course, the name is absurd, 'The Struggles of Esther.' But we can easily change to 'How Love for Henry Won,' or something of that kind." He studied the last page. "Hullo! She ends it wrong. Her girl goes South to teach niggers and he gives up the stage and follows. A mere detail to put that straight!"

In spite of Henry Mount's sensibilities, for a good month 'King Alfred' appeared to be holding his own. Then the matinée girl awoke to the fact that she could not love her hero in

open-necked tunic, with Old Testament arrangement of hair and beard. He was always graceful and virile, but she missed delicious little intimate thrills at the customary sight of demi-toilette involved by a change of waistcoats or footgear. Mount in ravishing shirt-sleeves or embroidered, open-work socks had wrecked her heart for many successive seasons. Moreover, astonishing as it was for the star under any circumstances to dislike himself, the miracle came to pass that he fairly winced at the image of his correct person tricked out like a common Italian or German opera singer. Finally there arrived a day when even Nickerson's optimism could not ignore the first intangible symptoms of waning public enthusiasm.

*"Henry Mount's name on a poster . . . spelled money found"*

About this time Mary Wheeler's morning mail brought a letter marked "Globe Square Theater." A sight of its contents caused that luckless young woman to gulp down her boarding-house coffee and pray for two o'clock, the hour at which her tedious duties as secretary ceased and she daily became a free though quite unrecognized aspirant for literary fame. After running the gauntlet of a cross door-keeper and a pert messenger-boy, with beating heart and insecure knees she drew breath in the manager's office, a large bare room with shabby furniture and a chaotic, undusted desk.

Of the following interview she never could recall the smallest detail, but at its close she had actually signed a contract, and the play was to be put in immediate preparation. Mary dimly realized that Mr. Nickerson reserved the right to make a few alterations; but the royalty surpassed her wildest hopes, so why not trust a liberal manager who had sufficient discrimination to see the merit of an unknown playwright?

That evening her excitement culminated in a prostrating headache. The next morning she awoke with a sore throat; by afternoon alarming sensations led her to expect sudden death; at eight P.M. the doctor's verdict was "measles!"

One long month passed before she again found herself at the theater, but this time seated alone in the parquet, witnessing one of the last rehearsals of her precious play. The empty auditorium was dark and redolent of last night's audience. Women with mops and buckets crept about in the gloom. Electricians laid coils of wire. Messengers strolled in with dressmakers' boxes. Far back, under the balcony, a group of men and girls laughed and whispered. Their conversation seemed rather concerned with salaries and food than with the more artistic side of a dramatic career. Mr. Nickerson bustled up. "Glad to see you out, Miss Wheeler; you'll find we made quite a lot of improvements."

"Who plays Esther?" In her quarantined seclusion Mary had utterly failed to glean the smallest information.

"Esther! Oh, yes! Why, to tell you the truth, no experienced actress could be got to take a part like that — so negative and insignificant!"

"Insignificant!" Mary gasped. "Isn't she my heroine?"

Mr. Nickerson's smile was full of indulgence. "Well, so she seemed to you, but the man really *is* the piece."

"The man!" Mary wondered how long fever delusions usually persisted after measles. "Except in the last act, Rodman had hardly anything to do but look nice and ——"

"Yes," Nickerson soothed. "That was a great defect, having his lines so lean, but we gave him most of hers."

"How can that make sense?" Mary expostulated. "They're meant for a girl. The whole play is nothing but *her* life, *her* struggles'"

"Of course." Mr. Nickerson's patience knew practically no limits. "That would be the author's point of view, but you see, my dear young lady, I've worked over this business a great while longer, pardon me, than you, and I know certain conditions of the drama as a pilot knows his tides."

"A play then," Mary's voice showed edge, "is just unclaimed raw material drifting about, like a lump of ambergris, or something in the sea, into which a writer chances to bump, without knowing what it is or how to use it."

"Aren't you a bit sarcastic with me?" the manager protested good-humoredly. "Really, I'm getting afraid to face you, when you've seen Esther, though she was the very best I could do so late in the season. Hardly out of the amateur class, and that's a fact! With no more idea of dressing! She wants to come on in little cotton waists and short skirts. But we can soon rig her up some stunning costumes. Embroidered broadcloth, pale rose-colored with a long train, for one."

"Walking skirt and white wash blouse are exactly what girls like Esther wear in summer," Mary objected.

"Do they, sure?" He conscientiously considered this, ending with unshaken purpose. "But you don't seem to understand that what goes in actual life won't do at all for a play. The values would never get over the footlights. No audience will stand a squalid stage picture, and the women expect dresses they can go home and copy. But don't you worry about Esther. You'll be so tickled with our man you won't look at her. We've kept him dark till now, so as not to hurt the piece he was in until the new one should be practically ready. Give you three guesses?"

Mary shook her head.

"Well, I never did hear of a beginner having your luck, Miss Wheeler." He paused, artistically enhancing his effect. Then he let her have it. "Rodman is Henry Mount!"

This time Mary's speech failed her.

Presently he went on, genially confident. "I thought that would surprise you."

Mary found her voice. "But the whole point must be Esther's not seeing that Rodman is an actor."

Nickerson took pity on her dullness. "Yes; that's your play, and we have given it to Henry Mount, the most perfectly gentlemanly young man on the stage. Why, he's been doing nothing else for fifteen years."

*"bad wrecked her heart for many successive seasons"*

"So long as that!" Mary was loosing her grip.

"Are you people never going to commence?" Nickerson suddenly bawled out into the echoing darkness.

The curtain slowly rose on a pleasant scene of rocks, sand, wind-blown pines, and two children with spades and pails. Mary's spirits revived until Nickerson whispered in her ear: "A little business we introduced to prepare for him. They don't come in again at all, but boy and girl kid always take with an audience. I just dashed off a short dialogue myself."

Mary watched in horrified silence. "Aren't they pretty squeaky?" she presently asked.

"Hush! Here he comes! Henry Mount!" In his friendly excitement, Nickerson grasped her elbow.

From the instant of Henry Mount's entry, Mary vowed to foreswear the drama and work overtime at secretarying or, if need be, turn companion to a fussy old lady. He was handsome, prosperous, faultlessly attired. Savoring every syllable, in a mellow

and modulated voice, he deliberately declaimed his lines, undaunted by the fact that they would have come with better reason from Esther. His lambent amiability warmed and lit the stage; its values found no difficulty in getting over the footlights and embracing even an empty auditorium. He basked and luxuriated in the charm of his own personality. If there could be one stagy trick, gesture, or intonation in the whole range of society comedy which for the minute escaped him, Mary felt sure that Henry Mount's Rodman would discover the omission and supply it at subsequent rehearsals.

"Isn't he the real thing?" Mr. Nickerson sincerely exulted.

At that particular moment Rodman was subjecting Esther to a broadside of fascination, composed of swelling chest, tender eyes, a celebrated manner, and the smile of thirty-two undamaged teeth. Esther looked and played her shorn part with taste and comprehension. It was hard to imagine that so intelligent a young lady should not instantly suspect Rodman's connection with public life. Hamstringing its central motive pitifully lamed the play.

"Too little head room under that tree; I must see the carpenter." Nickerson bustled off, leaving Mary on the verge of tears.

"How are you satisfied, Miss Wheeler?" A young man sauntered up out of the shadows and dropped into a seat by her side.

"Esther leaves nothing to be desired." Mary could not trust herself to mention the star.

The newcomer, a stripling of agreeable appearance and civilized way of speech, here glowed with gratification. "Now that's what I think too, but they are all down on her — say she lacks — well, everything. She's ready to cry or throw up the whole thing and go home to her mother." Fearing the loss of her only consolation, Mary made a gesture of protest.

"She's so nervous," the stranger went on "she hasn't been able to sleep or eat for a week. She has no end of grit, but with every man of them jumping on her ——"

"Perhaps you could introduce us, if you are a friend of hers?" Mary wistfully saw the comfort of a pleasant untheatrical adviser.

"Shall I introduce myself first?" His tone was responsive but filled with gloom. I'm Laurence Leland, Henry Mount's understudy."

"Have I ever seen you play?" Mary frankly inspected the well-favored young face.

"No, and you never will, unless you live to be ninety. He takes care of his health and never misses a performance." Leland openly mourned.

"Why not join another company?" Mary found him doubly sympathetic as unfortunate and loathing Henry Mount.

"No use; I'm sidetracked. Too good for second parts, not authority enough for leading man, so they say, but how on earth I'm to get it, loafing about here and watching him pose and grin, year in and year out. Shall I bring Esther now? They're going to strike that scene and set it differently. Mount's afraid the low branch hides his eyes from the gallery."

Esther proved a small, spirited creature, trembling between collapse and revolt. The bond uniting her and Leland needed no

*"caused that luckless young woman to gulp down her boarding-house coffee"*

*"She had actually signed a contract"*

expounding. They would be married when his earnings should at least equal hers. The three rebels confided largely in each other, Mary's story being no more than the dull one of thwarted aspiration, hard work, small pay.

"I never thought it equal to Suderman or Pinero," Miss Wheeler lamented, "but 'The Struggles of Esther' was a coherent little play, while this thing——"

"Slush!" Leland sadly agreed.

"Can any public possibly stand such twaddle?" Mary wondered. "I almost hate to think so."

"That's the real trouble," Leland sighed. "There is absolutely nothing they won't stand except a demand upon average adult intelligence. They are really to blame for Nickerson and Mount and those awful children."

"Even as it is," Esther strove for consolation; "with a decent Rodman we could pull it up. Did you see him come near easing his trousers at the knee before he sat down on the rock?"

"And Nickerson believes that stuffed shirt is the living image of a swell!" Leland did justice to the manager's sincerity.

"Nickerson," Esther scoffed. "The poor old thing has never seen the way ordinary human beings live and behave. His impressions are exclusively taken from plays staged and adapted by himself. That's why his ideas grow more fantastic every year. He's got so now that any piece of furniture or business which creates an illusion of normal life bothers him like a cinder in his eye."

"I'm not coming again; it's too harrowing," Mary declared. "And I hope it will fail. Yes," she felt a martyr's exaltation, "I'd rather lose the money, and goodness knows I want it, than believe my fellow creatures will swallow such trash."

*"the doctor's verdict was measles"*

"You may dodge the out-of-town copyright performances," Esther foretold; "but he'll not let you off the real first night here."

Esther knew her world, and a week later the manager himself stationed a limp and wretched Mary in the rear of a box, and left her with many reassuring phrases as to Henry Mount's undisputed triumph.

Mary had read notices of the provincial opening, she had likewise read between the lines that cautious critics wavered. If the public should tolerate the play, these gentleman had no wish to damn a popular favorite; but their praises were guarded enough to quote as prophecies in case of failure. All of them, however, found common ground for approval in the clever device of using a romantic episode of Henry Mount's career — a legend fruitlessly combatted by Mary, and spread broadcast through innumerable advance paragraphs, in spite of her outraged denials of all knowledge of Henry Mount's first, second, or third courtship.

With a benumbed brain, Mary peeped out at the crowded house. They would not be rude, these well-dressed, lethargic people. They would simply radiate stony disfavor. Well, she might have the heroic privilege of rousing them to demanding better things. But why did the curtain stay down? A noisy orchestra had been in full swing for a quarter of an hour — twenty minutes. A queer restlessness pervaded the house; the gallery even began to stamp and faintly whistle. At last the violins glided into "Silvery Waves" and, with a sigh of mingled relief and torture, Mary saw Master Frederick and Miss Muriel go through their comedy bit with a phosphorescent oyster, "Left by Fairies," as they announced in the voices of unabashed slate pencils.

Enter Rodman! But what had befallen him? The same clothes, the same manner, the same swelling shirt-front, but a slim and unimposing Rodman without spirit or conviction. The would-be full tones lacked authority, his sumptuous fascinations dwindled to feeble leers.

An usher brought a note to the back of the box — a line from Nickerson. Mary read: "This really is a frost. I don't know how to break it to you. Mount slipped and sprained his foot. Laurence Leland is doing his best, following all Mount's directions, but he simply isn't IT."

During the whole dreary act, Mary was destined to feel that there might be one trial greater than Henry Mount — a half-hearted, inexperienced imitator. Mount at least showed unfailing vigor, while Leland might have been suffering from colic or suicidal mania. His depression was rapidly gaining Esther. Drilled in subordinating herself to an overwhelming personality, the little actress could hardly supply enough presence to animate a space one yard square, and, since Rodman was barely perceptible, the scene gave an impression of forlorn loneliness. The values did not reach the footlights, much less "get over," while the attention wandered like an irresponsible, rudderless derelict. Mild perfunctory clapping followed the claque's best efforts at the end of Act One. People rustled and chattered with the relaxation usually succeeding a lecture or lengthy bout of classical music. They counted the acts on their programs and sank into weary resignation at seeing three yet to come.

Act Two found Esther in her modest home awaiting a visit from Rodman. In the teeth of every argument, Nickerson had decreed her an elaborate costume of chiffon with

many frills, very fashionable and costly. He even defrayed the expense himself, and conceded a chastened shade of dove color (relieved by spangles) in view of Esther's Baptist affiliations.

Mary rubbed her eyes, looked again. Little Esther wore a frock of charming pink chintz, fitting like a glove, crisp, immaculate. She sang and hovered about the stage, innocently gay and cheerful.

Nickerson appeared in the back of the box. In a remote paraphrase he accused Esther of kicking over the traces. What he literally uttered was quite unfit for print.

Enter Rodman — transformed — whether by discarding over-gorgeous white flannels for ordinary citizens' attire, or from a subtler inward change, Mary could not at once decide; but the scene immediately took on new sparkle and interest. The two young people seemed much in earnest. Sometimes they stood with their backs to the footlights, sometimes they almost appeared to forget the audience. Whenever this occurred Mr. Nickerson showed the utmost apprehension of the effect of such slights upon the feelings of his public.

*"'Even that fat woman with the pearls was crying a little'"*

Whispering in the parquet had ceased. The values fairly steeplechased over the footlights. The united attention pounced upon the minute when Esther, glancing at a paper, saw Rodman's picture in the *Dramatic News*. The curtain fell amid hearty applause.

An usher brought a note for Miss Wheeler: "If it loses me my job, I'll be hanged if I sit up and try to act like Henry Mount's ghost gone dotty. L. L."

"Confound them!" Mr. Nickerson stormed at the end of Act Three. "In thirty years' experience I never even heard of such a thing. The pair have clean bolted. Not one piece of business the way it was fixed. When she told him it was all up between them Esther made no fuss at all, hardly raised her voice. And when Rodman went off, he just walked out and closed the door behind him. Mount always puts his head in again and makes a gesture of blessing her while she weeps."

"Yes," said Mary, "but to-night the audience does the weeping. Even that fat woman with the pearls was crying a little. It's the Maeterlinck theory, have your spectators take a hand with the work."

Mr. Nickerson was long past resenting a sarcasm. "You see, Miss Wheeler," he deplored, as the fourth act progressed amid evident approval, "it's all very well for once, but they are going to get it stuck in their minds that this is how the play goes. After to-night we shall never be able to put it on as it really is with Henry Mount."

An usher brought a note to the back of the box.

"Get ready to be called on with us.

"Esther and Rodman."

"Then," Mary whispered ruthlessly, "you will have to let Laurence Leland keep this and find another part for Mount. There is nothing else to do."

"After all"— Mr. Nickerson, as a practical man fundamentally without prejudices, prepared slowly to readjust himself— "it's not such particularly bad luck finding yourself with two stars instead of one. But think of the people liking this, that's what gets me!" he went on in candid bewilderment. "A man spends his entire life in a theater studying scenery and costumes and business — then suddenly a surprise like this makes him almost wonder if it's possible to guess what the public really wants!"

At that minute, as the curtain dropped, the public for once unmistakably indicated its wish by a resounding and unanimous cry of——

"Author!".

# EDITORIAL

## SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN INVESTIGATING THE RAILROAD PROBLEM

### THE UNRELIABILITY OF OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

IT is a platitude, that truth is elusive, but how elusive it really is, one does not appreciate until he has sought it in the mazes of a modern "problem" where men's immediate and personal interests are involved. It is the chief concern of the courts to decide what facts are true facts; but even court decisions rarely meet the approval of all the parties concerned.

It is not surprising, then, that the journalist, seeking diligently to set down the full truth regarding a great problem like that of the railroad, where the business existence of many men is affected, should often find it difficult to decide what the facts really are. Even official documents, followed with precision, may prove unreliable.

Two striking examples of this difficulty have appeared in connection with my December and January articles in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

*The Case of E. L. Philipp of Milwaukee*

In my January article I said in substance, that E. L. Philipp of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company, and his company, had received commissions or rebates from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. I used Mr. Philipp and his company merely as an illustration and gave but small space in my article to them; but in this instance, as in every other, I endeavored to found every statement upon documentary evidence or upon sources of information equally well authenticated. My statements concerning Mr. Philipp and his company were based largely upon an official report made by Railroad Commissioner Thomas, of Wisconsin, to Governor La Follette. I was supplied by Mr. Thomas with a list of the vouchers and the amount of the commissions actually paid. These facts and figures were used in a public speech delivered by Governor La Follette at Milwaukee, Mr. Philipp's home city, on November 4, 1904. They were subsequently published in the newspapers, and Mr. Philipp did not publicly controvert or deny them at that time, or since, until the publication of my article.

Upon the appearance of my article, Mr. Philipp denied the facts as I had given them — following accurately an official report — and asserted *that the report itself was incorrect.* He went to Madison and induced Mr. Thomas and his experts to re-examine the books of the Milwaukee Railroad and issue a revised report under date of January 10, 1906. According to the revised report it appears that neither the Union Refrigerator Transit Company, nor Mr. Philipp, as its president, received the rebates mentioned in the first report.

Inasmuch as the official report which I followed has been shown to be incorrect it is no more than right that my account of the incident should also be changed. But it is important that the full truth should accompany the correction.

It seems that Mr. Thomas and his experts made a mistake in the identity of the companies which received the commissions. While the revised report shows that neither E. L. Philipp as president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company, nor this company, received the commissions charged, it also shows that E. L. Philipp, vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit

Company, did receive commissions or rebates from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. From other sources we know that the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company of which Mr. Philipp was vice-president, rented its cars from the Union Refrigerator Transit Company of which he was president.

Mr. Thomas' experts in their revised report give the following explanation as to the manner in which the name "Union Refrigerator Transit Company" was substituted for "Northern Refrigerator Transit Company:"

The reasons for the inaccuracy of our former report in this respect are as follows:

We made diligent inquiry of the officers of the railway company as to the identity of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company, which appeared on the records as one of the companies to whom payments were made, but could secure no satisfactory information as to the identity of this company and were referred by the various officials to the "Official Railway Equipment Register," copies of which for a portion of the year 1903 were furnished to us by the superintendent of transportation. We found on page 248 of the issue of July, 1903, under the head of "Union Refrigerator Transit Company" that E. L. Philipp was then president and traffic manager, and as the "Northern Refrigerator Transit Company" did not appear in the "Register" we were advised by some of the officers of the railway company that in all probability the correct name of the corporation was the "Union Refrigerator Transit Company," instead of the "Northern Refrigerator Transit Company."

It is an interesting story, this story of Mr. Philipp's companies. It not only illustrates the very great difficulties which beset the path of the investigator, be he a state officer or a magazine writer, but it gives us an inside view of some of the wheel-within-wheel methods of modern corporate business affairs and shows how the public may be blinded and confused by them.

In the first place Mr. Philipp was until 1903 president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company of Kentucky, the business of which was to own and rent private refrigerator cars.

In Milwaukee there are two great shippers of beer — Pabst and Schlitz. In 1902-3 Pabst had a private car line called the Pabst Refrigerator Line — a separate corporation from the Pabst Brewing Company, but owned largely by the same stockholders. Schlitz beer was carried mostly by the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company of which Joseph E. Uihlein, son of one of the owners of the Schlitz breweries, was president, and E. L. Philipp was vice-president, and in which he says he owned one share of stock.

Both of these beer companies *rented* refrigerator cars from E. L. Philipp's Kentucky company. In the latter case E. L. Philipp, in his capacity as vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company, was dealing with E. L. Philipp president of the Union Refrigerator Transit Company.

In a few months time, according to both Mr. Thomas's reports the Pabst Refrigerator Line received large sums in commissions, presumably for the benefit of its stockholders, who were also largely stockholders in the Pabst Brewing Co. And this shows how legal corporate machinery may accomplish such an act. In the same way commissions paid on shipments of Schlitz beer presumably went into the pockets of a son of one of the owners of the Schlitz brewery — and into Mr. Philipp's pocket, as a stockholder in and vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company.

In 1905 when the Elkins law made rebating more easily punishable, a general change took place in this corporate machinery. Mr. Philipp reorganized his car-line company, making it a Wisconsin corporation instead of a Kentucky corporation. The Pabst Refrigerator Line eliminated the name Pabst and became the Milwaukee Refrigerator Transit Company — but it was still owned almost wholly by the Pabsts, it still rented cars of Mr. Philipp.

Now, when Mr. Thomas and his experts came to investigate the subject of rebates they discovered all this tangle of companies. The Pabst Refrigerator Line was listed in the "Official Railway Equipment Register" under the same heading with Mr. Philipp's Union Refrigerator Transit Company from which its cars were rented, and it was assumed that both the Pabst Line and the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company which also rented Mr. Philipp's cars all belonged together — a clear case of mixed and mistaken identity.

Mr. Thomas's revised report shows, then, that neither the Union Refrigerator Transit Company nor Mr. Philipp as its president received any of the rebates charged. It does show that the Pabst Refrigerator Line, exactly as stated in my article, received $22,980.41 in commissions. It also shows that E. L. Philipp, vice-president of the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company (which rented its cars from Mr. Philipp's other company, the Union Refrigerator Transit Company) receipted for the following sums:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Voucher | 995 | Dec. | 1902 | $2,881.29 |
| Voucher | 996 | Dec. | 1902 | 2,910.31 |
| Voucher | 1205 | Jan. | 1903 | 1,029.96 |
| Voucher | 832 | Mar. | 1903 | 1,560.00 |
| | | | | $8,381.56 |

Besides these payments to Mr. Philipp, vice-president, the Northern Refrigerator Transit Company also received $1,714.72 on June 2, 1903, receipted for by J. E. Uihlein president. Mr. Philipp and the Union Refrigerator Transit Company have both sued McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for libel—

because of this error in names — which shows one of the dangers of following official reports and the importance of being legally accurate.

*A Pennsylvania Railroad Correction*

One other case deserves attention. In my December article I told the story of the rebates paid to R. D. Wood & Co. of Philadelphia. I took pains to follow with precision the testimony given before the Interstate Commerce Commission. I showed that various railroads bid, by offering rebates, for certain large shipments of iron pipe to be made by R. D. Wood & Co. The Agent for the Great Northern finally secured the shipment. A rebate of $1500. in cash was afterwards paid. Since the publication of my article the Great Northern Railroad has been indicted in the Federal Courts for paying this rebate. I made the statement in my article that the Pennsylvania Railroad also offered a rebate to get the business. This statement was based upon the testimony of Thomas L. Morton, traffic manager of R. D. Wood & Co. before the Interstate Commerce Commission Mr Morton said: "Their proposal (that of the Pennsylvania Company) was 49 cents, (the lowest combination rate) but I was informed that a lower rate could be made."

J. B. Thayer, fourth vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, writes to me protesting that no rebate was offered by the Pennsylvania. He says:

> As to the allegation that a lower rate could have been obtained, the only evidence of this is the statement of Mr. Morton. The fact is that no such rate was offered. Even Mr. Morton simply indicates a possibility, but surely even if such act was illegal, it would be unfair to convict the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. simply upon the statement of an interested shipper without giving them an opportunity to deny or disprove the charge.

There is weight and justice in Mr. Thayer's arguments. We give opportunity for this denial here. It is fair to say that no railroad in the Country has taken a stronger stand against rebating than the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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## AN UPLIFTING STORY

GATHERED in church the people of a little New England town watched the old year out and the new year in while one among them read aloud Mr. Steffens's great impressive story of Mayor Fagan of Jersey City, published in McClure's Magazine for January. Various expressions of wide and genuine interest in this story have been reported to the author and publishers in hundreds of letters, newspaper clippings, and personal messages. The following letter from an American missionary in Turkey was sent to us for Mayor Fagan:

Salonica, European Turkey,
American Protestant Mission, Jan. 15, 1906.

Dear Mr Fagan: I am a total stranger to you, but you have done me good, and I want to tell you about it and thank you for it.

For the last two or three years I have been reading in McClure's Magazine about the Standard Oil Trust, the "Shame of the Cities," your own and other "Traitor States," etc. Last evening I took up the article about you in the January number. After reading it about half through I had to lay it down to attend to some family matters. My heart was sick with the disclosures of the corruption and villainy which you have had to fight at every step. I was oppressed by the thought that probably many of these worst corruptionists are members of Christian Churches "in good and regular standing." I was thinking as I passed along the hallway: "Here I am preaching Christianity to the people of Turkey. But Christianity is breaking down in my own country. Its commerce, business, and politics seem honeycombed with rottenness from top to bottom. How can I have the face to go on recommending to others a religion which is proving powerless to keep my own countrymen even ordinarily honest? What ought I to do?"

Then I sat down to finish the article, and read how you are finding your strength to carry on your great fight by prayer and trust in God; and how He helps you to scent temptation when it is coming, and gives you grace even to forgive your slanderers and enemies. And then with a great gladness in my heart I realized that after all He is the source of all goodness and all hope for the world. If many wear a cloak of Christianity whose hearts are not Christian, it still does not make the grace of God "of none effect" in those who sincerely and loyally love Him.

So you see, my dear Sir, that all unwittingly you have done good to a lonely man way out here in Turkey. This morning I read the last two pages of Mr. Steffens's article to my wife, and it brought tears to her eyes. Together we shall pray for you often that God may help you to be firm and true and wise at all times.

Yours respectfully and sincerely,

Edward B. Haskell.

# EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

### *The Story of Life Insurance*

IN the May number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will begin a series of articles telling the "Story of Life Insurance." Both the development of life insurance itself and the careers of the men who have most conspicuously contributed to it will be described in detail. With no attempt at sensationalism, and with the desire of relating simply and truthfully the actual facts, both the good and the bad will be given. On one hand will be described the work of the great men who made the American life insurance system one of our greatest claims to national distinction; and, on the other, the work of the corrupt men who have done so much to degrade it. For nearly a year Mr. Burton J. Hendrick has been working on these articles which will continue for many months.

Recent revelations in life insurance management have tended to focus public attention upon a few dishonest men. The unmasking of certain public characters has indeed been deplorable; but there is some danger that its real significance will be misunderstood. Not only have these men prostituted themselves, but the whole system of life insurance. They have fastened themselves upon one of the noblest institutions of modern civilization and transformed and deformed it.

The story of American life insurance naturally revolves about two remarkable personalities. The first, Elizur Wright, a great mathematician, a great abolitionist — a friend of Garrison and other early workers for the slave — a man of wonderful mental capacity and great moral force, found the institution unjust, unsafe, unscientific, and dishonest. He thus discovered in it a most congenial field both for his mathematical genius and his moral enthusiasm. Practically single handed, and in the face of united corporate opposition, he reformed it; made the failure of a life company, so long as his laws were observed, a mathematical impossibility; and so changed conditions that all policy-holders obtained absolute justice. Hardly had he finished his work when another dominant genius appeared; Henry B. Hyde, the founder of the Equitable, who proceeded to undo a large number of Wright's reforms, and re-established the system on the basis of dishonesty and injustice. Nearly everything that is sound and equitable in life insurance to-day is thus traced to Wright; nearly everything that is unsound and unjust can be traced to Henry B. Hyde. The growth of these two schools, the conflicts between the men that have ranged themselves on either side, and the immediate effects upon the insured — this is the subject of these forthcoming articles. Unquestionably public opinion on this subject is now much distorted.

While these two men, Wright and Hyde, were the protagonists in this remarkable half-century struggle, there are many others who have ranged themselves on one side or the other. Among those who have fought for the good are such men as Jacob L. Greene and Amzi Dodd — the story of whose struggle for honesty and reform will portray business careers of which every American may be proud. It is the conviction of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE that life insurance itself will not suffer, but gain, from the present upheaval; and it is our hope that, before this series is concluded, the needed reforms will be clearly indicated and generally understood.

The first article, published in the May number, will be introductory, explaining in simple terms life insurance itself, and describing the ultimate root of the whole life insurance evil — the "surplus" and the deferred "dividend" system. This will make clear things which are, to many people great mysteries; and will form a solid groundwork for the ensuing story.

### *A New Kipling Series*

From the first Kipling has been a wizard who took us into strange lands and made us friends with unknown beings and generally interpreted the inscrutable; and now in his very last work, more the wizard than ever, he raises a spell that puts us in touch with the England of the old Romans, then with Elizabethan England. Historical romance? About as much like other peoples' historical romance as "Soldiers Three" is like the Rollo books. These half-dozen tales to begin publication in McCLURE'S in May "raise the dead" for us, and gratify our curiosity as if we were at a "materializing seance" of strange proportions and authenticity. But that is only a part of the richness of this unique set of stories; nearly everything that Mr. Kipling excels in doing he does here; two children of to-day living on a thousand-year-old English farm are the guides who as friends of the lost fairy in England introduce us to the Past, and they are such delightful children as Mr. Kipling has created only in his maturity, since he has models of his own to work from. And the farm, the old, old farm, still with its forge and its mill where our young friend, the Roman Centurion, sharpened lances and ground corn on the march,

it is full of the quaint places and people that make the charm of England; a charm that Mr. Kipling can evoke for us so much better than any home-born Englishman because (for one thing) he can see it from the outside, as we ourselves do.

That young Centurion of Maximus tells us three stories, and it seems pretty stingy of him not to tell us three times three, when we are so hungry for more when he finishes. He wakes us up extraordinarily when in the beginning he says he is one of the thousands of Romans who have never seen Rome, and that his family have lived for generations on their English land. He is just the kind of Roman, then, we know least about, and are most intimately connected with. And he is as real a young "orf'cer bhoy" as ever went to war in Kipling's pages, and as good a story-teller as Mulvaney himself. He tells his three tales of his personal adventures with Picts and Emperors and other people in the May, June, and July numbers of McClure's.

*More of Schurz's Wonderful Experiences*

Carl Schurz had many exciting adventures after he rescued his friend Kinkel from prison (see page 579), and before he came to America. The narrative will go right on in the May, June, and July numbers of the magazine, carrying the story up to the time Schurz and his young wife landed in New York in September, 1852. To the August number Mr. Schurz will contribute an account of his impressions of the celebrated French actress Rachel whom he saw many times in Berlin while he was cautiously preparing to rescue Kinkel. Publication of the American memoirs will begin in the November number.

Kinkel and Schurz got away from Germany in a little 40-ton schooner. Although it was late in November and winter storms were coming on, they sailed around Denmark and across the North sea, a two weeks' dangerous journey. In the next number of the magazine Mr. Schurz tells all the details of that remarkable trip.

In London they stopped at the London Coffee House. Their fame as exiled revolutionists caused many persons to hunt them up. Among those who left cards for them was Charles Dickens. They saw the great Macready play Macbeth and Henry VIII, and had many most interesting experiences which Mr. Schurz describes fully.

Kinkel stayed in London. Schurz settled down in Paris as a newspaper correspondent and student. He lived in the Latin Quarter. Of many curious happenings there he writes entertainingly. One unusual story is of the extraordinary predictions of a certain clairvoyant whose skill he tested. He was in Paris when President Louis Napoleon was getting ready for his coup d'état which was to upset the republic and put him in possession of monarchial power. Because of his standing as a German revolutionist he was himself arrested and thrown into jail with a common thief.

Schurz was in London when the great scheme for raising a "German National Loan" was suggested. He was there when Kinkel came to America to induce German-Americans and Americans to subscribe. Kinkel traveled all over this country and was everywhere well received. The plan, ingenious but visionary, is most entertainingly described.

During this period Schurz met many remarkable persons. He was invited to call upon Mazzini, the famous Italian patriot and revolutionist. Mazzini was regarded as a sort of mysterious power. Wonderful stories were told of his secret journeys in countries in which there was a price upon his head, of his sudden, almost miraculous appearance among his followers, of his equally miraculous disappearance as if the earth had swallowed him, and of the unequaled skill with which he possessed himself of the secrets of governments, while he knew how to conceal his own plans and acts. Schurz and Mazzini talked together in French for a long time. Mr. Schurz describes Mazzini fully, and calls him one of the three most wonderful conversationalists he ever met.

Another famous man whom Schurz met in London in 1851, and whom he describes, was Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and orator.

Now came the coup d'état of President Louis Napoleon of France, and the practical collapse of the revolutionary movement in Europe. In August, 1852, young Schurz sailed from Portsmouth for America. With him came his young bride, whom he had married in England a few weeks before setting out for the new world.